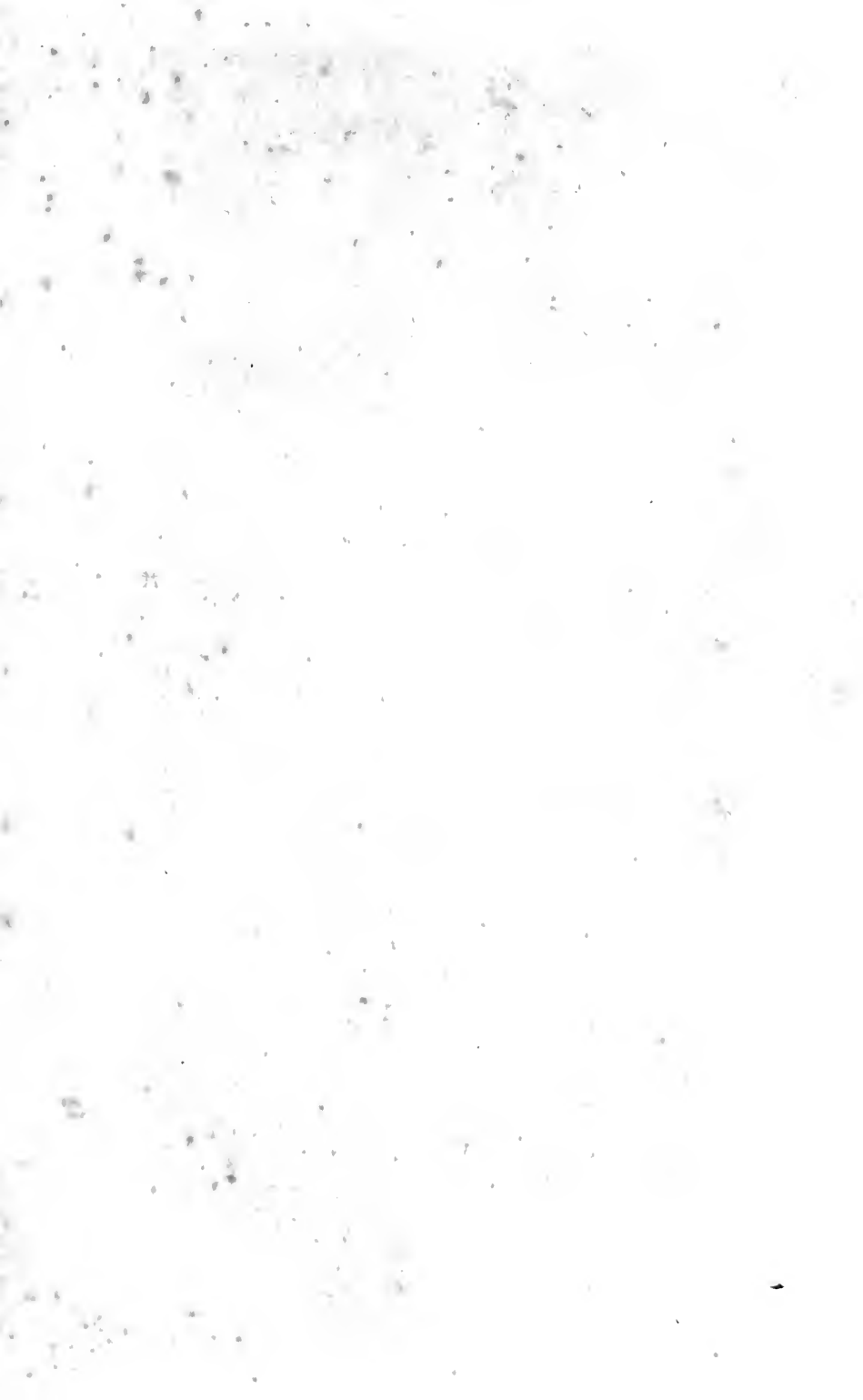


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SAM BOUGH,

R.S.A.,

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE
AND WORKS

BY THE LATE
SIDNEY GILPIN.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL & SONS,
YORK HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, W.C.

—
1905.

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TO THE MEMORY OF HIS FRIEND,

FRED. C. NEWCOME,

WHOSE PICTURES OF BOUGH'S NATIVE COUNTY

GAVE

SO MUCH PLEASURE TO THE WRITER,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.



P R E F A C E.

THE County of Cumberland, and the adjacent district of the Lake Country—possessing some of the most lovely and varied scenery in Great Britain—cannot be said to have been very prolific in producing men who have made their mark in the artistic world. But if the scenery be delightful, the population has been hitherto, and still is to some extent, very sparse.

Chief among the artists, natives of the district, stands George Romney, a man of vigorous and penetrating mind, and brooding and sensitive temperament; a not unworthy rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds in some walks of portraiture, and more than a rival in quickness of conception and poetic feeling. Then follows Musgrave Watson, sculptor (the designer of “Sarpedon” and a disciple of Flaxman), a man of an irritable and uncertain nature, but of undoubted

genius, whose works are, alas! too few. To these may be added the names of Sawrey Gilpin, R.A., animal painter; W. J. Blacklock; Robert Smirke, R.A.; Thomas Carrick, miniature painter; Jacob Thompson, and others of equal or lesser note, whose suns have since risen and set.

It was fitting, therefore, that Cumberland should produce a son who was able to throw on the canvas types of the beauty inherent in his native district—notably, its misty mountains and hanging clouds, its blue lakes and green valleys, and its sea-girt coast diversified by a sprinkling of ports, harbours and fishing villages.

The following account of Sam Bough is the result of friendship during many years with the man, and a hearty appreciation of his work as an artist.

I have endeavoured to paint Bough as he painted his pictures, by adhering as closely to the original as possible. I have not been concerned to make him either better or worse than he was in reality. A just and fairly comprehensive estimate of the man may be formed from his letters. They have no pretensions to a cultivated literary style, but possess many excellent qualities, being simple in language, concise in expression, and presenting a faithful reflection of the writer's mind.

To the many friends who have assisted me with

anecdotes, information and letters, I tender my grateful acknowledgments, as without their kind and ready help much interesting material must soon have been lost.

The foregoing preface was sketched by the late Sidney Gilpin shortly before his death in 1892, and accurately characterizes the work which follows—a work on which he was engaged for more than ten years, in the hope of bringing together some interesting particulars of his friend Sam Bough. The manuscript was completed a dozen years ago, but the publication of it has been delayed until now owing to various unforeseen causes.

The portrait which forms the frontispiece was etched by the late Robert Anderson, R.S.A.

The other illustrations are copied from Bough's letters and sketches, which have been kindly supplied for the purpose by various friends.

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SAM BOUGH.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

SAM BOUGH was born of humble parents in Atkinson's Court, Abbey Street, Carlisle, on the eighth day of January, 1822. The house, a very unpretending abode, stood immediately behind the west side of the street, in a small courtyard, entrance to which was gained by an arched gateway. The house has since been pulled down and new buildings erected, but a tablet in the wall indicates the birthplace of the artist.

Young Bough's grandmother on the father's side was a Welshwoman, who was married twice. She was the daughter of one Ap Williams, of Llanbrythid, a farmer, who is remembered as having collected his sheep for safety on certain reports of threatened invasions by the French. Her last name was Carter—Alice Carter—an amiable and interesting old woman, who taught her Cumbrian grandchildren to repeat the Lord's prayer in Welsh. Grandmother Carter died at her son's house in Abbey Street, and was buried in St. Mary's Churchyard. Sam's heart was keenly touched with sorrow for her death.

James Bough, the father of the artist, was a native of Hereford. When he left the city of Bath for Carlisle, with Sir Joseph Gilpin, the physician, he was in a delicate state of health. He remained in the capacity of butler to Sir Joseph until his marriage with Lucy Walker, one of his fellow servants, on the nineteenth day of January, 1818. They had five children, of whom Samuel was the third.

The following extracts are copied from the Register of St. Mary's parish church (which at that time formed part of the Nave of Carlisle Cathedral) :—

“Marriage.—James Bough, of the Extraparochial District called the Abbey, in the City of Carlisle, Batchelor, and Lucy Walker of the same place, Spinster, were married in this church by Banns, this Nineteenth Day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighteen.

“By me, S. R. Hartley, Minister.

“In the presence of { Wm. James. James Bough.
Thos. Walker. Lucy Waker.”*

“Baptism.—1822, Feby. 10th. Samuel, son of James and Lucy Bough, Abbey Street, Cord Winder.†

“Morgan Morgan, Assistant Curate.”

Soon after his marriage, James Bough commenced business at his original occupation of shoemaking. He worked for several of the well to do families in the town, and was known in the phraseology of the day, as a Wellington boot hand.

He was a thoughtful and well-read man for one in his station of life. Very kind, gentle, and forgiving—precise and correct in most things—he was one of the few sons of Adam whose speech remained untainted by vulgar oath or loose conversation. Of a timid nature, and not blessed with a good memory, he was the very opposite to his wife, being weak where she was strong, and strong where she was weak. All through his married life he was hard put to it to make ends meet.

James Bough was exceedingly fond of his children. In the little garden behind his house he put up swings for their use, and likewise fitted up a stage and other accompaniments, where “Punch and Judy,” “Ali Baba,” etc., could be rehearsed and acted. Fond of giving a treat, by way of

* Lucy Walker's name is mis-spelled in the Church Register as is given above.

† “Cord Winder,” an evident mistake for Cord-wainer or Shoemaker.

holiday in sunny summer weather he sometimes managed to hire a donkey and cart, to take his children for a day's outing in the country. While romping in the woods, or playing on the banks of the river Eden, even the children did not enjoy themselves more than this kind-hearted man, so thoroughly did he enter into the spirit of their games and pastimes.

Bough's grandmother Walker, whose christian name was Dorothy, was a Borderer, "a gey fierce kind o' body"—one of the numerous family of Græmes—who, notwithstanding her fiery temper, lived to the patriarchal age of ninety-three. Her husband was James Walker, of Rickergate, Carlisle, nailor. When advanced in years, she wore a long crowned, antiquated looking, muslin cap; and as she stood dropping low curtsies to any of the "quality" who chanced to be passing the nailor's stall in Rickergate, she presented a curious picture of stiff formality and old-fashioned deference.

Dorothy Walker, in order to visit a sister who lived at Wigton, travelled there on foot, a distance of eleven miles, when she was more than four-score years of age. On arriving, her sister, thinking it would have been more seemly of her to have travelled by some conveyance, exclaimed in an off-hand manner: "Why, bless me, Dolly! Thoo is a fule for walkin' sae far!" This was more than Dolly's temper could brook; she took umbrage at the remark, turned on her heel, and without saying another word to her sister, walked back to Carlisle alone.

Young Bough delighted to tease his grandmother Walker, and used to poke fun at her in every way he could. Returning from sketching one evening, he handed her one of the sheets to examine. "Look, grandmother," said he, "here's a remarkable tree—a *very* remarkable tree. How d'ye like it?" "Why, I see nothing particular about it, Sam. What's it remarkable for?" asked she, peering through her glasses. "Oh," said Sam, with a sly twinkle of the eye, "it grows in Naworth Park, and it's a remarkable fact that Jock Græme—one of your ancestors, you know,—was hanged on that tree!" At this sally up went the old woman's stick in a menacing manner, and the lad had to keep out of arm's length for some little time.

Sam made an oil sketch of his grandmother Walker from memory, which he presented to his cousin, Samuel Walker.

Bough's mother, Lucy Walker, was a wayward sort of woman, whose heart could scarcely be said at all times to be in her household. Being of a lively and sociable disposition, she was apt to allow her desire for a chat or "crack" to take her among her neighbours to the neglect of home duties. Good management was lacking, through want of a proper system. The meals were irregular; in fact, served at almost any hour of the day. This, no doubt, resulted from careless indifference on the part of the mother, and easy-mindedness on that of the father.

The mother, however, possessed many notable qualities wherein others of her sex often failed. Full of nerve and energy, fun and jest, she was the life and soul of any company in which she mixed. Like her son Sam, she had a wonderful memory; and having considerable conversational powers, she became a successful narrator of anecdotes and stirring adventures. She knew no fear, and dared many things from which the ordinary stamp of man and woman usually shrink. If the inmates of a house were stricken with infectious disease, and everybody else stood aloof, she would step boldly forward and make no scruple of undertaking the duties of waiting upon the helpless bedridden invalids. "She ought to have been a doctor," her husband often said of her. What wonder, then, if the house should sometimes become, as a neighbour once described it, "a thorough through-other* yen."

At one of the juvenile theatrical entertainments on the little stage in the garden—the play being the "Charcoal Burners," or some such thing—Sam took a part, his face being blackened, and a white shirt donned on the outside of his clothing. No sooner had he made his appearance disguised in this simple manner—before an audience made up mostly of neighbours and indulgent critics—than his mother pointed him out, and exclaimed: "Yon's oor Sam. I know it is by the dirty mark on his shirt!"

Lucy Bough had a great dislike to having her portrait taken in any shape or form. David Dunbar, the sculptor,

* "Through-other"—a Cumberland phrase signifying in confusion, out of order.

wanted to make a cast from her face, and Thomas Carrick offered to paint a miniature of her, but neither of them could gain her consent. Her son Sam had the same dark brown eyes and hair, and resembled her in many points of character.*

One of the first schools which young Bough attended was taught by Miss Thompson, in Castle Street, near the Cathedral. He was a very small boy at that time. After advancing a step or two in the first rudiments of education, he was removed to Mr. Wallace's school in White Hart Lane, to which he went daily for a few years accompanied by his brother Joseph.

Throughout his early years the lad had all a child's belief in the supernatural—in fairies, witches, ghosts, hobgoblins, and the like. He believed in giants too, for his father had once said to him in reply to an anxious enquiry: "Giants, my boy? Why, yes, there were plenty of them in days gone by. We read of them in the Bible, you know." Jack the Giant Killer was a real hero to him, and his deeds figured as grave facts in his youthful brain for many a long day. The battle between the real and supernatural had yet to be fought out, and the fabulous dispelled more by the shafts of ridicule than by reason.

Bough had a comrade named James Kirkpatrick. The two boys were seldom apart during play hours. They ran about the streets of Carlisle in close companionship, and played marbles with other boys of their age. As young Bough grew in stature, he became remarkably hardy and robust; took delight in some of the rougher forms of sports; often returned home sweating and out of breath, and sometimes torn and bleeding. In the coldest weather, in the midst of frost and snow, he was not unfrequently seen running about half naked; and in wrestling, fighting, larking, or any sort of scrimmage, he was generally looked upon as a leader and champion among the lads of his day.

There is good evidence to show that a passion for drawing was developing in his mind during his school days. "I believe," says Mr. William Lamb of Cardiff, "I can lay claim to having been one of Mr. Bough's first purchasers—if not his

* Lucy Bough, Abbey Street, buried January 1st, 1837, aged 52 years.—William Rees, Minister. *St. Mary's Church Register, Carlisle.*

very first—when he was a *very* young artist. For some time he and I attended the same school, Nicholson's academy in Abbey Street, not many doors from where his father then resided. He would at that time be between eleven and twelve years old. When at school he used occasionally to pay any little debt he owed to his schoolfellows by small pencil drawings of different subjects. He happened to owe me a trifle, in discharge of which I received a portrait of an old celebrity named Margery Jackson. I afterwards spent many pleasant days with Mr. Bough in Manchester, during the time he was scene painter at the Theatre Royal in that town."

Commencing to draw rude little pencil sketches, a kind-hearted lady living in Abbey Street named Mrs. Lodge (who, by the way, was godmother to Wordsworth the poet*), encouraged him to take his juvenile efforts over to her house, and generally recompensed him in some way or other for such productions.

An incident which occurred about this time made a lasting impression on the lad's mind. Upon taking a pair of shoes to the house of the then mayor of Carlisle one bitter cold night in winter, he was ushered into the kitchen to warm his hands. Antonio, a negro servant, as black as ebony, who often said, "Massa werry good to Tony," was there. While young Bough was sitting by the kitchen fire, old Tony thus soliloquised on the fate of a hare that was broiling before the fire: "How much better are you dere, my fine fellow, roasting at dat nice fire, den if you was out in de fields dis damned cold night!"†

There chanced to be a man in humble circumstances, a cobbler by trade, who was on very intimate terms with James Bough and his family, and a frequent visitor at the house.

* William Wordsworth, the youngest son of the poet, writing from Willow Brook, Eton, in 1881, says:—"If I am not mistaken, my father's baptismal register may be found at Penrith. He and his sister Dorothy were christened at the same time. Mrs. Lodge of Abbey Street, Carlisle, was my father's god-mother, of which fact she often reminded me with pleasure, in her last years."

† Tony's Epitaph in St. Mary's Churchyard, runs thus:—"Sacred to the memory of James Anthony, a Native of Africa. He came into this country in 1790, in the service of William Giles, Capt. in the Tenth Regiment of Foot, and remained the respected servant of the family for upwards of forty years. Died January 19th, 1844, aged 75 years. There shall be one fold and one Shepherd."

This was John Dobson, a man with a sincere love for art, who dabbled a bit himself with brush and colours as an amateur painter. Without possessing much aptitude or ability as an artist, Dobson was a modest, sensible, plodding sort of man. The elder Bough is said to have given him hints and instructions in the art and mystery of shoemaking; and in return Dobson painted portraits of the father and mother, and also a group of the younger branches of the Bough family.

Being extremely anxious that his son should become an artist—unlike most fathers in this respect—James Bough encouraged him to his utmost, and sent him to study drawing in a humble academy taught by Dobson, at the English Damside. The careless manner and apparent indifference to learning shown by the lad, however, were the subject of more than one consultation, and caused much anxiety to the parent. “John will never make a painter of thee, Sam,” exclaimed he, despondingly. “Thou’s far too careless, and pays no attention to what he says.”

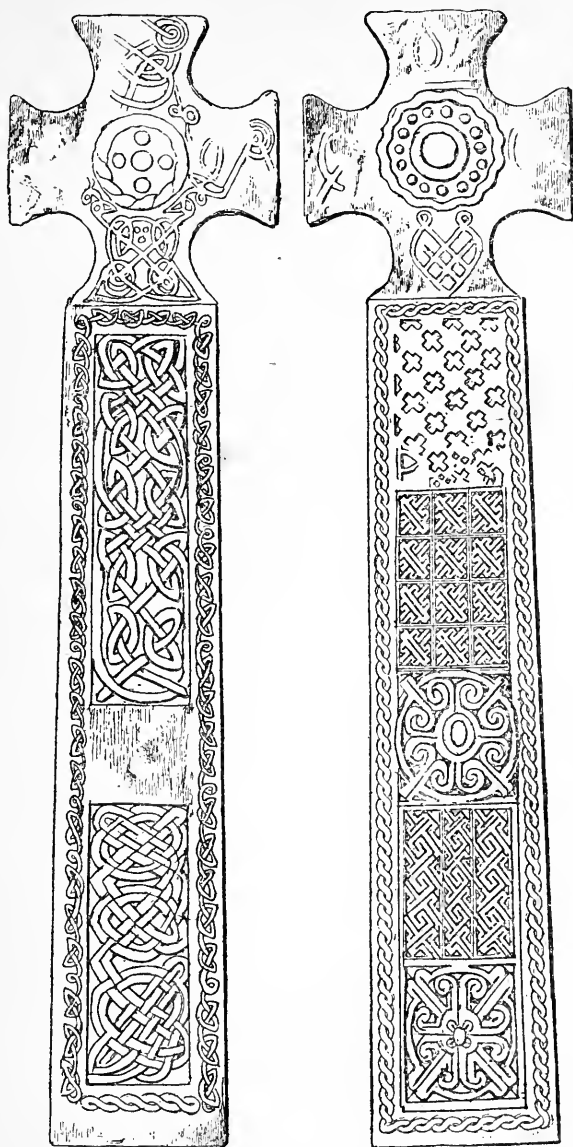
When Bough was a growing lad, Samuel Jefferson commenced business as a bookseller in Carlisle, in a shop opposite the Town Hall, which had formerly belonged to one Francis Jollie—where, indeed, the latter established the *Carlisle Journal* in 1798. Jefferson distinguished himself as a local historian, and was an industrious and trustworthy gatherer of materials for various works of a similar character. A *History of the City of Carlisle* was the forerunner of these volumes. In 1840, Jefferson issued the *History of Leath Ward, in the County of Cumberland*, which contains no less than nine engravings after drawings by Bough, then only eighteen years old. Two of the illustrations—“Edenhall” and the “Interior of Edenhall Church”—display a fair amount of ability in working out distinct effects of light and shade. The remaining seven are little more than outline attempts, which were etched by J. Roy, a pupil of James Macmillan. The freedom of Bough’s handling has evidently been marred to some extent by the stiff and formal mode adopted by the local engraver.

The last instalment, of what, unfortunately, has been left as only a partially completed history of the County of Cumberland, was *Allerdale Ward above Derwent*, published

by Jefferson in 1842. To this volume Bough contributed a plate etched by himself of the "Cross in Irton Churchyard," an impression of which is given in the accompanying illustration.

In after years, Bough used to look back with interest to his early connection with Samuel Jefferson. With a certain amount of pride, he told the writer of these pages that the first payment he received in the form of money for any of his attempts with the pencil came from Jefferson.* Moreover, he spoke highly of the industry and perseverance displayed by the literary bookseller in prosecuting his favourite study of local history—a study, alas! followed for years with so much assiduity as almost to wreck his more legitimate trade of bookselling. The fact is, that Jefferson—instead of confining his studies to his leisure hours in the evening—allowed them to engross his whole thoughts, soon and late, and at all times of the day.

* Two pencil sketches by Bough, which were in the possession of Samuel Jefferson, are dated 1837 and 1838.



Enched by Sam. Bough

CHAPTER II.

YOUTH.

WHEN about fifteen years of age young Bough was placed in the office of William Nanson, solicitor, in order to become initiated in the duties required of a lawyer's clerk. To this occupation, however, he never took at all kindly. The close confinement to the desk, and the monotony of the work, were ill-suited to the lad's roving disposition and unsettled state of mind. Full of life, and ever ready for almost any kind of fun or frolic rather than the gin-horse drudgery of the office, a couple of years passed away in a manner satisfactory neither to his employer nor to himself. At length Bough made up his mind to give notice to leave, and to this intimation Mr. Nanson replied in not very complimentary terms: "Well, I think it's the best thing thou can do, my lad—for certainly thou has been the biggest fool we ever had about the place!"

In the hope of finding something more suited to the lad's likings, he was placed in London, under the charge of Thomas Allom, to learn the art of landscape engraving upon steel and copper. He did not, however, remain long in this capacity. Mrs. Allom kept an eye as vigilant as that of Argus over the workshops in her husband's absence; and through what Bough thought undue interference on her part, he became rebellious, and soon gave her to understand that if he were there to do Mr. Allom's bidding, he had not come to do the bidding of his wife. But probably the principal cause of his removal was the premium of £100 required, an amount quite beyond the power of the poor shoemaker to raise. As a lad Bough was favourably

impressed with the general truthfulness of much of Allom's work contained in Fisher's *Cumberland and Westmorland Illustrated*. I have seen copies done at an early period by Bough of "Wast Water," "Egremont," and "Borrowdale," after Allom, with slight alterations; the two former in oil, and the latter in water colour.

Wandering about the great city, with only a few shillings in his pocket, and no definite object in view, Bough was soon thrown on his beam ends; and he often said afterwards that the hardest manual labour he ever did in his life was "whipping" coals out of a collier barque, in a London dock, at eighteen pence a day. So stiff and sore was he the following morning, that he scarcely knew what to do with himself; and he was neither at ease nor felt anything like right until his "chum" had rubbed him down with oil. A day or two at hard labour of this sort was sufficient to take the steam out of him, and more than satisfied his curiosity about the romance of the thing.

In returning from London to Carlisle on one occasion, as he could not afford to take the stage coach, he had to walk the whole distance of three hundred miles (except it might be for an occasional lift in some conveyance for a short distance). Travelling on foot, he made a somewhat round-about journey of it, in order to visit certain objects of interest.

One of his *détours* was by way of Oxford and Woodstock, in order to see the Duke of Marlborough's collection of pictures at Blenheim. The servant who showed him through the galleries and various apartments was so lavishly attired, and assumed so much dignity of manner, that he looked very formidable in the poor lad's eyes. However, he mustered up courage enough to offer scarlet and purple a shilling, which was refused with an air of indifference, as who should say, "Ho! You belong to the lower horders, I presume. We never takes hanything from the likes of you."

At one place he fell in with a gang of gipsies, and did some sketching of the camp and accompanying objects for future use. The vagabond sort of life led by the gipsies had always a great attraction for him. There was a fascination about it which he could not resist. Passing on to a stage nearer home, he chanced to be sitting on a stone hard at

work, outlining an old-fashioned wayside inn, when the mail-coach drove up. Some of the passengers noticing the movements of the youthful artist, invited him to the inn, and after gleaning something of his aims and future prospects, gave him a good dinner.

On reaching Penrith his shoes finally gave way, and he had to tramp the last weary miles of his journey to Carlisle over rough and stony ground, barefoot and footsore.

James Bough and his son having held divers consultations about a walking tour through part of the Lake District, were enabled by scheming and economizing, as time went by, to carry their resolution into effect. The travellers made an unlucky start, for it rained heavily during nearly the whole of their tramp to Keswick. This delayed them so much that they got benighted, and had to pass the night, wet and weary, in the hayloft of an overcrowded roadside inn.

For more than a week they rambled about among the ever-varying scenery of the Lake country—Sam doing a little sketching now and then, as time and opportunities presented themselves, while the father was much charmed with all he saw. But in climbing frowning mountain passes and steep eminences, and endeavouring to keep pace with the sweeping strides of his tall son, the elder Bough overtasked his strength, and when he reached home was thoroughly used up.

While sketching in the neighbourhood of Rydal at a later period, young Bough had an interview with Wordsworth, then an aged man. The poet gave the young artist a copy of his poems, in which he wrote a brief presentation address. James Bough was very proud when his son took the work home to Carlisle, and his desire to keep the book as an heirloom in the family was very strong. Unfortunately he was induced to lend it to someone, and it went the way of borrowed books in general, and was never returned to him.

Bough thought Wordsworth much in advance of his age as a poet, and used to say the time was sure to come when his genius would be more fully recognised. Young as he was, there were passages in the writings of the great Lake poet which captivated and laid hold of his innermost feelings, and lingered in his memory. At this period, however, there is tangible evidence to show that the rattling, galloping

rhythm of Sir Walter Scott's stanzas was more pleasing to the buoyancy of his youthful nature and understanding.

A relative of Bough's, named John Halifax, kept a school at Penrith town-head. At stated intervals the young artist walked from Carlisle to Penrith to teach the rudiments of drawing to the pupils, and usually returned again on the following day. Some little commotion was caused in the family circle on one occasion by his not appearing at home as expected. It afterwards transpired that he had crossed the country from Penrith to Newcastle, where he had undergone a successful operation for a cast or squint in one of his eyes.

This cure being talked about a good deal in Carlisle and the neighbourhood, became the cause of no end of merriment among the inmates of James Bough's household. People labouring under a like defect called in considerable numbers on a mission of enquiry. This continued with so much briskness for a time, that whenever a knock was heard at the door, the cry invariably was "Oh, it 'ill likely be somebody wi' a horrid squint wantin' to see oor Sam!"

At one time Bough chanced to be staying with some friends in the neighbourhood of Penrith, where hospitality was profuse and home comforts plentiful. Feeling happy and contented under their roof, and showing no signs of taking his departure, the good man of the house began to think he was becoming a fixture, and might ultimately take it into his head to stay altogether! A reminder seemed necessary, and a novel mode of administering it was at length hit upon. His friends gave him a goose to take home to his father, and young Bough carried it under his arm all the way from Penrith to Carlisle, a distance of eighteen miles.

But if the goose was honoured in Penrith as a means of dislodging the invader, it was hailed in Carlisle with a far different enthusiasm. It may, perhaps, have been the goose that saved the Capitol at home; abroad, it was merely the occasion for giblet-pie, and infinite pains were taken that it should make a good one. Friends were asked to the feast; the illustrious fowl was served with due *éclat*, and expectation ran high—only, alas! to be disappointed. For it was a bird of many seasons, and even in death its

virtues were not abated: it resisted all onslaughts, and defied the sturdiest digestion, to the disgust alike of host and guests. So they gave it to the dog, and at last this valorous goose succumbed, and made a reluctant exit from a world of sorrows!

Bough was proverbial for early rising throughout life. One morning near the week-end he went out with his sketch book before breakfast, leaving his brother Joseph to make the oatmeal porridge. Some uneasiness was caused at night by the non-arrival of the wayward lad. Sunday came—Monday—Tuesday—but no Sam. The suspense became unbearable, and his father was almost beside himself with anxiety. The thought haunted his mind that his son must have met with a serious accident, and might be lying helpless in some out of the way place. He made enquiries in all directions; rambled about and searched by the side of the river Eden; through the woods to Davidson's bank; returning at nightfall weary and heavy-hearted. On Wednesday the father went to Dalston to search and enquire, and while he was away a letter arrived from the thoughtless young vagrant saying he was safe and sound in the neighbourhood of Langholm.

On this occasion Bough stayed away three weeks sketching; and at one time was left with only two or three coppers in his pocket. In this plight he had a consultation with himself while standing before a roadside inn, whether it would be wise on his part to venture inside or not. Having decided to go in, he found the place crowded with a great company, gathered together in anticipation of a dance being held. He learned from the general tone of the conversation that those assembled were in a fix, owing to the fiddler engaged having sent his fiddle and fiddle-bag to the place, with a message to the effect that he was unable to attend through illness. "D'ye say the fiddler can't come?" queried Bough. "If that's the state of affairs, I'll fiddle for ye, if ye like." This offer was coldly received at first; but no sooner had he taken up the fiddle and commenced playing a lively dance tune than feet were quickly in motion, and it was soon found that the new comer was an admirable substitute for the absent musician. Coppers being freely dropped into a round wooden bowl from time to time,

according to the custom of the district, he was able to withdraw with his pockets weightily laden.

Certain indications of youthful pride and conceitedness now began to be observed in Bough. Decked out with a red Turkey turban cap when at home, and with a smart straw hat when he took his walks abroad, a long light canvas coat he wore is remembered as being conspicuous from the peculiarity of its cut. An open-breasted white waistcoat displayed an immense befrilled shirt front, while certain strips of torn Valenciennes lace would sometimes work their way saucily to the front, in spite of repeated efforts to conceal them. He wore no braces, but every now and then "hitched" up his trousers as sailors have a knack of doing; and to crown all, upon one of his fingers was displayed a dazzling gold ring, referring to which he often exclaimed to his companion, "Much virtue in gold, Jimmy—much virtue in gold!"

If Bough on certain occasions aimed at representing the glass of fashion to the best of his ability, at other times he was extremely careless and even slovenly in his attire, and might have been seen flying about with waistcoat and trousers in rags and tatters, smoking a "varra black pipe."

"He'd maist ill tricks a lad can ha'e,
And some he hadna neebors spak o';
But baith his frien's an' faes could say,
He lo'ed owre weel to blaw tobacco."

Once he was reduced to wearing a pair of old half-boots, and his trousers, being rather short, instead of covering them in the ordinary way, kept continually working into the tops of the said boots, much to the poor lad's annoyance and discomfort.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick met him in the street one day, with a hat on his head almost crownless, and could not resist laughing at the ludicrous figure he cut. "Niver mind how I luik, Maggie, my lass," cried Bough, "Theer's nowte like *ventilation*, ye ken."

Among other tendencies which Bough evinced as a young man, was his liking for a frolic among the lasses, but all that can be said of his wandering thoughts in this direction is, that he only "meàd luive thro' the tail o' his





e'e." His motto seems to have been something of the same stamp as that of Sir John Suckling's gallant—

“Out upon it! I have loved,
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather!”

As he approached manhood, Bough began to show indications of pushing himself forward in society, but it was not always plain sailing with him. He attended a public ball in Carlisle, very smartly dressed in a blue swallow-tailed coat of the period, and a pair of white trousers. Seeing Miss Cust of Abbey Street among the company—a lady who moved in good society—he marched up to her boldly, and in an off-hand sort of way, asked her out to dance. Thinking it very forward of the awkward looking shoemaker's son, from the opposite side of the street, who had scarcely got rid of his squint, to make such a request, she coldly refused. Being thus balked of a partner, Bough replied, nothing abashed, “Oh, why! I thowt it was only nebbourly-like to ax ye out to dance.” And then thrusting his hands deep down into his trousers' pockets, remarked by way of ridicule, “Will ye hev a few mint lozenges, madam?”

About his twentieth year, young Bough followed the pursuit of drawing with assiduity. While sitting in his father's house in the evenings, he drew nineteen designs illustrative of Scott's *Lay of the last Minstrel*, which are still in existence. The burlesque figure of the Minstrel—a brawling street singer—as shown in the accompanying illustration, forms the frontispiece of the series; and then follows a study of a more serious kind.

“The way was long—the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old.”

The grotesque figure of the Elfin sprite poring with much earnestness over the page of an open volume, was another of the set.

“A moment then the volume spread,
And one short spell therein he read.
It had much of glaniour might.”

The series, as may be anticipated, contains much weak drawing, bad grouping, and undigested material. Here and there, however, are indications of something better, showing that he had in him the elements of a good figure painter, had he devoted himself to that branch of his profession.

While engaged in working out the above designs, Bough would sometimes turn to his friend Kirkpatrick, and say, "Nice practice this, Jimmy—nice practice" (taking the pipe out of his mouth, meanwhile, and allowing the smoke to ascend slowly upwards). And "What d'ye think o' that?" he now and then queried, turning to George Sheffield, the portrait painter, who sat in a corner of the room, looking abstractedly into the fire, as if his mind were wandering far away to some remote object.

At this time the house of James Kirkpatrick in Mary Street was a place of much resort for Bough. Here, on an evening, he would frequently strip off his coat, take up his fiddle, lie back in a chair, and then throwing up his long legs on another chair, say to the young wife of his host, "Now, Maggie, what must I play ye?" Generally he commenced by striking up the "Pilgrim of Love," a copy of which song is still preserved and endorsed as follows, "Wrote for Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Carlisle, by Sam Bough, December 31st, 1844."

"A hermit who dwells in these solitudes cross'd me,
As way-worn and faint up the mountain I press'd ;
The aged man paused on his staff to accost me,
And proffered his aid to a mansion of rest.
Ah ! no, holy Father, still onward I rove,
No rest but the grave for the Pilgrim of Love, etc."

James Kirkpatrick and Bough were once invited to take a day's shooting over the Kirkclinton estates. They were accompanied by Bough's father and a brother-in-law of Kirkpatrick's. Like most young sportsmen, Sam set about the business with extraordinary expectations, taking with him powder and shot enough to exterminate the whole of the game for miles around; and before the party had got properly on the estates—all impatient—he began "blirting" away at anything and everything he saw running on the ground

or flying in the air. Holliday, the gamekeeper, on hearing the report of fire-arms outside their boundaries, was much annoyed, thinking it might get them into trouble.

When the company got fairly to work on the proper preserves, Bough continued firing right and left in such a reckless manner, that his father—quiet soul—asked James Kirkpatrick, in an undertone, if he did not think it would be safer to take a stroll by themselves up the banks of the river Lyne. Acting upon this suggestion, the two at once departed, leaving the ambitious sportsman to fire away at his own sweet will. Fortunately no accident happened. The day passed without a single thing in the shape of either “fur or feathers” being bagged, and at nightfall the gamekeeper had to help him out of the unpleasant predicament of returning to Carlisle empty handed.

On the homeward journey the party called at a roadside public house for refreshment about Clift or Blackford. Here a quarrel ensued with some of the neighbouring rustics who chanced to be regaling themselves. The scene became one of much excitement. Nothing was heard but ranting, roaring, and “fratchin’.”* Dr. Anderson of Carlisle driving past at the time, pulled up to ask what all the commotion was about, and on being told the principal mover in it was Sam Bough, replied, “Oh! is that all?” and drove off again without more ado.

* “Fratchin’”—noisy quarrelling.

CHAPTER III.

STUDYING FROM NATURE.

ARRIVED at manhood, Bough was nearly six feet in height, spare of flesh, big boned, muscular, and somewhat awkwardly put together. Taken from top to toe, however, he was of such a build that he might easily have distinguished himself as an athlete at the great annual gathering of wrestlers on the Swifts at Carlisle. At this time he was

“A greit big lonterin’ lad,
Wid varra lal to brag on, but a sperrit niver sad—”

and was seldom seen without a big Newfoundland dog at his heels. He led “an indolent sort o’ life,” as sober-minded people phrased it; was frequently in debt; and in order to raise the wind is known to have painted a picture for half-a-crown. Pity was not infrequently expressed for his father having such a “ne’er-do-weel” son.

Meanwhile, young Bough took to camping among the finely shaded glades of Wetheral and Corby woods; along the banks of lake Ullswater and Gowbarrow park; in the grounds of Sir George Musgrave at Eden Hall; and among the more rugged upland scenery of the river Gelt,* one of the many picturesque streams of East Cumberland. Amid such spots of pastoral beauty he worked hard with pencil and brush when the fit was upon him; but oftener lay lolling in the sunshine through the greater part of the long summer days, dreaming over his own wayward thoughts and fancies.

In these early camping expeditions he was accompanied by an old Highland soldier, named John Mc.Dougal, who,

* . . . “crag-carven o’er the streaming Gelt.”—*Tennyson*.

having had much experience of such life, was useful to him in looking after the donkey which accompanied them, erecting the camp in suitable places, cooking the victuals, making the bed, and, in fact, turning his hand to anything and everything required.

Mc.Dougal looked up to Bough with much admiration so far as artistic ability and frankness of disposition were concerned ; but being a man of frugal habits, and a Rechabite into the bargain, he was naturally much annoyed by his young master's occasional outbursts of intemperance and want of prudence.

Mc.Dougal had had some experience of fighting at Corunna. Sir John Moore's dead body, wrapped in a blanket, was carried past him so near, that he used to say he could have touched it with the point of his bayonet. After the battle of Corunna, the English soldiers marched into a small town, where one of the company was sent to the baker's shop for bread. The messenger soon returned, saying that no bread could be obtained, owing to a soldier being placed on guard immediately in front of the store. Feeling hunger to be a sharp thorn, Mc.Dougal was not to be balked in this way. "Let me gang," said he, "an' I'll *persuade* him noo, never fear." Away went the Highlander, and after some parleying—which was of no avail—he drew his pistol, and fired a shot "right through the bittock o' the man on guard." This was an effective method of persuasion, and Mc.Dougal soon got what he wanted to appease the gnawings of unbearable hunger.

Bough himself says, in a letter to the writer of these pages : "The old soldier who camped with me, and looked after me, was a Highlandman, John Mc.Dougal, a native of Oban, and a good, honest, worthy old soul he was—as good a man as I have ever known. He had served in all the fighting between the Walcheren Expedition and the Battle of Waterloo ; and had a bullet in the calf of his leg on the retreat to Corunna."

On one occasion when Bough was camping in Wetheral woods—his tent being pitched on the rising ground above the Abbey—he was visited by Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Carlisle, and two young lady friends from Dumfriesshire. On their arrival they found Bough in his shirt sleeves, wearing a

white waistcoat and white trousers, and decked out with a red Turkish turban cap, which gave a somewhat droll finish to his tall, lank figure, and ruddy, weather-beaten countenance. In apologizing for the untidy state of affairs inside the camp, Bough said: "Some wild divels wer' here this mornin', Maggie my lass, an' they've drunk iv'ry drop we hed, besides eatin' us up rump an' stump into the bargain."

And true enough, there were plenty of indications scattered about of riotous living and drinking; for empty bottles were "knockin' aboot for aw th' warld like Carel race days." Fortunately the visitors had not come unprovided. They carried with them a plentiful supply of tea and sugar, beside sandwiches and apple cakes. Bough was delighted with the enumeration of all these good things, and ordered the old Highlander to don his best "toggerly," and hold himself in readiness for waiting at table.

"Now," cried he, "mind an' mak yersel' useful, John. Spread the best carpet; set the cane-bottomed chairs in apple-pie order; put yer best polish on the silver spoons an' silver tongs; an' mind ye pay proper respect to the ladies!"

Glancing around the interior of the camp, the visitors could not resist smiling on seeing no outward signs of anything but two or three half-finished pictures; a few sods piled up here and there for seats; only the green grass in place of a fine Turkey carpet; and nothing but a couple or so of much worn pewter spoons in lieu of the loud-sounding silver ones.

Bough was in fine feather amid the pleasant clatter of china at the tea-table; full of drollery, smart sayings, and repartee; doing the honours to the best of his ability. But one of the visitors—a Miss Johnston of Dumfries—being unusually precise and formal in her movements and manner of speech, he could not resist the temptation of teasing and annoying her. On pretending to kiss her, for example, he made the woods ring again with laughter, whereupon she rose with great dignity, and solemnly and stiltedly delivered herself of the following speech: "Now, M-a-i-s-t-e-r B-o-u-g-h, ye maun keep yer distance. I dinna allow ony body to take liberties o' that kin', ye ken!"

Sometimes, however, adventures of a very different and more dangerous character confronted them in their sketching

excursions. One morning whilst in bed—camping on Sir George Musgrave's estate of Eden Hall, near Penrith—Bough and old John were surprised by a loud bellowing sound, followed by the rush of some heavy body charging along the ground, and a pair of horns tore rudely through the canvas as an angry bull dashed madly through the camp. An alarm of this sort warned them it was high time to shift their tent, and look out for some place of retreat where they were likely to offer a less tempting target to the outraged resentment of his bovine majesty, infuriated by the presence of strangers within his ken.

Some reference has been made to Bough as an habitual smoker. The following address to "The Weed," written for the album of his friend, John Fisher, is not without merit. His skill with the pen at this time, however, was by no means equal to his ability with the pencil. The verses could not be said to well up spontaneously. They were composed piecemeal, and cost his 'prentice hand much hard labour before he could get them woven into anything like decent form.

THE WEED.

Hail, pleasant weed, whose soothing power
 Beguiles full many a weary hour
 On life's dull way !
 With thee time passes smoothly by :
 Thou softenest down the rising sigh,
 By night or day.

How sweet on early summer's morn,
 Or in the winter's driving storm,
 A cloud to blow—
 To cool when heated, warm when cold ;
 To please the young and soothe the old,
 Thy power we know.

To raise a cloud o'er prospect bare,
 To smooth the wrinkled brow of care,
 Comfort to give ;
 'Midst anguish keen, or sorrow's smart,
 To hide malignant envy's dart,
 And bid us live.

And as our road through life grows weary,
 With thee our rest is calm and cheery,
 Forgetting care,
 And bygone days and bygone pleasures,
 And other things that memory treasures,
 With us still are.

Friends we have cherished may deceive us,
 Pleasures bought may sadly grieve us,
 That thou wilt never ;
 Cant and humbug thy detractor,
 Poverty's own benefactor—
 The weed for ever !

SAM BOUGH

Written in the year of grace 1842.

The spirit of Art was aroused in Bough at an early age. He practised sketching wisely and well, as the student of Nature, living for days and weeks in the fields and woods. Amid the fitful gleams of sunlight glinting through the trees in Wetheral woods, he had many golden opportunities of studying,

“The charm of forest trees decayed,
 And pastoral melancholy.”

Bough, in his salad days, ran after few false gods. A matter of fact way of looking at things had a good deal to do with keeping him from falling into the worship of that which was merely artificial or false in sentiment. He had no period of glaring or unnatural colouring. From the first his pictures were quiet and subdued in tone. At the age of sixteen or seventeen he painted crudely, and was not able to work out fully the ideas which were rooting themselves in his mind. But soon after this date the decision and firmness of touch attained by his hand are astonishing for one who had to grope his way through innumerable difficulties, unaided and alone.

In his younger days most of the work produced by Bough was stamped by his own individuality. Nevertheless, the influence of the earlier water-colour painters is discernible upon his style in some slight degree. Turner, Copley Fielding, and probably T. M. Richardson, senior, are of

the number. This idea is, I think, borne out in a tiny Lake scene in the possession of Mr. John Fisher, very blue and aerial in effect; in a large "Lanercost Abbey," dated 1847; and in a less degree in the still larger and more masterly drawing of "Tanziermunden on the Elbe." His oil pictures painted at the same period are seemingly free from this peculiarity. In them, draped usually in sober browns and quiet greys, he may be said rather to catch at the hem of Gainsborough's mantle.

Young Bough set up his first studio in a very humble tenement behind his father's house in Abbey Street—a place which had previously been used as a stable for a donkey! This was a great event in his life. His next move was to some premises in Rosemary Lane, which John Rayson, the Cumberland dialect ballad writer, occupied as an office. He managed to establish himself afterwards in Thompson's Court, behind the Guild Hall, where George Sheffield had a studio on the opposite side of the landing upstairs. During this early period Bough was very hard up. He is known to have sold clever pictures at half-a-guinea each, and sometimes even lower. His father, too, frequently complained to his friends of the wild, thoughtless ways into which he had fallen. His last flitting, as regards studios, was a return to Abbey Street, to a room upstairs adjoining his father's house, where he continued to paint until he left his native place for Manchester.

A few pictures were to be seen now and then lying in the little window of his father's shop, generally without frames, mingling promiscuously with the stock-in-trade of a shoemaker. With all young Bough's quickness and skill, there was no getting him into habits of order and tidiness. His father often said, "I never saw such a fellow as our Sam for leaving his brushes mucked up with dirt. I declare, if I never cleaned them myself, they would never be cleaned at all."

At an early period Gainsborough's name was frequently on Bough's lips, and he was evidently deeply impressed by the simplicity and naturalness of that artist's works. The result of making Gainsborough a study was a steady adherence to a practical common-sense mode of treatment. He copied the "Market Cart," in the National Gallery, and brought it

home to Carlisle. This copy is still in existence, in good condition, on canvas, 16 ins. by 20 ins. The figures and dogs are in strong light, and the sky and clouds free and bright in handling. Bough gave it to Miss Mary Sheffield, and it afterwards passed into the hands of Mr. Cumpston of Barton Lodge, near Penrith. He copied another of Gainsborough's works, "The Watering Place," on a large scale. His companion, James Kirkpatrick, saw him working upon this picture, but it is not known what has become of it. He also made a copy of the well-known portrait of Rubens in the National Gallery.

Throughout his career, Bough belonged to the natural or realistic school of English landscapists—broad and vigorous in treatment—of which Gainsborough laid the chief corner-stone. With many points of difference between the two men, they had a good deal in common, and if Bough may be said to own a father in Art, that father was certainly Thomas Gainsborough.

Bough was partial to running a hawthorn bush along the foregrounds of his pictures, and also to introducing the Scotch fir into his compositions. These two species of trees are frequently found in his early works. A druggist named William Hodgson used to bother him a good deal by the acidity of his observations. "Your pictures are well enough in [their way, Sam]," he would remark, "but there's one serious drawback to them. You can't paint a foreground for the life of you!"

Still, in spite of certain defects to be overcome, young Bough was spoken of in some quarters as a lad of promise; while one or two of his sketching excursions helped to make him known in other parts. Mr. Aglionby, M.P. for Cockermouth, and his friend Mr. Lance, of Holmwood Common, Surrey, a retired Indian judge, are remembered as calling to see neighbour Atkinson's collection in Abbey Street. The Earl of Carlisle—hearing of the young artist being often seen in the grounds round Naworth Castle—likewise called at his father's house, and asked to see pictures by him; but unfortunately the lad was from home, and there was nothing of any moment on hand to show.

Mr. Lance was interested in the work he saw, and encouraged Bough to go up to London to study. Mr.

Aglionby befriended him in many ways. He gave him the use of a room in his chambers in London, and it was at this time, I understand, that he copied Gainsborough's "Market Cart," in the National Gallery.

There are still preserved in the family of the Rev. J. Lowthian (for many years vicar of Farlam, near Brampton), some of Bough's early attempts with the brush, such as few lads under twenty could have produced. These consist of half-a-dozen oil pictures on millboard, measuring 9 ins. by 14 ins., namely, "Renwick," "Croglin," "Unthank," "Outhwaite," "Raven Force," and "Scene from the bottom of Raven Force." The last mentioned is painted under a stormy effect, in which the figure of a shepherd and his dog, seen through the mist on the fell side, are very cleverly introduced.

Bough made his first appearance on the walls of a public exhibition at the Royal Scottish Academy of 1844. The subject chosen—"Askham Mill, Westmorland"—was one which became a favourite with him, and was often repeated, or painted from a different standpoint. The price is set down in the catalogue of the Academy at £20. As the figure was comparatively large for an unknown artist to ask, it was probably returned to Carlisle unsold.

Among other pictures about this date he produced an upright "Gipsy Encampment—Early Spring," belonging to Mr. Thomas Rudd of Carlisle, which, although slight and sketchy, displays much cleverness and freedom. The trees are just budding into green. When this work was painted, Bough's studio was in a small shop, with bow window, at the foot of what used to be called "Dirty Lane," in Abbey Street. Mr. Joseph Bendle, then a youth, was sent by his father to pay for the picture. On telling his errand to the artist, Mr. Bendle received the following off-hand salute, "Sit yersel' doon, young fellow—sit yersel' doon—an' smoke a pipe o' 'bacca wi' me."

"Corby Castle" was one of several works bought from the artist by William Atkinson, whose paint-shop was next door to James Bough's dwelling house. Neighbour Atkinson used to speak of young Bough as a "clever beggar," and was wont to look upon him as a prodigy. He sometimes prophesied great things of the lad's future career,

and truly a production containing so much masterly manipulation as "Corby Castle," with its Gainsborough like effect, formed very stable ground-work upon which to build such a theory. This is a large painting, and now belongs to the family of Mr. Thomas Sewell of Carlisle.

He painted several *genre* subjects before leaving Carlisle. Among these was one of "Old King Cole." Spedding of Annetwell Street, a big, burly butcher, sat for the figure of the king in this picture. "The Harper," an incident from Scott's *Lady of the Lake*—representing the death of Roderick Dhu—was another of this class, which, after a lapse of thirty years, came into Bough's hands again, and was sold at the sale of his effects for a trifling amount. This picture formerly belonged to Dr. Carrick of Carlisle, brother to the miniature painter.

A large picture of an "Otter Hunt," 46 ins. by 33 ins., originally painted for Mr. Borrowdale of Carlisle, currier, was sold at the sale of the artist's effects in 1879, for sixty-five guineas. The dogs in this composition bear little or no resemblance to the special breed used for otter hunting at the present day, not being so massive or hound-like in build or ear, but rather leggy, with short wiry hair; in fact, having more the appearance of the ordinary rough English terrier of a larger growth.

Among other out-of-the-way essays of this period, Bough dashed off several studies of fish, which were remarkably free and clever in manipulation. They were probably suggested by the work of his friend Harrington; this being a class of subject in which the latter excelled more than in anything else.



Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he,
And he called for his fiddlers three
To come for to fiddle to him.

CHAPTER IV.

LEAVING HOME.

FROM childhood Bough spoke the dialect of Cumberland, and the influence of his native Doric was ever in evidence in his daily conversation. But in spite of his rough scrambling mode of life, and limited school education, he managed to pick up a considerable acquaintance with English history and English literature, a pursuit in which he was materially aided by one of the most retentive memories ever possessed by mortal man. A friend who knew him intimately at this date tells how, dropping casually into his painting room one day, he was greatly amazed at the glowing enthusiasm displayed by the youthful artist, who started off and repeated portions of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, a scrap or two from Spenser, something from Shakespeare, and so on through the more recent poets; finally winding up with a passage from Byron.

Calling at his studio some time after, in company with George Sheffield, he found Bough in a very cantankerous mood. There was no pleasing him. He was full of contradictions; and his arguments, like the lonely thorn bush on a storm beaten coast, leaned all one way. Among other things, he swore vehemently that Richard III. was one of the best kings who ever sat upon the English throne.

"An' hoo dist'a mek that oot, Sam?" queried his friend.

"Why, look at the laws he passed," exclaimed the artist.

"The laws he passed! Why, what does the history say? Can any king be a good king, and commit the murders he did?"

"Oh!" replied Bough gruffly, "the historians are nowte but a set o' infernal liars, frae the beginning o' the chapter to the end!"

And no argument that could be advanced would induce him to listen to anything like reason.

For some time Bough and Robert Harrington of Carleton worked together in unison as artists; the former painting the landscape part, and the latter introducing horses and sometimes cattle into the compositions. Harrington was a very kindly disposed man, of a mild nature and retiring disposition, whose work, like himself, lacked vivacity and force.

Bough's eccentricity of manner kept cropping up every now and then, in some form or other. Once when Harrington was passing along Botchergate, he saw him wheeling a razor grinder's machine through the street, and heard him call out, in a nasal sing-song tone of voice, "Any razors to grind—knives to grind—scissors to grind?" Meanwhile the owner of the machine contented himself with walking leisurely alongside, smiling complacently at the new aspect of affairs. Turning to Harrington as he passed, Bough shouted out in broad Cumbrian phraseology, "Hey! Bobby, my lad! Is tè nūt gāen to give us a job to-day?"

Another day a friend of Bough went into his studio, and found him daubing yellow ochre on the canvas in great patches, intended to represent the reflections of the sun as seen shining through the openings of forest trees; certain outlines being left for introducing horses hunting or steeple-chasing. On being asked the meaning of the blank spaces, Bough replied, "Oh! Bobby 'ill put the horses in there."

The following paragraph appeared in the *Carlisle Journal* of June 22nd, 1844: "We have just seen on the easel of Mr. S. Bough, a most promising young artist of this city, a view of the steeple-chase on Broadfield. Some excellent likenesses have been introduced, and the picture is one of interest and beauty, and will when finished materially advance Mr. Bough's reputation as an artist." Another friend of Bough assures me that he saw the blank spaces left in this picture for Harrington to paint in the horses, although the writer in the newspaper does not even hint at its being the production of more than one hand.

In order to raise funds, the two artists combined and worked hard to produce a series of hunting pictures, which when finished were sent to Coldstream to be disposed of by

the Art Union system. This turned out an unfortunate speculation. The person who sold the tickets either failed or acted dishonourably; and Harrington, having had the management of the transaction, got all the blame for the final collapse. Bough cursed and swore, and never rested until he had placed his own version in the hands of a solicitor. On learning that the matter was purely a partnership affair, the solicitor threw the papers on one side, and said there was an end of the transaction so far as the law on the subject was concerned.

A place much frequented by Bough was the workshop of James Macmillan, a man of much ingenuity and usefulness, who could turn his hand to the various forms of engraving required by the jewellers, watchmakers, gunsmiths, and copperplate printers of a provincial town like Carlisle. In this workshop Bough picked up some hints or lessons on the mode and practice of using the etching needle; an art which he followed only sparingly and exercised at long intervals. Although limited in his attainments, Macmillan had a keen intellect, and was a good average judge of paintings. He formed a collection of pictures, so far as his means allowed—nine-tenths of them being by his young friend Bough—which were sold by auction about the time of his death.

Macmillan displayed a considerable amount of enthusiasm as an advocate of teetotalism. Slight and diminutive in figure, he used to peer curiously up into Bough's face and exclaim: "Noo, mind, Sam, if ye dinna stop drinkin', I'll hae yer body for dissection, as sure as deith!" Bough accompanied Macmillan on some of his temperance peregrinations, and during the time one was advocating the cause of sobriety, the other, in all probability, managed to seek out a boon companion, in order to while away the time. On one occasion when they went to Wigton, Macmillan wore a pair of new shoes, which pinched him to such an extent on the return journey, that he became dreadfully crippled, and was unable to walk without pain. In this dilemma, Bough mounted the slim framework of this atomy of a man—not more than seven or eight stones in all—upon his own broad back, and carried him the remaining part of the journey without much difficulty.

*Thomas Macdonald was Mr
James Macmillan's last*

One of the early etchings made by Bough was suggested by a case which occurred in Carlisle, and caused a good deal of commotion at the time, and is still spoken of locally as the "Infirmary Squabble."

family doctor
A patient from one of the neighbouring villages was treated at the Infirmary for rheumatism. On an examination being made by Thomas Elliot, the most skilful practitioner in the town, the case was pronounced to be decay of the hip-joint bone, and *not* rheumatism at all. While the doctors were differing, and the squabble was at its height, the poor man died, and a coroner's inquest was held. At the inquest, the medical man who had bungled the affair, stood up, riding whip in hand, and with more haughtiness than success, attempted to frustrate an examination of the entries made in the Infirmary books. The absurdities of the affair, as Bough once said, bore a close resemblance to the Irish doctor's mode of making out a bill, namely, "To curing your honour's horse until he died."

The idea of working out the design and satirizing the squabble was suggested to the artist while sitting smoking in John Fisher's drug warehouse and teasing a little dog, until it snarled and bit at his stick. The accompanying illustration is copied from the original etching of the same size.

Being at this time willing and anxious to earn a few shillings by any sort of congenial employment, young Bough was taken by Mr. Thomas Nelson of Carlisle, builder, to the laying of the foundation stone of St. Bees Grammar School. The journey took place before the coast line of railway was opened, and was accomplished with horse and gig. The object in taking Bough was that he might have an opportunity of sketching the ceremony. Mr. Nelson was anxious to introduce him to the notice of some of the members of the Lowther family; but when wanted, instead of being within call, he was nowhere to be seen. After some delay, he was found trying his luck in wrestling bouts among the labourers. However, with a few scratches of the pencil, he managed to work out an idea of the ceremony, of which he afterwards produced a small etching.

Viewed from certain standpoints, his life appears to be made up of little more than strange and ludicrous adventures, of which the following may serve as an average specimen.

"Rheumatism. &c."



"His thoughts, they fitted things so well"
That what was which he could not tell!"

In Honorem Doctissimum

One day he and his friend John Fisher strolled out to the village of Warwick, where they found the sexton hard at work digging a grave in the churchyard. They entered into conversation with the man, asking whether he knew certain cross-roads leading to Carlisle, and if it were likely a conveyance could be heard coming to the churchyard. "Nay, I don't think anybody wad iver nooatish it," replied the sexton, quite innocently. Then queried Bough (lowering his voice almost to a whisper), "Wad ten shillin' nūt tempt ye, d'ye think, to leave yer spade an' pick at the end o' the church to-neet?" A strong suspicion of body-snatching evidently flashed through the grave-digger's mind. He stopped his digging, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and exclaimed with righteous indignation, "Leave my tools for ten shillin'! No, nor for ten pund owther!"

In sauntering round the church, the two adventurers noticed the sexton leave his work and go towards the village. They thought it better, therefore, to return through the fields at once, and from thence made a circuit into the high road. The grave is said to have been watched for two or three nights after the funeral in consequence of this wicked freak.

A very intimate friend of Bough, who had seen him as lad and man in all sorts of scrapes and delicate situations, declared he never saw a blush upon his face except once, which was brought about in this way. Bough, it appears, had called upon Carmichael, the marine painter, in Newcastle, and made his acquaintance. Meeting Mrs. Carmichael and another lady in Grey Street one day, Bough very politely lifted his hat high above his head, when—as fate would have it—the dingy lining of the old straw stuck to his head like a skull-cap, in a very comical and absurd fashion!

This incident chanced to reach the ears of his young friend soon after, who, for the sake of amusement, took the first opportunity of relating the details of the mishap to one or two companions in Bough's presence. Whereupon, to the astonishment of all beholders, the audacious young man's face flushed up with an unmistakable tinge of deep crimson.

Providing such awkward home-thrusts as the foregoing incident be kept out of the reckoning, it may be said that anything of a ludicrous character had irresistible charms for

Bough. An acquaintance of his once ran over the opening lines of the *Collier's Rant*, in the Northumberland dialect, which set him off into roars of laughter.

“As me and my marrow was gannin’ to wark
We met wi’ the devil, it was i’ the dark ;
I up wi’ my pick, it was i’ the neet,
I knock’d off his horns, likewise his club feet.
Follow the horses, Johnny, my lad,
Follow them through, my canny lad, oh !
Follow the horses, Johnny, my lad,
Oh lad, hie away, canny lad, oh !”

Bough had a narrow escape from running off to Gretna Green with a young lady, handsome, highly accomplished, and well connected. Her father—a retired physician, and the owner of two or three estates of land—lived at an old picturesque grange house near Penrith. Bough became a great favourite with the younger branches of the family ; but he had to exercise many ingenious devices in order to get himself comfortably seated by the fireside. For a time all went smoothly, and the young couple dwelt in a world of bliss ; but such fond dreams were rudely assailed when the day of reckoning came. Stolen interviews, tender epistles, tears, and other indications of youthful passion were all discovered, and in their wake followed nothing but darkness and perplexity. The aspiring artist was denied the house ; and the affair was further frustrated through the object of his affections being removed to an unknown place on the Continent. Although there was an undue amount of careless indifference about young Bough, and he was never known to be troubled with much sensitiveness, this untoward event cost him far more pangs and heart-burnings than any mishap or love adventure he afterward experienced.

Before leaving Carlisle—a place much too limited to allow of many works of art being purchased within its narrow sphere—Bough, like an untamed bird beating its pinions against the cage, chafed and wasted his strength a good deal. In the following letter to his friend James Kirkpatrick (who on leaving the Border city had settled in Newcastle), he gives some glimpses of the uncertain sort of life forced upon him in his native city. Although a jocular vein runs through the greater part of the letter, it is very

evident that the struggles and buffetings he had to undergo soured his temper not a little, and made him sick at heart. Naturally enough, the state of his feelings draws forth reproachful language and odious comparisons. As this letter and the supplementary one tell their own tale very clearly, they may be introduced without further note or comment.

“To Mr. JAMES KIRKPATRICK, Portrait Painter,
Grahamsley Street, Gateshead.

“(Post mark) Carlisle, June 4th, 1845.

“MY DEAR KIRK,—You have never written to me, you *willan*, and I am as mad as the devil about it, because you promised that you would, and no mistake. Make up for lost time then, my dear Jemmy, and let me hear how you are getting on.

“I have been working like a brick since you left us, and have succeeded in finishing two or three rattling pictures—two large otter hunts, and one large view on the river Irthing—compositions of course; but as the good-natured flats in Carlisle do not like the labor of man’s brain in the work of his hand, or, in other words, composed landscapes, each picture hath a local habitation and a name. Strange beasts these are about Carlisle—these picture fanciers! You cannot call them patrons of the fine Arts.

“I envy you the change in residence. You are now amongst people who can appreciate what you do, and who, tho’ rough and unpolished in their manners, have kindly feelings, especially to a young painter. You will, of course, have met with Carmichael and the Richardsons, and you will experience the good feeling and attention which they always shew to their less fortunate professional brethren. Now, Jemmy, I am perhaps giving you credit for acquaintances you know nothing about, for I think you will be at your old trick of desponding—studying the oscuro of life—the black side of the painting. Don’t now, that’s a good fellow. Be cheerful and hang care, for care, saith the proverb (of Solomon, of course), killed a cat, and a cat hath nine lives. Take a friendly hint now, Jemmy, and never say die.

"I send you enclosed an Introduction to Mr. Carmichael, and you will find him, if time hath not changed him, a very fine fellow. I cannot do more, my acquaintance is so very slight in Newcastle, and the difficulty I have in recollecting people who I have met, prevents my giving you other Introductory epistles. You may rely on Carmichael introducing you to all who are worth knowing.

"I shall leave Carlisle in the course of a fortnight or three weeks for a situation I have taken in the Theatre Royal, Manchester, as a scene painter. Of course, you will think this a strange step. It may possibly end in making me a rich man. The School is a good one. Stanfield and Roberts did not paint there for nothing, and I don't see anything to prevent me from doing likewise. A good salary of one pound fifteen shillings, English money, per week, is not to be despised; besides the chance of leaving Manchester for a better situation, and the sale of a picture or two to be performed when I have leisure.

"Now, my dear Jim, you must write to me, how you like the Newcastle folk—how your *wee wife* is getting on and how she likes Newcastle. In her you will have one who can feel for you when all other feeling may be dead; one who can as David (King David, of course) said to the *Greenhorns*, can be a watching you and still putting in some little comfort when you feel most alone. I most sincerely hope that she is well.

"With my best wishes, believe me, my dear Kirkpatrick,

"Yours faithfully,

"SAM BOUGH.

"I forgot to mention that if you are done with Prout's *Light and Shadow*, I would feel obliged by your sending it, as it will be useful to me in my new situation, my knowledge of architectural composition being so very small. Hamilton, the guard, will bring it to me, if you leave it at the Blenheim House, near the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, addressed to S. Bough, Carlisle; or you can send it down by the train, whichever you think proper. Read and seal the note to Carmichael.

"S.B."

"To J. W. CARMICHAEL, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"Carlisle, June 3rd, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Trusting that you will excuse the liberty I take, and hoping that it may be of service to my friend, I beg to introduce to you Mr. James Kirkpatrick, portrait painter, of this place, a kindly, quiet, decent body, as ever lived; and to beg that you will shew him some of your pictures, and to introduce him to the Messrs. Richardson. Mr. James Kirkpatrick has been obliged to leave Carlisle on account of the difficulty of finding employment in his particular walk.

"I shall leave Carlisle myself in the course of two or three weeks, for a situation I have taken as scene painter in the Theatre Royal, Manchester. There is little chance of ever growing fat by landscape painting in Carlisle. Indeed, all the painters here talk of departing from a shabby place that cannot afford an Exhibition, and does hardly support a drawing school.

"Hoping this will find yourself, Mrs. Carmichael, and the bairns all well, I beg to subscribe myself your most obliged,

"SAM BOUGH."

The next letter to Mr. Kirkpatrick is a very sorrowful one, and contains a touching tribute to the memory of his father.*

"To Mr. JAMES KIRKPATRICK,
3 Camden Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"(Post mark) Carlisle, July 23rd, 1845.

"MY DEAR KIRKPATRICK,—I have received the book safe; and have to acknowledge, as well as thank you, for the bit of excellent baccy.

"You will think me neglectful in not writing. Jemmy, my dear, did you but know the heavy load of grief and sorrow which is weighing me down!

"My poor, dear father is no more. The good, the kind,

* James Bough, Abbey Street, buried July 25th, aged 57 years.—William Rees, Minister. *St. Mary's Church Register, Carlisle, 1845.*

the worthy old man, whose heart was always open, has gone to that land where sin and sorrow are not. Our grief is as much as we well can bear ; but God has given me strength to bear up against it, and it is well.

“I go from hence to my situation in Manchester on Saturday. There was a little likeness of the old man which you commenced. Should that sketch still be in your possession, my dear Jemmy, by our old friendship, send it down to Carlisle. It will be a comfort to my poor sister.

“Write to me. I will write to you when I get settled ; and, in the meantime, believe me, in great tribulation,

“Yours truly,

“SAM BOUGH.”

CHAPTER V.

MANCHESTER.

BOUGH left Carlisle to take his chance as assistant scene painter at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on the last Saturday of July, 1845. Having lost his father, he was in consequence thrown upon his own resources, and left to face the world unaided and alone. His father's death while he was yet young, was, in one sense, a fortunate thing for him. Having no one upon whom to rely, he began to show that there was no deficiency of the right sort of metal about him, and his mind was soon aroused from a somewhat dormant state to one of considerable activity and thought.

When Bough made application for the post of assistant scene painter at Manchester, and sent specimens of his handicraft, Mr. Chester, the architect of the theatre, took up his case with so much enthusiasm, that the proprietor, Mr. Knowles, without more ado, concluded to engage the services of the Carlisle lad. Bough had not been in his situation more than a week, when his wages were advanced from thirty-five shillings to two pounds, as the following letter to his sister will show.

(About early August, 1845).

"To Miss BOUGH, Carlisle.

"Monday Morning.

"MY DEAR, VERY DEAR LITTLE SISTER,—. . . You must write and let me know how the sale went off, and if there will be any necessity for my sending you money towards the payment of my father's debts.

"I have little spirit to write, my poor head being almost turned with one misfortune falling on the heels of another. But this I can say with some satisfaction, I have satisfied my employer, and there is a probability of my retaining my situation for a year or two. My salary is increased to £2 per week ; and I like my work, tho' it is laborious. I have no doubt, not the least in the world, of our succeeding as well as our best friends could wish. And when our work is done here, we can easily find employment elsewhere, as a good scene painter is always certain of employment.

"I wish you to come up as soon as you can. We will both be happy and comfortable. I have not met with any of the reprobate company I expected to meet with. The situation I hold compels me to live aloof from the swinish multitude employ'd, and I do neither drink nor keep up any connection with my fellows. With reference to your coming, be sure and take a passage in the cabin of the steamer. Bring as little luggage with you as possible ; the little dog and a few necessaries will be quite sufficient. Send everything else, books, bedding, pictures, and all by the carriers. They will bring them safely at a much less cost than if you brought them with you. I'll tell you how.

"In the first place, there is portorage in Liverpool, and that is very expensive ; then the carriage from Liverpool to Manchester ; and then the carriage from the Manchester railway station to our lodgings ; and these all run away with money. It cost me alone for the carriage of the little I had with me three shillings ; and what you would bring would come to a very great deal more, besides the trouble and anxiety attending, and the possibility of loss and damage.

"Mrs. Morris can let us have part of her house, which will be easier than taking a house for ourselves, and our furniture, with the little we may buy, will be quite sufficient. I may get something to do for Jimmy, poor lad, as our friends will willingly assist us with a good word. You shall keep house for us, and we'll be happy as kings.

"I have written to Dr. Kerr. I should like to hear from him. When Jimmy comes he must bring a nice little

terrier dog with him, as I want to give one to our treasurer, who has been kind to me. And Jim may—if he can get one—bring me a terrier pup for myself. Little Fan will be your own little pet; and you must get a nice little chain and collar, for the Manchester folk are thieves with regard to dogs.

“If you have not sold any more of my pictures, bring them up with you; and particularly I wish for the sketches. Get the ‘Monkeyana’ from Robert Harrington, and present it to Dr. Kerr, with my respects, and say anything you like when you give it him. Send the baccy box I left for Willy Stamper. If you have lost his address, send it to Dr. Carrick. Give my love to Thomas Sewell and his wife—to whom I shall always feel grateful—the Pollocks, Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, and particularly Mr. A. Sim, Misses Sheffield and John, and don’t forget George Sheffield, and all our friends.

“And believe me, your affectionate Brother,

“SAM BOUGH.

“Send the boot legs up to Mark Noble, and see what can be done with them. He has the measure of my foot. First see Thomas Bell about dressing them properly. And tell me what money you have paid on my account, and what you have received.

“Address, 49 Bradford Street, Manchester, or else Theatre Royal, Manchester. Either will do. God bless you.”

The “Little Fan” mentioned in the foregoing letter was a Blenheim spaniel dog, a great pet of Bough’s father. It used to go with him to St. Mary’s Church, Carlisle, and sit quietly and demurely in the pew during service. If he did not take it with him, it never missed an opportunity of following, and would scratch at the pew door for admittance. The dog was taken to Manchester, where it was stolen, as Bough had predicted.

The next letter to his sister touches principally upon the desirability of an early settlement of his father’s affairs, so

far as his limited means will allow. He gives directions about several small amounts owing to different tradesmen in Carlisle.

“To Miss BOUGH, Carlisle.

“49 Bradford Street, Manchester,

“August 18th, 1845.

“MY DEAR ANNE,—I have just received your favour, and am delighted to hear of Jimmy’s recovery, and of your being well, and still more delighted in hearing of your kind friends in Carlisle.

“I shall take a house as soon as I can find one to suit me, and I have no doubt but that there will be some nice little places in Hulme, which is a healthy spot, and not too far from the theatre. I have already ordered some furniture from George Little, Mrs. Nanson’s son-in-law, who is a very decent body, and who will suit us as cheap and better than anybody else. . . .

“By the bye, tell ——— that he must give you the baccy box, and no mistake, as I am determined not to stand any of his humbug. With reference to the cast, do not let it distress you, my dear, as it is of no consequence, and serves to show how far the little disposition of a spiteful person will lead him.

“I will write to the Sheffields, whom give my respects to. Sewell, the grocer’s bill, is not more than three or four shillings. Give Joseph Smithson a pound, and that will be as much as we can afford at present. My father’s bill to him, and his against my father, must be balanced, and any difference paid out of my father’s money. The pound will go on towards my account. You are quite right with respect to the Smiths, and you will act accordingly as you may think fit. Keep five pounds out of my money. That will be necessary to bring you up; and do not part with any more than you can help.

“I wish you much to go into the Forest. The fresh air will do you much good. If you can manage to stay there for a fortnight or three weeks, you will feel the benefit of it.

I will have some place taken by the time you get back to Carlisle, and then you must come as soon as you can. Altho' I am very well off here, I am not happy. I want you to be near me. . . .

"Should old Hector cast up, give the poor beast a skinful of beef, if you even buy it at sixpence per pound.

"With best wishes to yourself, believe me, my dear sister Anne,

"Your affectionate Brother,

"SAM BOUGH."

The "Cast" mentioned in the last letter was taken from the face of James Bough after his death, perhaps by David Dunbar; and the "Forest" was Nichol Forest, on the English side of the Borders, where some relatives or acquaintances of the Boughs lived.

Hector, the dog, was a large black and white Newfoundland, which at one time had belonged to a miller near Wetheral. A good-tempered, intelligent animal was Hector, yet not altogether free from the vices of barking and biting. It once had a fight with a chemist's dog in Carlisle. Hector lifted his rival high in the air, and threw it with great violence among some crockery exposed for sale in the open market. The heavy thud and its after consequences, were the means of smashing fully half the ware. Finding out to whom the dogs belonged, the owner of the crockery levied a fine upon each of them, which after much demur, had, of course, to be paid. When the time came that Hector could not be retained any longer by the struggling artist and his sister, it was given to some ladies at Cocker-mouth, in the hope that a kind home would be provided for it.

In the following letter to his early friend and playmate, Bough expresses an anxious wish to possess a miniature of his father, which Mr. Kirkpatrick had in hands; and then furnishes particulars of how he has been occupied in scene painting during the first three months of his experience in Manchester.

“To Mr. JAMES KIRKPATRICK, 3 Camden Street,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

“Theatre Royal, Manchester,
October 12th, 1845.

“MY DEAR KIRKPATRICK,—I received your favour of the 25th July, and beg that you will excuse my neglecting to answer it. The distress I suffered from the severe loss I sustained in the death of my best friend, my father, and the trouble I had in getting myself settled, completely knocked me up, and I hardly dared to trust myself with pen, ink and paper. We must all submit to the will of God, and the more easy we take it the better for us. It was to be—for we are certain of nothing but death and quarter day; and the best philosophy is a pipe of the weed, and to forget it.

“You mention a miniature of my father. Should you have time to finish it and send it to me, you will confer a great obligation. I wish much to have some remembrance of him. My dear Jemmy, you must not be offended. Tell me your charge for it, and I will send a Post Office Order for the amount. This I wish much.

“I have been working away here at the scenery. Our scenes are as large as those in the Drury Lane or Covent Garden Theatres, something like forty-two feet in width; and we have them made in pieces, so that they are shoved on to the stage and stacked away when not wanted. My first scene was a hit, although I did not even know how it was to be set, and thought the part I had set on the frame was a whole scene, whereas it was only half one. It was a wood, with a rare old oak in it; and so pleased was the manager with it that he raised my salary five shillings the first week. It was my luck; but there are not many wood scenes required in a theatre. The greater part of the work consists of chambers, interiors, and these I do not like so well. We have painted twenty scenes in all, and out of these only three are landscape—that is a garden, a wood, and open country.

“We produced ‘Hamlet’ last night, and all was painted for it. I painted a platform, moonlight, the churchyard,

and half of the chamber palace, etc. They were all to be designed and done in a fortnight, and I was working at the Churchyard Scene when the curtain rose for the third act. Yet, notwithstanding the haste in which everything was got up, they have given immense satisfaction. I, of course, have no time for painting pictures, but will have when the theatre is stocked, which will be sometime in the spring of next year—so adieu to painting for a while. Practice makes, etc., and I shall have plenty of it.

“Give my love to Margaret, and believe me, with best wishes,

“Your friend,

“SAM BOUGH.

“Address me, 5 Victoria Street, Hulme, Manchester.”

Bough first learned how to adapt his previous knowledge of art to scene painting from William Channing of the Theatre Royal, Manchester. Nor could he have had a better master to look up to, for a kinder and more simple minded man never lived. When old age and straitened circumstances pressed rudely upon him, Bough did not forget his old teacher, nor the lessons and hints given to him so cheerfully and ungrudgingly. Finding his way to Scotland, and dying in Leith, poor Bill Channing was supported chiefly by Bough for some time before he shuffled off this mortal coil. The friendship which existed between the two men was highly creditable to both. At the sale of Bough's effects in 1879, a volume of “Military and other Costumes from the Tenth Century,” drawn and coloured by Channing, was sold for five guineas.

Channing was head scene painter at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, when Bough joined the ranks in the capacity of an assistant. Not unfrequently he went with Emma his wife, on Sundays, to pass the day with Bough and his sister; and very cheery, very jolly, and very happy, they all were on these occasions. The scenery which Bough painted at the Theatre Royal and the Queen's Theatre was used many years after he had left Manchester.

On one occasion, Knowles, the manager, brought William

Beverley from London to paint a drop scene for the Royal. There was a good deal of dash about the appearance of this able artist, which astonished the provincial men not a little. At that time he wore a velvet skull cap, and Bough was prone to hand down a tradition that he painted his theatrical scenery in "a pair of lavender coloured kid gloves."

One night on the streets of Manchester, a blind fiddler, led by a little girl, was scraping away in the most execrable manner imaginable at the simple air "In a Cottage near a Wood." The miserable screeches of the fiddle sounded so discordant to the ears of Bough, that he went up to the man, and said: "I say, old chap, you're the worst scraper I ivver h'ard i' my life. Gi' me yer fiddle an' yer arm, man, an' let's see what I can make oot." Accordingly, taking the fiddle, and linking his arm in that of the old man, he set to work and played a set of lively jig tunes, through Market Street till they came to the Infirmary, where he left the blind man with his pockets enriched by five or six shillings.

About the year 1843, a life class, styled the Manchester Academy, was formed among the artists and students in the town and neighbourhood, for improvement in drawing the figure, designing, modelling, and the mutual interchange of ideas. The members met in the first instance in St. Ann's Street, and at a later period in Newall's Buildings, Market Street. The academy did good service to the arts it was established to promote, and flourished some eight or ten years, during which time most of the leading artists of the neighbourhood were enrolled members. The following is as complete a list as can be recalled from memory.

C. A. Duval, *President*.

M. D. Calvert, *Treasurer*. J. Stephenson, *Hon. Secretary*.

William Percy	John Bostock	C. Agar
George Hayes	F. Chester	W. K. Keeling
Sam Bough	Selim Rothwell	Wilson Dyer
Thomas Oldham Barlow	C. H. Mitchell	George Bury
H. F. Calvert	G. Westmacott	— Ward
George Anthony*	Edward Royle	George Jackson
A. Brebant		

* Cousin to Mark Anthony the landscape painter.

As may be noted above, Bough's name appears among the list of members. With a naturally quick aptitude to learn, and to retain what he learned, the Academy was of great advantage to him in many ways. No doubt he was a restless soul, given to absenting himself at times; careless as careless could be; at the best only working by fits and starts; often pooh-poohing the systems then in vogue, and oftener swearing deep oaths against the whole of the Academy. Notwithstanding this, it is patent that an active, searching mind such as his undoubtedly was, could not come in contact with other minds without climbing some steps higher in the A B C of art. It was one means to an end, and helped to lay the foundation of certain fixed principles, and qualify him to diversify his abilities in a way to which few artists have succeeded in attaining.

The list also contains the name of Thomas Oldham Barlow, the eminent engraver, at that time an apprentice with J. Stephenson, the honorary secretary to the Academy. Between Bough and Barlow a warm friendship sprang up. In London Barlow made the acquaintance of John Philip—"Spanish Philip"—which resulted in his producing engravings after many of Philip's pictures. Barlow was elected an R.A. in 1881.

"We were both of us poor, and dreadfully hard up at times," exclaimed William Percy, referring to the early struggles which encompassed local artists like Bough and himself. As a result of their friendship, William Percy painted a small portrait of Bough as he appeared at the age of twenty-four.*

The intellectual and thoughtful side of Bough's character is clearly brought out in this water-colour vignette, the technique and finish of which are most exquisitely done. Mr. Percy gave the picture to Charles Mitchell, architect, in whose possession it remained until his death. It was sold at the sale of his effects by Cape, Dunn and Pilchard. Bough and Mitchell were on such intimate terms that the artist used to try the architect's patience sorely, by applying to him all sorts of cognomens, such as, for instance, "Honest John," "My gifted friend," "John the knowing," etc.

* Now in the Corporation Art Gallery, Tullie House, Carlisle.

CHAPTER VI.

SUCCESS AND STRUGGLES.

BOUGH had not been long in Manchester before he began to gather about him several young and ardent spirits, almost as full of fun and adventure as himself. To such as these he commenced relating a series of Spanish Campaigning yarns, which were set forth as being drawn from his own personal experience, when a soldier in the ranks. These yarns were begun in the workroom he occupied at George Jackson's in Brazenose Street, and resumed whenever two or three listeners met together, the narrative being left unfinished each night with some such remark as, "To be continued at our next merry meeting."

Bough told of the hardships and privations of a common soldier's life ; of break-neck adventures and narrow escapes ; and drew plans of campaigns and provinces through which the army had marched, showing by his skilful manipulation wonderful inventive talent. Then he told how he deserted from his regiment, making his way, in a night's march, from a certain place in Spain across the Pyrenees into France. At this stage of the narrative, Brebant, a French artist, broke in by exclaiming : "Ah ! ah ! my goot friend, then you did travel von hundred miles in von night !"

This remark, in an instant, exploded the myth. The general burst of laughter which followed showed that the game was up ; and the truth began to dawn upon them that so far as the narrator's own personal experience was concerned, the whole affair was neither more nor less than a fabrication from beginning to end.

When Bough was in Victoria Street, Hulme, an old man lived in the same street who eked out an existence by selling coals, while his sister—a hard-working soul—generally did the drudgery, wheeling them in a barrow to the houses of customers. The old man had seen much active service as a seaman, having fought under Lord Nelson, and was quite a character in his way—brusque, candid, and reliable. He had a very gruff voice; was extremely short in stature; stood almost square; and in fact, he might be said to be about as broad as he was long. Nothing delighted Bough more than to squat down beside the old man in his coal yard, send for a pint of beer, and by such means draw him on to spinning yarns about the Battle of the Baltic, the Nile, and Trafalgar, or any other engagement which he had witnessed.

Bough was kept more fully occupied with scene painting than he had anticipated, and the result was that his opportunities were all the more restricted for producing pictures. As mentioned in the letter to his friend and early comrade, John Fisher, he worked hard for the Manchester exhibition of 1847, and sent no less than five works, all of which were water-colours. These were "Ashton Canal," "Return from Hunting," "Aira Force, Ullswater," "Stye Head, Cumberland," and "Askham Mill, Westmorland." In addition to the Manchester Royal Institution, Bough also sent works for Exhibition to Liverpool and Worcester in the same year. Another water-colour drawing, entitled, "A Cumberland Trout Stream," painted under a bright autumnal evening effect, and signed and dated 1847, deserves mention. There is more beauty and softness of expression shown in this early work than was customary for him to display; and the young couple seated by the side of the swift running stream, illustrates an incident in the artist's career, when his heart was all aglow with love's young dream.

George Jackson, gilder and picture framer, was the decorator of the Theatre Royal and the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. He was a man of good taste, and possessed sufficient penetration to single out Bough as a young man of much promise. Treating him with marked kindness and generosity, he soon found his way to the heart of the struggling artist. Bough often said that George Jackson

was one of the best and most unselfish men he ever met, or ever expected to meet in this world.

"To Mr. JOHN FISHER, Druggist, Carlisle.

"2nd June, 1847,

"24 Kennedy Street, Manchester.

"MY DEAR JACCY,— . . . I am a sad dog for not writing—but what can I do? A catalogue of misfortunes, a list of calamities is all that I had to send.

"O, my Ancient! I have been damned hard up, and that you may take my word for. But what is the use of complaining, or being miserable about it, for it will all go into a life time, and man that is born of woman must expect his share of bitters in the gin of human life! I sometimes hear about you, and according to all accounts you are still the same comfortable old file I left six months ago. May you long continue so!

"I have been working on at the exhibition pictures for the Royal Institution, and have some hope of doing well. I have got nearly £20 worth of frames on strap, from Mr. Jackson, of Brazenose Street, where I am now working, he having kindly given me a room, and set me up with brushes and materials requisite. His kindness I cannot forget, for it was unlooked for and unexpected on my part. He gives me hopes that a few months in Manchester will establish me comfortably for the rest of my days; and he has already got me about twenty pounds in orders for pictures, which is something to go on with. Money will not, therefore, be so scarce with me as it has been, and I will be enabled to swipe off my chalks now standing in Carlisle.

"Now Jack, old trout, I hope you will write. I know I have behaved damned bad in not writing; but the case is fairly stated, and sometimes the trifle required for a postage stamp was not forthcoming. I shall be glad to see you in Manchester, though I have nothing to offer you at present. Give my love to all who may enquire about me.

"With best wishes to yourself, believe me, ever yours,

"SAM BOUGH."



Consolation in Misfortune
of
Actors on Stage

The accompanying fac-simile of a pen-and-ink sketch of "Consolation in Misfortune—Actors on Tramp," is copied from the original contained in the foregoing letter.

The Manchester Institution offered this year "The Heywood Silver Medal and Five pounds in money for the best Water-Colour Drawing;" and one morning, to Bough's great surprise, the following letter was received, announcing that he himself was the successful competitor.

"Royal Manchester Institution.

"Manchester, July 8th, 1847.

"SIR,—I have pleasure in stating that the Council have awarded the Heywood Silver Medal for your picture of 'Askam Mill,' No. 699 in the Catalogue, as the best Water-Colour Drawing in the Exhibition able to compete for the prize, and I congratulate you on their having done so.

"I am, Sir, your very obedient Servant,

"GEO. W. ORMEROD, Hon. Sec.

"S. BOUGH, Esq."

Immediately on the receipt of the official note, Bough wrote with great exuberance of spirit to his sister, announcing his success, and sending her a rough pen-and-ink sketch of the subject. Unfortunately this letter is not forthcoming. It was borrowed by an acquaintance and never returned to the owner. The picture of "Askham Mill" was painted principally in body colour, and before the close of the exhibition was purchased by Mr. Agnew.

Bough painted a large number of scenes from time to time for the Queen's Theatre in Manchester, and at the last he lost considerably through the bankruptcy of the manager. This is referred to in the next letter to his sister. He likewise tells her that he has been "obliged to get some new clothes," as he feels confident the polite society of Manchester will expect him to appear in "a decent exterior." Another point, which does credit to his goodness of heart, is that he is determined every engagement in Carlisle shall be met, "tho' the Heywood Silver medal go to make teapots!" This resolution on the part of Bough

reminds one of the golden maxim put forth by Sir Thomas Rokeby: "Let my dishes be wooden rather than my creditors unpaid."

"To Miss BOUGH, care of Miss BECK,
8 Paternoster Row, Carlisle.

"17 Brazenose Street (Manchester),
"4th August, 1847.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—I have delay'd writing to you as I was not decided as to any positive plan for us both to carry out. You may think me unkind in not writing, but till I had decided on the course to be followed, I thought it better not to write. I have now fully determined a plan of action, and shall proceed forthwith to carry it out.

"It is my intention to settle here. I do not see that I can do better, and for that end I shall take a house shortly, furnish it as well as I can, and get you to come and keep it for me. You, at the same time, can carry on your business if you like or not. Only you and myself, mind, to the house. ——— has behaved so ill that I can do nothing with him, and besides he talks about going to London, so I make no doubt but that we shall be rid of him.

"Mr. Jackson, the only true friend I have ever had here, has decided against my going into a theatre any more. And indeed I am heartily sick of theatre work and theatrical folks. But still should you wish it—for it is a more certain livelihood than painting pictures—I am quite willing to re-engage with Knowles. This is a point I must have a decided answer from you upon, and I think the only point which requires deliberation. As to money matters, I think we may be able to manage the first start very well. I have likewise determined not to go on any sketching excursion this season at all, so that there will be £28 or £30 to begin with out of this. I have some picture frames to pay for, as I cannot permit Mr. Jackson to lose anything by me.

"I have not heard anything as to the raffle Harrington and I have between us. Should anything turn up to me it is all yours, and should there be nothing, we must do the best we can to settle with Miss Beck. ——— has disappointed me very much. When I left Carlisle it was

on the understanding with him that you wanted for nothing. My long illness and the loss of time, besides the loss in the Queen's, almost ruined me. The last sovereign I received from Sloan, —— collared to bring him home to Carlisle; and then returned and involved me with Mrs. Lucas, a worthy soul as ever lived, to the tune of £4, or close upon it. For weeks I had nothing to do, and had it not been for her kindness and Mr. Jackson's, I might have gone to the devil. I am now paying ——'s bill for board and lodging, while he was in Manchester, by instalments, as well as I can. Thomas Sewell hit me hard in his last letter, but had he then known the circumstances of the case as fully as he sometime may, he would, I think, think different. However, I did not know that you were ever so badly off. I shall take care that it shall not happen again.

"I am quite confident that with you here we will both do better than we have ever done before. I will write to Mr. Robinson respecting your accounts, and to Miss Beck. I have work to carry me on for some time, and possibly may when it is completed get more. I have been obliged to get some new clothes, as the society to which I am now being introduced require at all events a decent exterior.

"You must write and let me know as to what you think is best. I can only assure you of one thing, and that is my unalterable love and affection to you, my dear and only sister. Any plan you think better, do not hesitate in letting me know. The only thing which troubles me at all is money. There is no fear of too much of it. It is the little quantity that puzzles me. However, two months will put all that right, for I am determined that every engagement of ours in Carlisle shall be settled, tho' the Heywood Silver Medal go to make teapots. Time is the only thing. Who knows? I may perhaps be selling other drawings before the Exhibition closes, and Liverpool and Worcester may turn in something. I am full of hope.

"I enclose a note to Miss Beck, which you must please to give her. I will write to Thomas Sewell shortly. With love to all, believe me,

"Your affectionate Brother,

"SAM BOUGH."

At Mrs. Lucas's in Manchester, where Bough lodged, there was an infinite deal of larking and practical joking carried on among the various inmates of the house. Whilst living there he bought a fashionable coat of a dark blue colour, ornamented with bright gilt buttons—a smart article of dress in its way—which was sent to the pawnshop so often when funds ran low, that it became well known to the pawnbroker, and from having proved a never failing means of raising the wind, was dubbed the “Bank of England.”

A pressing want of money, and the urgent use of the coat occurring at the same time, necessitated a consultation as to what would be the best thing to do. It was decided that one or two of the lodgers should go to Shudehill market, and purchase the nearest resemblance in shape and colour to the coat that could be found. No sooner was the spurious imitation procured than it was carefully done into a parcel and handed to Mother Lucas (who was kept in ignorance of the fraud), to carry to the pawnbroker.

Chancing to come upon the real garment a few days afterwards, the landlady rushed off to the artist's room, threw up her hands in despair, and exclaimed: “Oh, Mr. Bough! Mr. Bough! You bad, wicked man! You've gone and committed a bigamy! We'll all be hanged together, I know we shall!”

After being in lodgings for some considerable time, Bough took a house on his own account, and commenced to furnish it in earnest. He bought a few chairs, a table or two, and some other requisites; but still the rooms looked bare, and Bough soon found himself fast from want of means.

“Hello, Sam,” said William Percy to him one day, “Things are looking up, surely. Why, you've actually got a piano!”

“Yes, and very useful it is,” replied Bough, lifting up the lid. “See, we keep our coals in here!”

And sure enough, the old harpsichord, which had been picked up “dirt cheap” somewhere, served the poor scenic artist for some time as an ingenious coal box.

One Sunday morning, before Mr. Percy had got downstairs, his wife went up to him full of consternation, and said: “There's that man Bough waiting for you below with

a shocking black eye! Do come down at once. He's a perfect fright, I declare!” When Mr. Percy presented himself, he could not help laughing at the ghastly looking face before him. Nothing daunted, however, Bough led off with a long disjointed story, to the effect that the thing was done by accident when out in the country with his friend Captain Fane on the preceding day. The object of the early visit was to get his eye painted, which was soon done; and so far as appearance went Bough left his friend's house in a condition fit to mix in any society. But unfortunately for his peace of mind, the sequel was attended by a chapter of accidents.

In the first place, Bough unwittingly rubbed the greater part of the paint off his face before it was dry, which made him look even more ghastly than before; and, secondly, it was clearly seen that he had been drawing on his imagination, when the real facts of the case oozed out.

At the Artists' Academy on the Monday night following, George Hayes set forth that he and Bough had gone to a certain rendezvous of theirs, a public house near Canal Street, kept by a man whose hair was somewhat fancifully trained to fall on his shoulders in curls or ringlets. Tickled by the affectedness of the thing, Bough began—as on previous occasions—to banter the man about his personal appearance; after which he wilfully went out of his way to rally a woman who was sitting near in the company of a prize fighter known as “Apple Daddy.” Without further parley or provocation, the fighting man at once leaped up from his seat and very dexterously landed a stroke on Bough's eye; while the landlord immediately set about locking the doors, so that his tormentor should not escape the thrashing which seemed imminent.

Bough—aroused by this unlooked for attack, and being both the heavier and taller man—warded off further blows from his face by throwing up his arms. Then suddenly tackling his adversary in the wrestling fashion of his native county, threw him with back-heel or cross-buttock every time they met, until at last the head of the fighting man went with a crash through a glass door at the end of the room. This proved a quietus for the pugilist.

After listening to the recital of the various details—as told

by Hayes—the members of the Academy assembled were so much amused, that they sallied forth in a body to the shop of Mr. Lewis, the bookseller in Market Street, where Bough chanced to be entertaining some friends, and serenaded him under the window with the cry of “Apple Daddy—Apple Daddy—Apple Daddy!” repeated again and again. The liberty thus taken by his friends appears to have been keenly resented by Bough, and for a considerable time he never spoke to any of the members of the Academy, nor went near the place.

CHAPTER VII.

UPS AND DOWNS.

IN Manchester Bough made the acquaintance of C. A. Duval the artist; an acquaintance which ripened into a life-long friendship. From the first Duval was very forcibly impressed with the varied abilities displayed by young Bough, and saw, or thought he saw, in him the elements of one certain to make his mark in the world sooner or later, if life and health were spared. Being fully impressed with this idea, he was lead to encourage him by every means in his power.

Duval having capacious, furnished rooms for his studio in George Street, very kindly placed the reception apartment at his friend's service for a painting room.

At that time, Bough being poor and hard put to it, and Duval in far from affluent circumstances, the two were often content to partake of a humble meal in the studio—sometimes prepared by Bough's sister—which was occasionally eked out with a pennyworth of butter-milk. For all that—come wealth, come poverty—there was not much thinking of the morrow; and, in general, they enjoyed a fine freedom from care.

The two artists advertised for pupils on more than one occasion without success. At length two young ladies presented themselves for instruction, and not infrequently had to wait at the door of the studio long beyond the appointed time for the unwilling master to appear. Neither of the poverty stricken artists cared for teaching: it was far too irksome and monotonous a business, and what little was done fell to the share of Bough, he being the younger and more needy adventurer.

When Bough was going laggardly to meet his pupils one day, he chanced to get a glimpse of the two ladies sitting, with Job-like patience, on the steps leading to the studio. This was enough. Turning on his heel sharply, he told his sister, who accompanied him, he had no heart for teaching that day, and suggested the desirability of taking a circuit round two or three streets, in the hope that the pupils might be wearied with waiting, and have gone before they returned.

The two sisters in question—Misses M. D. and A. F. Mutrie—distinguished themselves as painters of fruit and flower pieces, and were regular exhibitors at the Royal Academy for a great number of years. Another pupil—one Captain Fane—a pleasant, agreeable fellow, who was fonder of horse exercise and lighter amusements than of artistic studies, completed the tale of his experiences as teacher in Manchester.

Mrs. Duval, the painter's wife, was a great favourite with Bough, and exercised a beneficial effect over his wayward habits and looseness of speech. Whenever he chanced to run off into a wild strain of talking, or happened to say outrageous or wicked things, Mrs. Duval had only to point her finger or shake her head, and exclaim; "Now, Sam, you old reprobate! You've said enough!" This was at once taken as a hint that he had overstepped the bounds of decorum, and in general he had the good sense to change his tactics.

At parties held at Mr. Duval's, Bough invariably played the violin or the 'cello, sang songs, and contributed in various ways to make the evening pass in a happy and enjoyable manner.

Among other things he was fond of acting the character of a dwarf. This was represented by Bough's hands being made to do service for the dwarf's feet on the table, while Duval's hands were thrown over Bough's shoulders to serve for the dwarf's hands. In this way the dwarf was made to do all sorts of queer movements and droll speeches, much to the wonder and amazement of the children assembled.

A clever crayon drawing of Bough, who is represented almost in profile, was executed by Duval in 1854. This portrait is now in the possession of Mrs. Gray, the artist's sister.

Bough's strong arm and resolute will were sometimes put to the test to shield and protect the weak and friendless. Becoming acquainted with a travelling jeweller known as "John the Polander," his sympathy was aroused by the hard battle the poor foreigner had to fight in order to gain his crust of bread. When an unfeeling fellow once spoke contemptuously of his trinkets, and was doing his utmost to bluster and domineer over him, Bough took the part of the exile, and as nothing else would silence the blusterer, ended by knocking him down.

In making occasional visits from Manchester to his native district, an incident occurred which ever afterwards lived in Bough's memory. His sister and he happened to call upon a relative, from whom, although he made great professions of generosity, and affected to be deeply moved—even to the verge of tears—over some by-gone incident of trifling moment in the family, they received, in effect, the most cheerless of welcomes, and were put in a room by themselves, where they found some cold mutton placed upon the table for their solitary meal. Looking wistfully at Sam, his sister said: "Tears and cold mutton are not pleasant companions, Sam. We must be out of this as soon as possible."

To the Manchester Institution of 1848, Bough sent at least one contribution, "Olivia's Garden," No. 372 in the catalogue. In noticing this picture, a writer in the *Manchester Examiner* says:—

"The subject is taken from the 'Twelfth Night,' and the scene chosen is where Malvolio is reading the letter, and his tormentors, hidden behind the trees, are enjoying his fantastical madness. The figures are small, the chief interest of the picture being in the landscape, which is designed in a manner showing the artist to possess great taste and invention. The tall overhanging trees, which form a kind of green canopy over the garden walk, are drawn with correctness and elegance; the view of the duke's palace, which appears in the vista between them, is full of light and atmosphere. The general tone of colour is grey and subdued, indeed too much so for an exhibition, and some portions of the details lack care; but the picture is evidently the production of a man of genius, who may aspire to and attain a foremost rank in his profession if he choose."

During the year of the potato famine, 1847, I believe—a fearful time of suffering, which led to bread riots in Manchester and other places—Bough was confined to bed at his lodgings for a considerable period. He suffered from a severe and lingering attack of rheumatic fever, which laid him prostrate, and left him weak and helpless. His sister joined him in order to nurse him and minister to his various wants. After a time he was able to sit up in bed a little, and in this position worked at his drawings as well as his strength permitted. A medical man named Best attended him during his illness, and was very kind and considerate to him. Bough adopted the only mode in his power of getting out of debt, by paying the doctor's bill with a water-colour drawing.

Having pawned all they possessed, and being literally cast on the rocks, the brother and sister were forced to venture out one very cheerless day after a fall of snow to call on Agnew and the principal picture dealers. They did not meet with any success or encouragement. The general answer was a disheartening one, "We can't sell anything at all, and therefore can't buy."

Calling upon George Westmacott the druggist—through the recommendation of Charles Lewis the stationer—they succeeded in selling a single drawing, for which the modest sum of half-a-sovereign was asked. Westmacott, however, generously handed the needy artist double that amount; and, what was more, invited the brother and sister to take tea with him, which was felt to be a kinder trait even than buying the drawing. George Westmacott, I understand, was a nephew of Sir Richard Westmacott, the sculptor, who brought him up. Being an enthusiast in Art, the druggist was often found modelling in a room he occupied behind his shop.

Bough was extremely anxious to dispose of a very fine water-colour study—a rainy day effect—which somewhat resembled his later production "The Baggage Waggons." Failing in this object, and the drawing remaining on his hands for some time, he ultimately gave it to relieve the widow of his friend Brebant, the French artist.

Taking a small house on the strength of certain prospects, dark though they were, the sister, although managing house-keeper, was obliged to look out among the warehouses for

employment ; indeed, both brother and sister had to resort to various modes of industry in order to keep body and soul together. There were times when breakfast being over, they did not know where dinner would come from. His prospects were so discouraging, that he tried to obtain work as a coach painter. Owing, however, to his not having served an apprenticeship to the trade, the men struck against him and he was denied the shop.

By far the most important work which Bough painted at this period was the large water-colour drawing called "Tanziermunden on the Elbe;" a fine animated scene, with good sweeping sky, numerous boats, figures, and other accessories. Full of light and atmosphere, everything in the picture seems to glow with movement and vitality. The artist had never been out of England when it was painted. Hence the outline of the scene was supposed to have been taken from the pencil sketch of some passing traveller, which may or may not have been the case. Bough himself once told a friend that it was a view on the Bridgewater Canal, near Manchester, with an imaginary castle placed on the embankment, by way of adding variety to the composition, and that it was dubbed "Tanziermunden" in order to give it a local habitation and a name. Be this as it may, the effect of the picture was studied on the Bridgewater Canal.

The artist took great pains with the work, and in this case it proved to be labour well spent. The drawing was laid aside several times, and then taken up again. The foreground and part of the middle distance may be said to have been almost entirely repainted. Originally a great number of ducks appeared among the sedges in the foreground. The work remained in Bough's possession during his lifetime, and was afterwards bought by Mr. James Young of Wemyss Bay for one hundred and eighty-five guineas. It was painted in 1848, and measures 35 in. by 27 in.

During his Manchester period Bough was much worried in mind over a commission he received to paint a view of the town of Bolton, for Selim Rothwell, an artist, who was a native of that place, and who afterwards became literary secretary to the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts. Rothwell had the temerity to climb a mill chimney in Bolton twice or thrice—one of the highest ever built—in

order to get a correct bird's-eye view of the immense mass of buildings which spread for miles below him. This feat he accomplished successfully, after encountering not a few difficulties. The outline was very neatly run in upon mounted paper, and then handed to Bough, who had engaged to colour it up and give a suitable effect of light and shade.

Bough commenced his part of the undertaking by washing in the tints very carefully, in the manner of his then thin and limpid style. Next morning there was little or nothing to be seen—the tinting had almost entirely disappeared ! Another wash was tried, then another, without getting the desired effect. Restless and chafing at his non-success, he found there was no making headway without using the strongest body colour, and in this mode the drawing was finished. He afterwards discovered that it was the chemical nature of the paper which had frustrated his earlier efforts.

A border was run round the drawing, within the niches or blank spaces of which William Percy introduced small vignette portraits of Richard Arkwright and Samuel Crompton the inventors. The work was published in the form of a coloured lithograph, by Selim Rothwell, and had a considerable sale among the cotton manufacturing towns of South Lancashire.

One of Bough's week-end rambles was to Dunham Park with his sister, on a crisp frosty day. These grounds are of considerable extent, with plenty of sequestered nooks and corners, and are full of noble trees of ancient growth, and very picturesque. In the grounds, Bough sketched an old mill, while his sister whiled the time away by making friends with the deer, which became tame enough to eat bread from her hand. Bowdon Church—which Bough has painted—is close by, seated on high ground, overlooking a distance of some twenty miles or more. That night brother and sister reached home foot-sore and weary with the ins and outs of their journey.

Nature did more for Bough than books ; yet it cannot be said that he was altogether remiss as a student of books. While in Carlisle he read a good deal of English literature, especially history and poetry, and similar studies were profitably continued in Manchester.

CHAPTER VIII.

GLASGOW.

FINDING that he was not making progress in Manchester, Bough settled in Glasgow towards the end of the year 1848, and commenced as scene painter in the newly erected theatre, called the Princess, under the management of the Glover family. Here, and in the immediate neighbourhood, his lot was cast for several years. It was still the old tale: little forethought and less thriftiness. Not unfrequently there was either a feast or a famine; and through pressure of circumstances and his own negligent habits, he had probably a harder hand-to-hand fight with poverty in Glasgow than at any other period of his life. During part of the time, at least, he was in very straitened circumstances. With much jocularly, he used to describe the scanty furnishings of his humble abode. An old box, with a napkin nailed on the top, did service for a table; a rickety chair or two, barely trustworthy; a kettle and pan, both the worse for wear; a few pots, ill-matched and dingy looking; a tumble-down bed; and the catalogue of his goods and chattels might be said to be well-nigh exhausted.

Soon after Bough's removal to Glasgow, Loder's opera of "Gisella" was put upon the stage. Albert, the leading character, was well sustained by a young contralto singer, Miss Isabella Taylor, then a student of the Royal Academy of Music, London. The playbills of the day set forth as one of the attractions, "A New Drop-Scene on the Clyde, by Mr. Bough;" and also, "A Lake bordered by the Lotus Flower, and the Grave of Gisella, painted by Mr. Bough."

The young contralto attracted a good deal of attention in the opera, and during one of the rehearsals, Daniel Macnee,* the portrait painter, thus addressed her, "Miss Taylor, allow me to introduce to you our scenic artist, Mr. Bough. I think you ought to know one another."

No sooner had the introduction taken place, than what appeared to be a case of mutual attraction ripened into an attachment which soon led to an engagement. Although the lady's friends were opposed to the match, and she had the offer of a lucrative professional engagement, all must be given up for the clever young scene painter. There was no dilly-dallying over the affair; no such thing as varying or changing, or not knowing your own mind; nor was poverty bugbear enough to frighten the eager couple, or to stop the flight of love's bright wings.

Writing in great haste to his sister—whom he styles by the pet name of "my little Raven"—Bough opens up the annexed particulars of his marriage preparations, and confesses he "felt rather sheepish" about letting her know what was going on.

"To Miss BOUGH, care of Mr. C. H. LEWIS,
Stationer, Market Street, Manchester.

"(Post mark) Glasgow, April 26th, 1849,
"Thursday Morning.

"MY DEAR ANNIE,—I have just received your note. I am exceedingly sorry to hear that Mr. Lewis is so very unwell.

"Why I am so anxious that you should be in Glasgow is that I am going to get married on Monday, and I want you to be bridesmaid. My intended asks me every day about you, and is very anxious to see her sister. I am sure you will approve of my choice. Never mind the pictures or anything of that kind, as it will be only inconveniencing you. Jim can come over to Manchester and arrange all that afterwards, as we have nearly a month yet before we get to housekeeping.

"Now, my dear, think for yourself and come to me. You

* Afterwards Sir Daniel Macnee, President of the Royal Scottish Academy.

will always find me the same brother Sam that brought you to Manchester. I still love you, my dear Annie, as tenderly as ever, and I wish you to be here to live with me, and be the same kind, good sister you have always been.

"I ought to have told you all about this long ago, but it is only a few days since I determined to get married. And tho' I have written to you, I felt rather sheepish, and didn't like to let my little Raven know what was going on. Let me again assure you, my dear Annie, of my unalterable love. You are my dear and only sister, and I prize your love and affection even as great as that of the woman who is to be my wife. I write in haste, as I dread being too late for the post. I cannot express sufficiently to Mrs. Hucklebridge, our good, kind friend, my gratitude for her kindness to you.

"Believe me, my dear Annie, your affectionate Brother,

"SAM BOUGH."

Miss Taylor's twelve month's studentship at the Royal Academy of Music happened to terminate on Saturday, the 28th April, and the young couple were married in hot haste on the Monday following, after having been acquainted for about three months. The ceremony was performed in the little Episcopalian church on the Green, Glasgow, by the Rev. Dr. Gordon.

If Bough and Miss Taylor pleased themselves in getting married, it appears that the act did not please Mr. Glover, the manager. At all events, there was a split in the camp, and the separation from the theatre of both man and wife was the result. Years after, Bough used to tell in his half-earnest, half-jesting style, that the reason of his leaving Glover's service was the fact of the manager being able to cut a dash with gold-rimmed cups and saucers, while the best things the poor scenic artist and his young wife could set upon the table were plain crockery ones. "It wos mugs, *plain* mugs, my dear, wot did it!" he would repeat slowly, in dry sarcastic tones, when referring to this event.

A week or two passed, and Bough was busily employed with scene painting at the Adelphi Theatre in Edinburgh. A playbill, dated Tuesday, May 22nd, 1849—in announcing Miss Frankland's performance of Rosalind in "As you like it"

—waxes eloquent and says: “The new scenery designed and executed by the distinguished artist, Mr. Samuel Bough, the great beauty and admirable efforts of which excited the greatest admiration. A new piece is in preparation, which will be produced with all the aid of that celebrated painter’s skill.”

Bough’s connection as scene painter in Edinburgh with Murray was of much briefer duration than the one in Glasgow. The break-up appears to have been a case of much ado about nothing, and was the cause of “that celebrated painter’s skill” being lost to the Adelphi. In one of the scenes just finished, there chanced to be noticeable a few hasty cross-hatchings or indefinable pencil scratches, which the manager declared gave a vulgar aspect to the scene. Whether this was so in reality or only a fanciful objection, I know not. At all events, these scumblings of the brush did not satisfy the punctilious eye of the manager, and Bough was requested to repaint them. The artist laughed at this proposal, and put forth the plea that sequestered corners, such as the manager referred to, could only be classed among the actual necessities of life; and, moreover, they were the common property of every town, village, and roadside hostelry in the land.

As this generalizing mode of argument did not mend matters, but only added fresh fuel to the fire, Bough began to treat the whole thing with levity, and swore the manager might get anyone he chose to paint the part out, for he would not.

While Bough was employed in the Glasgow theatre, Mr. Robert Blackie, of the firm of Blackie & Sons, sought him out as a likely man to do good work for certain of their publications. Previous to this he had designed several subjects for Mr. Griffin, another Glasgow publisher, which, being reproduced on small wood blocks were somewhat indifferently rendered.

For upwards of twenty years Bough kept up the connection so formed with the Blackies. Among other subjects produced for them was a drawing of Edinburgh University with students snow-balling. For some foreign views—principally scenes in the Holy Land—the materials were supplied by the publishers. The most successful of

these Bible illustrations probably were "Corinth from the Acropolis," and a "View in Samaria."

It is almost impossible to engrave the works of some artists in a satisfactory manner. It was not so, however, with those of Bough, his knowledge of composition and of black and white being admirably adapted for the purpose. I have heard William Forrest, a competent authority, say that Bough's sketches always contained a leading idea, however rough or meagre in detail or outline they might be, and from this cause they are all the more easily translated by the engraver.

The success attending a water colour drawing of the "Broomielaw Bridge" was one of the causes of Bough giving up painting for the stage. "The Clyde from Dalnottar Hill," an early work, thinly painted, and "Barncluith," also belonged to the same series. These three were all bought from the artist by Mr. A. G. Macdonald of Glasgow.

The "Barncluith," a lovely pastoral scene, is sweetly pencilled throughout. The sky, hills, and trees, are all painted in delicate tints, and the water is skilfully broken by reflected lights and gentle ripples. The lad fishing, and the group of cattle in the river, add something to a fine aerial autumn evening effect.

At one time Bough entertained the idea of publishing a collection of views illustrative of the scenery of the Clyde from its source among the hills of Annandale until it merges in the sea. A dozen or fifteen different drawings were worked up for that purpose, but the project was never carried out.

An exhibition of paintings and sculpture was held at Carlisle in the autumn of 1850, and Bough sent at least half-a-dozen works in oil and water colour to this spirited local venture. The following letter touches on the subject.

"To Mr. JOHN FISHER, Druggist, Carlisle.

"36 Duke Street, Glasgow,

"17th August, 1850.

"MY DEAR JACKY,—Will you have the kindness to send me a newspaper as soon as the Exhibition opens, and while it remains open, that is if there are any critiques in it about

the pictures ; also a catalogue as soon as they are printed. And when you write—which I hope you will, though by the bye I don't deserve it—let me know how the pictures are hung ; and be sure to tell me whether mine are hung within reach or not. We term that the line, and it is usual always to hang the best pictures on the line—that is, about five feet from the floor.

“I have been expecting to see you through in Glasgow all this summer, and when I heard that you were in Edinbro' and did not come over, I was crabbed, dam'd if I wasn't. I saw wee Rushton, and asked the animal to come. I got a whacking lump of beef for him to yaffle, but he never showed his nose at all.

“Now, Jacky, my dear old boy, I have never reply'd to your numerous kind letters, and I confess that it is a thundering shame, for you were always righteous. Tho' I did not write, Jack, it was not from any disrespect to you, but from sheer laziness. I seldom write now to anybody ; and although I do not, I do not forget or think any less of my friends or more of myself than I used to do long since, when we pounded rheubarb and triturated unguntum hydrargyrum in the dungeon, and smoked reflective and contemplative pipes, and brewed mischief and ginger beer, and chiselled in tossing, etc., etc.

“I want to see you, Jacky, and have a crack about old times. And should the gods prove propitious, or the tin come down in golden showers, I do intend to come over to Carlisle, and to bring the old woman with me. She often talks about you, and you will see her portrait in the Exhibition—and from that you may judge how she looks. She sends her love to you. Remember me to Joe and his baby and his wife, and believe me,

“Your affectionate old Chum,

“SAM BOUGH.”

Before the close of the Carlisle Exhibition Bough managed to sell “Stratford-on-Avon” and “Olivia's Garden,” in oil ; and the “Moated Grange” and “Inversnaid, Loch Lomond,” in water colours. The “Stratford-on-Avon”

now belongs to Mr. Taylor of Langholm, and the "Moated Grange" to Mr. Simpson of Plumpton, near Penrith.

Annexed are the criticisms on Bough's works in this Exhibition, which appeared in one of the Carlisle papers at the time, copies of which were forwarded to the artist by Mr. Fisher, as desired.

No. 81, Stratford-on-Avon, the Birthplace of Shakespeare.

—"One of the cleverest productions in the room, and we are proud to claim as a native of this city the artist who produced it. It represents the birthplace of the great poet from a wooded spot at the outskirts of the town. The picture is on a large scale, and is the most successful as well as the most ambitious of Mr. Bough's productions. In the foreground are massive trees, on which the artist has brought to bear the experience acquired in former years, when he sallied out into the forests, bosky bournes and dells of his native county, and there—leading a sort of gipsy-life, a portable tent his sole shelter—studied nature as she is, and drank deep draughts of knowledge at the fountain's source, instead of taking it at second-hand, or groping his way without it. In the distance, lighted up with the golden rays of a declining sun, and in effective contrast with the foreground, is the town of Stratford itself. The accessories of the picture betoken a laudable attention to the minutiae, which Mr. Bough has too often, in some of his productions, slurred over."

No. 492, Tanziermunden on the Elbe.

"The foreground is overcrowded with subject, and has much the appearance of what, in theatres, is termed 'a set piece.' The transition from thence to the distance is too sudden, and the want of some intermediate object is strongly felt. The picture, however, shows great invention, and very powerful execution, especially in the sky, which is finely treated, well designed, and full of light and atmosphere."

No. 524, Naworth Castle, Cumberland.

"A suggestion that greater cleverness would have improved the colouring is all we shall say in the way of carping at this very talented work. The foreground gives us the site of an

old forest ; several fine oaks still remain, while the recently felled trunks of others are lying on the sward ; in the mid-distance is an antiquated gateway leading to the domains of the castle ; farther still rise the proud towers of Naworth ; and beyond a far seen distance closes the scene. Of Mr. Bough's two drawings we infinitely prefer this : it is more natural, better in drawing, and very favourable in choice of subject. An almost boundless power of invention and execution belongs to this artist, and marks of undoubted and elevated genius abound in the present work. Continued study must eventually place him high in Art, and we hope proper encouragement will not be wanting to cheer and sustain him in his progress."

"The Baggage Waggon—Carlisle in the Distance," a large picture, was painted in Glasgow during the first year after his marriage. Bough was in such straitened circumstances at the time, that he could not afford to purchase a frame for it. It was offered to a gentleman in Carlisle, but the offer was either bluntly refused or else left over and neglected. This annoyed the artist so much that he gave vent to very strong language over it.

Milne Donald calling one day, said he thought he could find a customer for it, which was soon done. It was sold for the modest sum of ten pounds—a canvas measuring 61 in. by 38 in.—to Mr. Anderson of Renfield Street, Glasgow. The purchaser had it framed and sent to the Exhibition of the West of Scotland Academy in 1849, where it received the place of honour. Bough's wife and sister were each treated to a cloak out of the money received. But although the artist got no further recompense in any way for the picture than the solitary ten pounds, it helped to make his name better known, and was the means of getting him several commissions.

The picture has a rolling, cloudy sky of much freedom, indicating rain or changeable weather. The baggage waggons toil slowly up the incline of the foreground, followed by some red-coated soldiers and their wives. A white dog, weary and jaded, laps the water from a common runner which crosses the road. The cathedral, castle and towers of "Merrie Carlisle," are seen in the blue distance.

Glimpses of the old ship canal and Grinsdale church peep out on the left. The baggage waggons and the foreground are painted under a strong effect of sunshine. The artist's sister Anne stood for the soldier's wife carrying the child. I made a careful search for the name and date upon the picture, but could not find either.

Trade being bad, and the artistic world in a state of stagnation, Bough and his friend, John Milne Donald, on one or two occasions were obliged to give up producing pictures altogether, and betake themselves to decorating the inside of shops and public offices. In trying to keep up his spirits under a complication of difficulties, there were moments when Bough was haunted by an inward whisper, which seemed to say, "Stick to scene painting, Sam—stick to scene painting, or it may be that you die of starvation!"

And yet in spite of such passing clouds, Bough contrived to live a sort of Bohemian life in Glasgow; gaiety being not infrequently linked hand in hand with careless indifference. Generally light of heart and always short of money, he bore his troubles in a manly fashion, and rarely pressed anyone for an order or even solicited work in a quieter way; but, for all that, he was naturally very glad to make sales of pictures, and receive commissions when such things were offered to him.

Bough's career in Glasgow may be not inaptly summed up in a Cumbrian phrase which was often on his lips about this time, "Aw reet i' health an' spirits, lad, but varra poor i' pocket."

About the year 1850, Alexander Fraser was sketching in Glen Messan, a picturesque rocky river on the Western coast of Scotland, and one day saw a tall, gaunt looking figure wading about in the river, dressed like a showman, in a pair of knee breeches, the cloth of which had apparently been cut from a brilliant orange-coloured horse rug. Wondering at the meaning of this strange freak, Fraser thus addressed the man.

"What are you walking about in the water for, in that fashion?"

"Oh, I's sadly bothered wi' corns," replied the wader, "an' my doctor tells me this is the best cure for them."

The scene itself conjured up to the spectator's vision

some such whimsical notion having taken possession of the man's brain as the following :—

“I sits with my feet in a brook,
And if anyone axes me why,
I gives him a tap with my crook ;
'Tis sentiment makes me,’ says I.”

Having answered the question, the man in the orange coloured trousers strode out of the water, and calmly sat down by Fraser's side. Without further apology or ceremony of any sort, he set about relating the various incidents of a very marvellous story.

He began by saying that he had once been sketching among the Pyrenees with a Frenchman called Alphonse. They were both sitting on the top of a vast precipice absorbed in their work, when on receiving no answer from his companion, he looked round and was surprised to find he had disappeared. Crawling to the brink of the precipice on hands and knees, he saw—to his horror—the unfortunate Frenchman full five hundred feet below, hanging by his garments from the branches of a tree, and had to look helplessly on at the struggles of the hapless man, until his clothes parted and he was fearfully mutilated by a second and final fall.

After listening patiently to the recital of this Münchausen-like story, Fraser said, with a smile: “Oh! you're Bough, I know you are, by the extraordinary tale you tell. I've heard of you before.”

Bough and Mr. A. G. Macdonald of Glasgow had a pleasant and interesting tour to the Western Hebrides, to Skye and other parts. The Lord Chancellor and his two daughters were on board the same steamboat. Seated on deck, the ladies busied themselves in sketching the passing scenes. As Bough passed to and fro, he interposed a criticism now and then, and once or twice ventured a suggestion as to the best mode of proceeding.

Meanwhile the two ladies kept to themselves, only venturing betimes to look askance at the uncouth appearance of their strange mentor, as he paced about the ship, carelessly dressed in an old slouch hat, a plaid twisted

round his neck, and a pair of loose hanging trousers. He was evidently a mystery to them until they saw him at work, sketching the scene before him with mastery and swift decision ; after which, at once recognizing the natural ease and practised skill of the artist, they soon allowed themselves to become chatty and communicative.

Mrs Macdonald's native town & birthplace

CHAPTER IX.

HAMILTON.

THE ancient forest of Cadzow is within a stroll of a couple of miles from the town of Hamilton. The general character of the land is gently undulating, but here and there the surface breaks up into irregularities, running with a greater slope down to the south or south-west, and forming a deeply wooded dell, which shelters the remains of an old keep or castle.

The forest proper is made up exclusively of oak trees (none other being planted), which grow singly or in groups, and are scattered about with a picturesque indifference that brings joy to the heart of the painter. Some of the older trees look exceedingly grotesque, standing as they do naked and bare, stripped of their outer coat of bark. Among them may be seen the huge "Boss," or hollow oak—branchless, broken, and stunted—which still manages to send forth a handful of fresh and vigorous-looking leaves every year.

The forest is inhabited by a remarkable breed of wild cattle, said to be the remains of the original old Caledonian breed. The cattle are small in size, of a white colour, with black ears, black muzzles, and black fore feet; and as they grow in years the white coat resolves itself into a more creamy or yellowish tinge. The Chillingham cattle, which resemble the Cadzow herd in many respects, have red ears, and a faint line of red running in close proximity to their muzzles. In the year 1880 the Cadzow herd numbered sixty-eight head, including six bulls, old and young, and twelve stotts. The cows give milk only when rearing their young. Swarms of rabbits and pheasants abound in the

forest,* but no hares. Hares require a greater variety of food than the precincts of the demesne afford.

Of late years, the quiet sylvan character of the scenery around the palace and town of Hamilton has been rashly invaded. Collieries, belching forth clouds of smoke, are seen from various points of view; and grimy-faced toilers, tin in hand, move wearily homeward at eventide in ever-varying groups. Close to Barncluith a couple of coal pits rear their ungainly timberings against the witchery of the soft blue sky; whilst iron furnaces, grim and ugly, hem in the ancient forest on the west, and interfere materially with its primitive simplicity.

Drifting more and more apart from his connection with scene painting at the theatres, Bough resolved to settle in the town of Hamilton, in order to have full facilities for studying landscape effects in Cadzow forest and the adjacent neighbourhood. Throughout life he was a queer uncertain sort of genius. He had his moments of natural inspiration, as well as those of deep depression. It happened sometimes when trying to do his best, that, in working against the grain, he only succeeded in producing very mediocre work. During his Hamilton period he toiled hard, and with much more earnestness of purpose than generally animated his motives. Often going into Cadzow Forest early in the morning, and continuing there all day, until the "gloaming" set in, he not unfrequently had to return homeward in low spirits, disheartened by what he felt to be comparative failure to attain the desired effects.

On one occasion, a party of three gentlemen came up to him, and asked if they might look over his drawing—a sketch of the ruined tower in the lower grounds. They expressed themselves well pleased with his work. The tallest of the three observed: "I didn't know there were any artists in Hamilton." "Oh," replied Bough, "I've been settled in the town a bit, but not long." After chatting for some time, Bough said: "I'm living in Muir street. If you'll only come up and see me in the evening, we can have a

* "In the parks of the Duke of Hamilton, the rabbits were so numerous that I think anyone might have fired a gun at random with his eyes closed and knocked them over. They scampered about as I advanced, like leaves blown by the wind. Their cotton tails twinkled thicker than fireflies in our American summer night."—*John Burroughs*.

crack over a pipe and a glass o' toddy." On his way home in the evening, he learned at the lodge that the tall man he had invited to his house was the owner of the forest, the Duke of Hamilton.

Through frequenting Cadzow Forest so much, Bough scraped some further acquaintance with its noble owner. The duke, however, soon broke off the connection, owing probably to the artist's manner and utterances being too pawky and careless. When the coldness became sufficiently apparent not to be misunderstood by Bough, he had his fling at the duke, by saying that the head gamekeeper at the palace—with whom he had become very friendly—was "a devilish sight better fellow than his maister!"

From the following letter it would appear that he contemplated painting a companion picture to his "Baggage Waggon," or at all events trying a similar subject. This much is inferred from the fact of his asking for a copy of George Gill Mounsey's *Carlisle in 1745*.

"To J. J. FISHER, Esq., Post Office Court, Carlisle.

"14 Muir Street, Hamilton (1851?)

"MY DEAR FISHER,—Tell Joe that we are all settled comfortably in Hamilton, and that I will be glad to see him on Saturday according to promise. And ask him if he can borrow or get me a copy of Mounsey's *History of the Rebellion in 1745*, as I want to paint a picture of the old town of Carlisle, and I think I may find some subject there that would be interesting to the lieges. I have not heard when the exhibition comes off. Let me know when you write, and tell me any news you have. You don't say anything about mother, or Mary, or Jane, or Martha, or any of the fair sisters. Let's hear something about them.

"Do you want a 'lay' of the Beer? Tell me, and Pegasus shall be mounted forthwith.

"I heard about Harry Grey when I was in Edinbro,' and I am sorry his mother is dead. It was funny how I heard of him. I had just arrived in Edina, and I went into a tavern near the Haymarket Station, and in comes a lusher medico, who was beginning a day of it. He told me among

varied and remarkable passages of his existence, that he had been an assistant to the Dispensary or Infirmary in Carlisle, and that he knew Harry Grey and the whole of the set. On my enquiring after them he nearly embraced me, and wanted to have a fuddle on the strength of our mutual acquaintanceship.

"I hadn't time to call on Jimmy Hodgson. Let me know how Bill and Bob are.

"With best wishes, believe me, ever yours,

"SAM BOUGH."

Prompted no doubt by a friendship of many years standing, Bough threw off a brace of easy-going jingling rhymes in praise of the beer, of which the following stanzas may suffice to indicate the quality of his muse.

TO THIRSTY SOULS.

I've wandered into many a bar,
I've tasted many a drop;
But nought refreshed my inward man,
Like Fisher's Ginger Pop.

They recommended porter mild,
And bitter beer and ale,
And other tippie; all I tried;
And all I found to fail.

A friend I met, and he like me,
Had suffered with the heat:
I told my case; he smiled with joy,
And promised me a treat.

We bent our steps to English Street,
To number forty-eight;
Where philanthropic Fisher dwells,
And, oh! the glorious sight.

To the dim eyes of thirsty men,
Who had assembled there:
The bounding corks, the foaming glass,
The Beer so bright and rare! Etc., etc.

A DRY DREAM.

I dreamt that I wandered in Post Office Court,
 By the side of the pump I paused;
 The morning was dusty, the day it was hot,
 And a most fearful thirst it had caused.
 I had visions of tippie; of champagne, I thought,
 And of the spring water so clear;
 But all lushy notions did sink into naught,
 Before Fisher's Delectable Beer—
 Before Fisher's Delectable Beer!

Edina, 1851.

And so on: with more, alas! in the same strain.

In the year 1851, Bough took a fancy to go to London to see the Great Exhibition then open, and also the Royal Academy Exhibition. Before starting, his sister cut out a coat of thin light cloth for him, and made it up herself. The coat turned out to be not a bad fit, but yet there was a rustic and homely look about it. Strolling one day into a barber's shop in the city to get his hair cut, the barber—a spruce, smart fellow—looked hard at him from head to foot, and before commencing to operate, remarked:—

“May I ask, Sir, where you last got your hair cut?”

“In pious Scotland,” replied Bough, rather gruffly.

“Oh!” exclaimed the barber very blandly, rubbing his hands, “Oh! I thought you had got it cut, perhaps—along with your coat—in *Otaheite*!”

In the letter which follows, Bough tells briefly the fate of a new tin teapot. His brother James is leaving Glover's theatre, and has been engaged as scene painter with Lloyd in Edinburgh.

“To Miss BOUGH, Mr. TAYLOR'S, 28 Mount Street,
 Westminster Road, London.

“(Post mark) Hamilton,

“October 3rd, 1851.

“DEAR NAN,—I enclose you the two letters which have come to hand this morning. Bella and I are quite well. Bella will send you a parcel next week. Should the boots be done which were to be made for me in London, you will ask father* to look after them. I enquired at Cameron's,

* Mrs. Bough's father.

the Carrier, for their place in London. It is at Messrs. Chaplin & Horner's, Picadilly, or Regent Circus, or Hambro' Wharf, Thames Street. Any of these places.]

"We are very short of money just now, but will send you some next week, when we send the parcel; that is, if any turns up. Mr. Duval is in Glasgow. Jim is going to leave Glover, and goes to Edinbro' with Lloyd. We are sorry to hear that poor Pick* is ill. Tell her she must take care of herself. Tell Pick we bought a new tin tea-pot on our return from Motherwell, and would the Pick believe it? It is finished, making the twenty-fifth unfortunate teapot that has come to an untimely end! The poor teapot lost its spout on the third day. The old batchelor teapot still exists, and the Lord of the Creation hopes it will last some little time yet.

"Bung's equanimity and peace of mind seem perfectly restored. Skye barks and wags his tail when we ask for Nan and the Pick.

"The pictures have all gone into the exhibition, and the opening will be in about a week. I have great hopes of selling something, but the times are very hard. All the folks have spent all their money in going to London. The weather, too, is completely broken, and there is nothing but rain and cold wind. Bella and I were in Glasgow on Tuesday and had dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Tannahill. Mrs. Tannahill has sent a picture to the exhibition—such a rum one.

"I hope the ball turned out well, and that father and mother and all of you are in good feather.

"If the exhibitions do anything in Glasgow, I hope to be wealthy this winter. Give my love to father and mother, Lizzy, the Pick, and all, and believe me, my dear Nan, affectionate,

"SAM BOUGH.

"Try and find out Aunt Mary. Enquire at Mrs. Wilson's, of the servants of Mrs. Wilson, 16 Devonshire Street, Portland Place, and let us know. Write to me and tell me how you enjoy yourself."

* Mrs. Bough's sister.

CHAPTER X.

HARD AT WORK.

IN 1851, the West of Scotland Fine Art Association in Glasgow offered a gold medal and ten pounds in money for the best painting of Scottish landscape scenery. Although this presented a fitting opportunity for Bough to prove his skill as an artist, he was slow to move in the matter, until definitely spurred on to a trial by his wife. "I'll have no chance," said he, in a careless desponding tone, "against Macculloch and Milne Donald." This was probably uttered more by way of soliciting a few words of encouragement than for any other object. Once the idea of competing had taken possession of his mind, he had to set about his task with zeal, as only a fortnight remained in which to gather material and paint the picture. A subject was not far to seek: strolling one day into Cadzow Forest with this object in view, his wife drew his attention to a group of peasant women, engaged in peeling bark, and without more ado he sat down and sketched the scene before him.

The picture was painted in due course and sent to the Association, with but a faint hope of success. At last, after many anxious days had passed, a letter came announcing the result, and operated like a gleam of sunshine in dispelling the gloomy forebodings and fears of the struggling artist. "Hurrah! Bella!" shouted he, "my picture's got the prize!" "Bravo! Sam! Didn't I tell you it would?" And for very joy the young couple waltzed round the room together.

Bough's success in Glasgow had a material effect in inducing him to relinquish scene painting altogether. At

all events, he finally gave it up the second year of his marriage, and thence forward struck out boldly as a landscape painter. Restless, chafing, and often scornfully indignant while in leading strings, he now wisely resolved to call no man master, but to try his own strength unaided and alone.

I cannot say for certain whether a large picture named “Cadzow Forest”* was that which gained the gold medal prize or not. But however this may be, there is in that picture a massive group of well-painted trees standing near the foreground. A glade opens up the middle distance, bounded by a more distant group of trees. One of the leafless oaks, which are found here and there in the forest, stretches its bare branches upwards. Some labourers, men and women, are busy loading a wood-cart, drawn by a white horse, and a gentleman on horseback is talking to the driver of the cart. A little to the right, a gamekeeper and his wife and babe sit upon some fallen timber. The whole forms a bright, cheerful, and carefully painted picture of an open daylight effect. More greenness prevails throughout the composition than was customary in Bough’s work. Signed “Sam Bough, Cadzow Forest, 1851.”

Another work of the same date, in water-colours, representing a scene “On the Clyde,” must not be overlooked. A castellated building—Newark Castle—stands on the right hand, behind which rise hills of no great magnitude. The green waters of the Clyde, upon which glide craft of various kinds, fill the greater part of the space, flowing seaward in gentle wave-like motion. Fronting the castle, near the water side, two or three groups of fishermen are seen sitting or lolling on the ground. A rainbow, faintly discernible, breaks the sky. The picture is delicately manipulated throughout, and as carefully painted. In treatment, it is very unlike the general run of Bough’s handicraft. If the elements of dash and vigour be absent, it possesses a feeling of repose and a quiet beauty of its own which is very charming. Painted in his early thin, transparent style.

The little picture of “Askham Mill,” mentioned in the next letter, is still in Mr. Fisher’s possession. The subject

* Exhibited at the Bough and Chalmer’s Loan Collection of 1880, No. 151, the property of Mr. A. Brown of Glasgow.

was often repeated by Bough, being somewhat similar to the drawing which obtained the prize at Manchester in 1847.

“To Mr. JOHN FISHER, Carlisle.

“Hamilton, Feb. 16th, 1852.

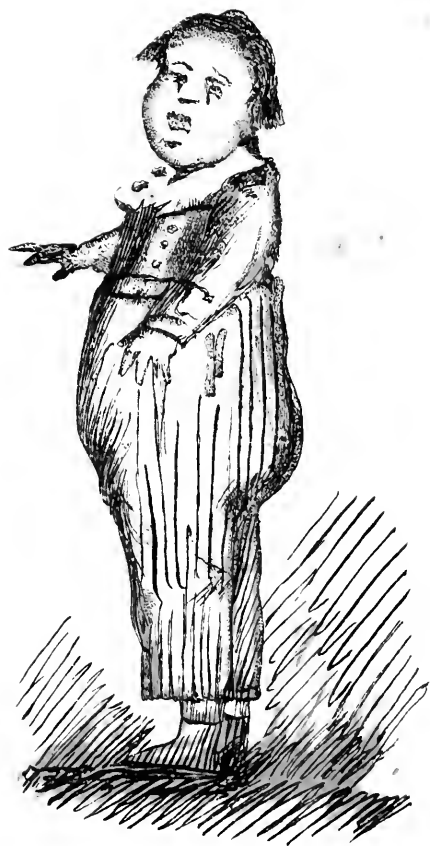
“MY DEAR FISHER,—I am pleased to hear from you, and that you are getting on well. I saw Des and Jimmy Hodgson in Edinbro’, and heard all the news from them, or I should have written to you before now.

“Joe never wrote to any of us, and excepting a word now and then from some friend, I have never heard anything about him. Mrs. Halifax was in Carlisle, and strange to say, after a day’s hunt was obliged to leave without seeing him. If he is too lazy to write himself, why don’t he make Mary write? She could manage that for him.

“If the customer who wants to buy the little picture of ‘Askham Mill’ will give five pounds for it, let him have it. If he won’t, keep it yourself. It will fetch you that or more some day. And if you do sell it, just put the money into the business. Expend it in noxious drugs for the benefit of the afflicted of either sex, and I will give you a little picture to take the place of the ‘Askham Mill.’

“I must apologise to you for not writing; but, my dear Jack, I have been so busy, so much occupied by the necessary fight for bread and cheese, that when I neglect answering a letter by return of post, it generally is forgotten altogether; tho’ I should be sorry to think that you attributed my long silence to anything like neglect. No, my dear Jack, that would be ingratitude on my part; for tho’ not in constant communication with you, I don’t forget you or the many kindnesses I have experienced at your hands. However, I hope to hear from you more often, and I will promise you that I will write and let you know how I get on.

“Jim is doing pretty well, and is now in Edinbro’ scene painting. He had a grand outbreak at New Year time, but I think he is steady now. Nan, who has been staying in London for three months, returned home on Friday last. She looks well, and has had capital health since we came to Scotland. I hope to visit you in Carlisle this summer;



that is, if the Fates should prove kind, and the money comes bowling in. Ask Rushton why he never calls on us when he is in Scotland. I have heard of his being in Glasgow several times.

"By the bye, what is the best cement for mending a broken meerscham pipe? Do you ever come across any Cavendish baccy now?"

"Yours truly,

"SAM BOUGH."

"To Mr. JOHN FISHER, Carlisle.

"14 Muir Street, Hamilton,

"28th Feb., 1852.

"MY DEAR JACKY,—I mean what I say with respect to the picture, and should you sell it, let the proceeds be invested forthwith. I am studying the violin with might and main, and I think I don't play half so well as I used to do. Ah! these were jolly times at the Black Swan, and I am sorry poor Sprightly is so poorly.

"You'll do anywhere, Fisher of my soul, that is, if there is anybody to do in the neighbourhood where you hang out your banner on the outward walls. But the family will leave you some day to smoke your pipe under your vine and fig tree. Don't despair, O noble Fisher! And remember that poverty, tho' a very great crime, is not the greatest sin.

"Should I come to Carlisle, you may be sure I won't neglect you. And I'll trouble you for a pull at the beer, and perhaps have a turn at the bottle washing, or grinding the ointment, or pounding the ginger—vague recollections of which are associated with the ginger beer, the days of yore, poor Murison, coloured Meerschams, Cavendish baccy, the Dungeon, etc., etc., etc., etc.

"So Rushton is a C.C.* Good luck to him. May his years and his honours increase, and his shadow never grow less. I don't know anything more I can write about. I hope your mother and sisters are well, and that the business will still improve.

* A member of the Corporation of Carlisle.

"I send you a sketch of myself in the days when I was young—in fact, togged in my first breeches—'A Cat as trophe!' I stood and roared like ten sucking bulls, and my poor mother ran out to see what was the matter, and says, 'What, my little king! Who is hurting the little man? Bless my heart!' etc., etc.

"Yours truly,

"SAM BOUGH."

The last paragraph of the foregoing letter refers to Bough's first pair of trousers when he could not get them unbuttoned in time to prevent a sad calamity.

The Skye terrier mentioned in the next letter, was got from his friend, Willie Clarke, of the chemical works in Glasgow. It was a very pretty little thing, and lived to a great age. Bough made a clever study of this favourite dog in water-colours.

"To Mr. JOHN FISHER, Druggist, Carlisle.

"Muir Street. Hamilton,

"April 16th, 1852.

"DEAR FISHER,—I am in receipt of your letter, and I have been so busy that I never have had time to answer it till now. I want some stuff for my little terrier bitch. She is a very small dog, the least I ever saw. Joe has seen her and knows the size of her. She is bothered with worms—a flat square-headed kind, which she passes sometimes. I would consult Professor Dick about her, but his terms are so high that I can't afford. And I am afraid the only way I could get the little beggar to take physic would be to swindle her into it, for she is most particularly clever at spitting out anything that is put into her mouth. I gave her some calomel last summer, but it had not the effect I wished. And I want to know if you can help me to something that will do the trick for her.

"I am rather in a hurry just now, but I will write you further in the course of two or three days. Give my love to Joe.

"Yours ever,

"SAM BOUGH."





In painting a certain scene near a "bit burnie" on property belonging to Lady Belhaven of Wishaw House, Bough noticed many fine trees circled with a line of paint, showing that they were doomed to be cut down. Feeling strongly on the subject at the time, the artist wrote to the factor of the estates, pointing out how much the surrounding scenery would be marred and disfigured by such an act. The letter had the desired effect; orders were given that the group of trees in question should remain unmolested, nor were any others to fall by the axe which Bough thought likely to beautify the outlook on her ladyship's property.* Through issuing these instructions, Bough came frequently in contact with the wood-forester, a tall and well proportioned young fellow, whose figure he introduced into several of his pictures of that period.

Bough used to tell that he was engaged in the drudgery of getting coals in, when Lady Belhaven—a younger sister of Lady Ruthven—first called at his house in Hamilton. Having a dirty apron tied round his waist, and perspiring freely at the time, he was as black and grimy looking as Vulcan. Notwithstanding this awkward pickle, he showed her ladyship upstairs with as much grace as he could command, only leaving the apartment for a moment in order to throw off the untidy looking apron and give his hands and face a hasty wash. His sketches were then turned out and gone over seriatim, many of them drawing complimentary remarks from her ladyship, who, by the way, had a lively taste for the fine Arts. This lady afterwards became the purchaser of several of Bough's works; an especially noteworthy example being a clever upright drawing, representing the entrance to Cadzow Forest.

Bough was on very friendly terms with Lady Ruthven of Winton House, East Lothian. A remarkably fine picture by him of "Winton House," under a frosty morning effect, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1872. He likewise painted various scenes near at hand, including "Pencaitland Church," and among other out of the way subjects a hasty

* A parallel case of saving from destruction many picturesque groups of trees occurred, I remember, at Rydal. The poet Wordsworth exercised at an earlier period, the same persuasive powers over Lady le Fleming, with the result that few places could show anything like as fine massive ancestral timber as the park at Rydal.

sketch of her ladyship's favourite monkey. Bough was a frequent guest at Winton, where he was always made welcome. The invitation which follows was sent to him on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Donald Cameron of Lochiel to Lady Elizabeth Scott, daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch.

“Winton, Pencaitland, Tuesday 7th.

“DEAR MR. BOUGH,—Come to-morrow, if you do not come to-day. You will find Lady Frere and her daughters with me. On Thursday morning I must leave them for some hours, and go to the marriage at Dalkeith; but you can stay and entertain them in my absence. I come back before dinner, so stay till Saturday at any rate. If Sir Bartle Frere's family remain longer, I hope you will do so also.

“Yours sincerely,

“MARY RUTHVEN.”

Lady Ruthven—whose span of life extended to ninety-six summers—outlived Bough by several years, and was in many respects a remarkable woman. She painted in water-colours with some amount of success, and had formerly travelled a good deal on the Continent with her husband, especially in Greece and Italy. Gifted with considerable conversational powers, sprightly in manner, and very outspoken, she was partial to the society of persons of marked idiosyncrasy of mind, like Bough, who, in common with herself, had at command shrewdness of retort, and a never failing supply of vivacity.

On one of the private view days of the Royal Scottish Academy—when Bough, after years of hard struggling had become a man of mark in Edinburgh—he accompanied the aged Lady Ruthven through the rooms, and numerous were the outbursts of merriment from the loungers who followed in their wake, and listened to their free, off-hand jocular remarks. Arriving in her carriage at the doors of the exhibition, the first question her ladyship put was, “Where's Mr. Bough? I want to see Mr. Bough.” Then, looking at a picture of some such subject as nude figures or

fairies—finely drawn effeminate things floating in the air—she exclaimed: “Ah! Mr. Bough, I declare the man who painted these poor things has given them nothing to sit upon!”

Pointing to a landscape a good deal overcharged with colour, Bough, with grave-looking countenance, stoops and shouts into the ear-trumpet of his companion: “There’s a man there, yer ladyship, who’s likely to make chrome yellow go up in price considerably.”

Next passing round the room and stopping a minute or two to glance at a nude statue, over the shoulders of which a vestment was represented as being loosely thrown, her ladyship said; “It’s my candid opinion, Mr. Bough, that that towel’s not put round the body at the right and proper place!”

In the letter to his sister which follows, the names of “The Dum” and “Bella” are used as synonymous terms for Mrs. Bough, the artist’s wife.

“To Miss BOUGH, care of C. H. LEWIS,
11 Market Street, Manchester.

“(Post mark) Hamilton,
“19th February, 1853.

“DEAR NAN,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter. The two pictures I have sent to Manchester are the two that were in the Exhibition at Glasgow, and I dare say they will sell, for it is with that intention I have sent them. I do not see how you can be of any use in the matter. The Dum didn’t know I had sent the pictures to Manchester, or she would have told you.

“I will make enquiry about a skin for dear Mrs. H., but I don’t think much of them. They are too dear, I think. The Dum paid thirteen shillings each for ours. However, I will look out for one if Mrs. H. should wish. Bella will look after the veil and sleeves, and I will send them on Monday. I am sorry you have been so bad with face-ache. I have the screwmatticks this morning in both my legs, ’specially in the pet one, and Bella is still afflicted with cold; so we may call ourselves an afflicted family. Poor dear lamb suffers for want of grub, caused by that

dam'd Parker Thomson; and Skye is misanthropical. I was at the Ice yesterday. The Clyde is all frozen over, and there were something like a thousand folks playing at the Curling. I never saw such a sight. I got a pair of old skates, and screw'd them on, but 'tis no use. I don't like skating now. Too hard work for Sam.

"Tell Fog Hallifax that I will send him the fiddle the first opportunity I have. With love to all, believe me, dear Nan, affectionately yours,

"SAM BOUGH."

A simple-minded sort of fellow—a blacksmith by trade—called upon Bough one night at Hamilton, with his face newly washed, but so indifferently had the soap and water been applied, that two great black rings were left round the man's eyes, making him look for all the world as if he had on a pair of thick-rimmed spectacles set with dark glasses. As it so happened in the course of the evening, Mrs. Bough sat down to play an air on the harp, at the end of which the blacksmith drawled out inquisitively: "Is that no the kind o' thing King Dauvid played on?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Bough quickly, "it's the varra same. I bowte the thing mysel' at King Dauvid's sale!"

It took the slow-minded blacksmith some little time to gather his wits together sufficiently to discover that he was being chaffed.

In the year 1853 Thomas Fairbairn, landscape painter, took up his abode in Hamilton, principally on account of the delicate state of his health. With his usual alacrity in such cases, Bough was not long in striking up an acquaintance with the new-comer. The two artists soon became fast friends, and much pleasant intercourse took place between them. When Mr. Fairbairn's furniture arrived at his new abode, Bough expressed surprise at the abundance of it, by saying: "Why, Tom, how rich you are! I thought artists were proverbially poor. When I came to Hamilton, I brought all the bits of sticks I could scrape together in a donkey cart, and there was room enough left in the cart for myself and a lad to sit on the top of them!"

A good deal of the summer of this year was spent in

Swas at the Ice yesterday the Clyde is all
frozen over, and there were something like a
thousand folks playing at the Curling Socerston
Such a sight I got a pair of the old skates and
screwed them on but as they were I don't like skating
now too hard work for me



company sketching out of doors, Alexander Fraser being with them part of the time. While working in the fields and woods, Mr. Fairbairn invariably found Bough to be extremely frank and cheerful, full of good sense and observation, and ready to render any assistance in his power. He showed more of his roughness of speech and manners to strangers and outsiders than to regular acquaintances. People unaccustomed to his quizzical way sometimes thought and said hard things of him. During his Hamilton period, it was not an uncommon thing to hear such an exclamation as the following: "Guidness me! I wonder hoo ye can bear sic a like pawky deevil as that Bough about ye!"

The two artists lived in adjoining tenements on the Bothwell road. It was usual for Bough to stride over the dividing hedge at the back of the premises, and walk into his neighbour's house, through a large open door on the ground floor. Whenever the smell of tobacco smoke was found in the house, Mrs. Fairbairn concluded that Bough had come in by his usual mode of entrance.

During the autumn of the year mushrooms proved very plentiful in Cadzow Forest, and Bough often took home with him in his plaid at the end of his day's work in the forest the wherewithal to make many a good stew.

Some of Bough's best work in oil was done during his Hamilton period and on subsequent visits to the locality, as the Glasgow Loan Exhibition of 1880 amply testified. Few men could depict the salient points of the sturdy oak with greater truthfulness and vigour; and in this respect the ancient forest, with its peculiar breed of cattle, presented excellent ground-work for study; while Barncluith, Borthwick Castle, and other scenes were close at hand whenever change of subject was needed.

Before Bough left Hamilton for Port Glasgow, he walked into Fairbairn's house one day, with a small picture under his arm—a Cadzow Forest scene, the trees leafless, with a gamekeeper and dog in the foreground—saying: "As I'm going away, Tom, I want to give you this picture to pay off my score with."

"Oh, no," said Fairbairn, "I'm not wanting money just now. And, anyhow, I can't accept so good a picture for so trifling a debt."

"If you won't take it," replied Bough, in a decided manner, "Mrs. Fairbairn shall have it."

"Oh, I'll take it willingly," said Mrs. Fairbairn, "but then *he'll* be sure to want it from me some day."

"Ah! but I'll not allow such nonsense as that," replied Bough, smiling; and then wrote upon the picture, with his brush, the following inscription: "Sam Bough, 1854.—To my friend, Mrs. T. Fairbairn."

Fairbairn drew two small portraits of Bough, pencil sketches, touched with crayon, almost in profile. One he gave to his friend, and the other he retained himself. The connection between the two artists was one of lasting friendship, extending over fully a quarter of a century; a jar now and then there might be, or some slight misunderstanding; nevertheless it remained on the whole one of those unbroken friendships which sometimes endure, it may be, from very diversity of character.

Many years after his Hamilton period, Fairbairn called on Bough, who was then living at Malta Terrace, Edinburgh. As soon as Bough became aware of his arrival, he ran to the door to welcome his old friend, and, while holding up a red-herring on a fork, half-roasted, exclaimed: "This is my occupation at present, Tom; you may take it as a pretty sure criterion that I'm still as poverty stricken as ever."

CHAPTER XI.

PORT GLASGOW.

PORT GLASGOW, a low lying town of narrow streets, is essentially a place of them that go down to the sea in ships, with here and there a quaint "wee hoose," and, beyond the crowded yards and town, an outlying fringe of suburban villa residences, climbing the green hillside which overlooks the wide spreading estuary of the Clyde; a town of ship carpenters, seamen, fishermen, and the like—strange section of a rough-hewn and blunt-mannered community.

Ivy Bank, where Bough took up his abode, stands on the slope of the green hill just mentioned; and Newark Castle, often painted by him, is now hemmed in to landward by various large shipyards.

To this place came Bough with the motive of picking up such knowledge of boats and shipping, masts, sails, and riggings as he required. Here, therefore, he remained about twelve months, and during this brief sojourn made diligent use of his time and opportunities. Thus equipped, he soon managed to gain a fair general knowledge of ships and shipping. His boat drawing, for example, was wonderfully perfect, and his rendering of yards and rigging excellent and reliable. Such, at any rate, was the testimony of Captain Lodder, of the Royal Navy, an amateur of some skill, who was occasionally asked by Bough, in a friendly way, to draw in the riggings for him.

Being entirely free at Hamilton and Port Glasgow from the restraint entailed by the theatre and scene painting,

Bough began to be more regular in sending pictures to various leading provincial exhibitions. In the Manchester Institution of 1854, three of his works appeared under the titles of "Beech Trees, Lanarkshire," "Entrance to Cadzow Forest," and "Sweetheart Abbey." To the Royal Scottish Academy of the same year, he sent "A November Day—Caerlaverock," "Glasgow from Garngad Hill," "Beech Trees—Autumn," and "Cadzow Oaks." In 1855, three large paintings by him attracted a good deal of attention in the Liverpool Academy. These were "Port Glasgow—Evening," "Leith Roads, looking towards Edinburgh—Wind and Tide," and "Dysart, Coast of Fife."

Among the multitude of works by Bough—exhibited at the Bough and Chalmer's Loan Collection—appeared four remarkably fine specimens from his brush as a marine painter, which are briefly described in the following notes :—

In No. 128 (belonging to Miss M'Kerracher), three ships are seen standing out to sea, the most distant having its sails unfurled. Fishing and other boats are beating about in front, and a lighthouse stands on the right of the picture. The scene is enlivened by a sky full of movement and life. A heavy swell is upon the sea, and the waves sweep about with considerable fury. Taken altogether, this is one of the brightest and freshest pictures I have seen by Bough, and will compare favourably with Clarkson Stanfield at his best. Indeed, it is only now and then that Stanfield was able to impart so much individuality of mind, so much of the mystery of old ocean, as are here bodied forth. Let this point be carefully noted. The picture is signed, but not dated.

In "Off the French Coast," No. 96 (Mr. I. F. Low's), we have another masterly marine subject, with a gloomy, moving sky. A bright and effective picture, displaying more than ordinary care in finish. Dated 1861.

"Blowing Fresh," No. 229, (the property of Dr. A. Blair Spence). The scene has been sketched from the coast, and is painted with a bright and successful effect of sunlight falling on the sails of the boat. Dated 1866.

In Dr. Douglas Reid's "Sea Piece," No. 222, vessels and fishing boats are shown beating about on the open sea—an impressive scene. The evening sun is going down

fast, while a dark and "dowly" reflection falls upon the rough and troubled sea.

Had Bough gone in more persistently for marine painting, there is little doubt but that he would have added yet another triumph to his reputation. For freedom, vigour, general truthfulness of effect, and simplicity of composition, the four pictures just mentioned have not often been surpassed.

John Milne Donald and Bough continued to keep up a close intimacy. Among his brethren of the craft, Donald had the reputation of being fidgetty and anxious about seeing other painters' pictures when any were finished in their studios, and of invariably keeping, as far as he could, his own productions a dead secret until they appeared on the walls of the exhibition. On one occasion he presented himself at Ivy Bank, bent on a pilgrimage of enquiry, but was beset by Spring, the bull terrier, who kept him at bay in the pathway leading up to the house, until the poor artist was completely foiled and beaten back. He had finally to retreat to the railway station, and return home with his curiosity unsatisfied. When Bough heard some of the details of the scene which had taken place, he was greatly amused.

Milne Donald was a man of very diminutive stature, who became popular in the West of Scotland. He died probably before his powers were fully developed. Such pictures, however, as an "Old Sluice on the River Kelvin" and "The Gathering Storm"* stamp him as a painter of considerable ability. When Donald died, Bough presented a work to an Art Union which was got up to raise funds for the benefit of his widow and family. Bough's picture, a fine aerial effect, was entitled "Edinburgh from the Canal." It fell to the lot of Mr. C. P. Hardy, of Carlisle, who sold it at a later date to a jeweller in Birmingham.

John Phillip and James Cassie, while on a sketching excursion in Aberdeenshire and the Northern Highlands, had an odd *rencontre*. They were staying at an out-of-the-way hostelry, when in marched a tall figure, with hair unkempt and dress untidy. Casting his traps off hurriedly the stranger's next move was to throw up his long legs on

* Exhibited at the Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1886.

the hob of the fireplace in the most off-hand and audacious manner imaginable, thus usurping the full warmth of the fire to himself. Phillip, although possessed of a fair amount of confidence and no little swagger, was a good deal taken aback.

"Fine day," said Phillip, glancing at the new comer from head to foot.

"Middling," replied the stranger drily, looking intently into the fire.

"Are you an artist?" asked Phillip.

"I am a Yankee on tramp, I guess and calculate," was the drawling rejoinder.

"I am John Phillip, the artist."

"Oh, indeed? You *are* an artist, are you?" queried the stranger, with feigned surprise.

And so, in a similar strain, the parley ran on for some time, until the stranger (who had the advantage of knowing Phillip from the first) threw off his disguise, and announced himself as "Sam Bough, a brother brush."

No sooner did Bough appear in his true colours than he was heartily welcomed. Being well known to both artists by repute, he was pressed to turn his sketches out, there and then, for inspection and criticism. "And his sketches, ye ken," exclaimed Cassie, in telling the tale many years after, "were joost beau-ti-fu'! joost beau-ti-fu'!"

It is scarcely necessary to add that the three artists, meeting so unexpectedly, made a night of it.

X { Bough's old and steadfast friend, James Macmillan, of Carlisle, called upon him when he lived at Port Glasgow. A picture had been promised for some time. It was nine o'clock before the breakfast was over, and Bough had to leave at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. What was to be done? X { Moved by Macmillan's anxiety to carry something back with him, Bough set to work in good earnest, and produced a very creditable work before the prescribed time—a study of trees, with peeps of open landscape.

Before leaving Port Glasgow, Bough went at Christmas on a visit to Manchester, to see his friend Duval, as the accompanying letter sets forth.

“To MISS BOUGH, 26 Bothwell Street,
Anderston, Glasgow.

“(Post mark) Port Glasgow, December 22nd, 1854.
“Friday Afternoon, Ivy Bank.

“DEAR NAN,—I have made up my mind that I will go with Bella to Manchester this Christmas for a fortnight. Mr. Duval has written to us, and I can't get off. So, as I should like to start to-morrow night, I wish you would come down and manage the house for us while we are away. You shall have your usual allowance, and I will do something for you in my will.

“Now, try and come off as soon as you get this, dear Nan. Bella joins me in love to you, and I am, your affectionate brother,

“SAM BOUGH.”

CHAPTER XII.

EDINBURGH.

LOOKING upon Edinburgh as the principal Art centre in Scotland, Bough was anxious to try his luck among the artists of the Northern Metropolis, and by this means endeavour to establish a decent standing there. Early in the year 1855, as a beginning, he took rooms at 2 Upper Dean Terrace, which, however, did not turn out as well as was anticipated. Soon after this, he removed to 5 Malta Terrace, Stockbridge, where he obtained more suitable accommodation, and these premises he occupied for some eleven years or so, first as studio and dwelling house, and later as dwelling house only.

During the summer of this year, Bough, Alexander Fraser, and George Hume, editor of the *Scottish Free Press*, visited the English Lakes, in company. Taking the train to Windermere, they sailed down the lake to Newby Bridge, and then tramped on foot to Ulverston, calling on their way at a roadside hostelry for refreshments, where a great deal of chaffing, mingled with some little difference of opinion, occurred over a glass of beer and two penny-worth of bread and cheese. Hume, who was of a mild and peaceable disposition, thought it shabby to limit the order to "two-penny-worth" for each man, and nothing would appease him but to give the landlady *carte blanche* for his own share.

At Ulverston, in the evening after tea, Bough found his way into the kitchen among the servant girls, and was the cause of so much uproarious commotion and hindrance to work, that the landlady struck definitely against the travellers

staying over night, and it took all poor Hume's powers of persuasion to induce her to withdraw the threat.

The following day, among the ruins of Furness Abbey—which in many places are broken into grand massive fragments—the two artists did some sketching, and then retired to the hotel to dine. The waiter (probably thinking they did not look like long-purse men) whispered, “Dinners half-a-crown, collations only a *shilling*. Ye'd better have collations, had'nt ye?” “Oh!” shouted Bough, “By all means, let's have collations for three.” And, as usual, much boisterous mirth set in and became the order of the day. At Furness Abbey, Hume's quiet demeanour was so much upset by Bough's levity of speech and roughness of manner, that he gave up all thoughts of proceeding further on the journey, and returned to Edinburgh alone.

Left to themselves, the two artists crossed the river Duddon—Wordsworth's stream—on their way into Cumberland, and while passing along the lonely shores of Wast Water, they were caught in a heavy storm of rain. Here, without more ado, they stripped off their clothes, hid them behind a stone, and taking to the waters of the lake, bathed till the storm was past.

Climbing the rugged pass of Sty Head, close under the Scawfell Pikes, they descended into Seathwaite, and then walked through the lovely Vale of Borrowdale to Lodore, in the neighbourhood of which Bough made several clever sketches.

Arriving at Carlisle, they received an invitation to dinner from an artist of French descent, named Marco Dessurne. On presenting themselves at his lodgings, they were ushered into an apartment and left there for a considerable time to their own meditations. At length the artist's wife made her appearance, and said she had just learned to her astonishment that her husband had invited them to dinner. “And the fact is,” continued she, “we haven't a bite of anything in the house, neither for ourselves nor anyone else!” So there was nothing left but to beat a retreat.

Some further particulars about this Frenchman and artist, who stammered a good deal in his speech, will be found in the following letter from Bough, addressed to his sister, who was then living in Glasgow. The allusion to his brother

James and Riley refers to debts not paid to his brother for scene painting; the Mr. Bunton, about whom Bough is so jocular, was a timber merchant and shipowner in Glasgow.

“2 Upper Dean Terrace (Edinburgh),

“28th August, 1855.

“DEAR NAN,—I have your letter of last night, and I am real sorry to hear that you have a cold and sore throat. And about Jim, I hope there is nothing serious the matter with him. Bella drinks the water at Saint Bernard’s Well in the morning, and then has her breakfast. I think the water will improve her *hyde*. She has quite a colour, and is looking altogether much better.

“Tell Jim that when I come over to Glasgow, I will take care and not miss him. How had he managed to let Riley get so deep into his ribs?

“Tell Mr. Bunton that I wish I had a lock of his hair to keep as a remembrance of him. But if he can’t spare the hair, I’ll be glad to compound for a gallon of rum; and while it lasts I’ll drink his health every blessed night of my desolate (since I lost him) existence. N.B.—The Old Jamaica I prefer, and the samples at Port Glasgow are very good.

“When we came here, I found I couldn’t stand Edinburgh, so at the end of the week I mizzled and went with Alick to Cumberland and Westmorland. We had a most awful wet time of it—rained without a stop for three days. On returning, we put in at Carlisle, and Tommy Sewell was hospitable, and gave us the best. I looked up Marco Dessurne, and saw Marco’s wife and babby.* The lot are bivouacked in a house in Cecil Street—Marco as happy as a bird. Dam’d hard up the whole concern looked, so I got Marco to begin a likeness of your affectionate for Tommy Sewell, and took him round, and did the best I could in the way of introducing him among my friends in Carlisle.

“Fraser left, and I stay’d a day to do the business for Marco. I got home on the Sunday night after midnight, and found the Dum and her guests all well, and the three

trunks corded and strapped in the lobby ready for a march. And in the morning, with weeping, our dears took their departure, after a short sojourn of nine weeks. I hav'nt lost much beef by pining after them, tho' I have had no end of grief for the loss of Bung. He walk'd his chinks the same morning as the dears went; and tho' I have offered rewards, and kept a bright look-out, and hoped against hope, I have now given him up. Poor Bung! I wouldn't have lost him for his weight in silver. I miss his fine tenor, *Miau-ow!*

“I shall let the Dum write up the rest of this sheet. So, dear Nan, good-bye.

“Affectionately yours,

“SAM BOUGH.”

I remember about the year 1855 or 1856 examining the first important large picture by Bough I had ever seen. It was exhibited in Maclure's Gallery, in Glasgow, and represented “Dumbarton Castle on the Clyde,” as sketched from a ship-carpenter's yard. The Castle was seen towering near the top of the rock. A number of boats (in various stages of progress), carpenter's tools, shavings, etc., made up the most part of the foreground. The vigour, veracity, freshness, and buoyancy of that picture have lived in my memory for more than thirty years. The large, loose, free touch, which distinguishes Bough's work, was there in abundance. On mentioning the picture to the artist at a later period of his life, I understood him to say it was then in America.

The next letter was sent from Hayfield, in Derbyshire, where Bough was staying with his old friend, William Clarke, formerly manager of the Turkey red works in Glasgow, who had taken the print-works at Hayfield. Bough and Alexander Fraser were working together at Guildford in Surrey, and Holmewood Common, near Dorking. At the latter place lived Mr. Lance, who had been a judge in some of the East Indian Islands, and was one of the directors of the Bank of England. During this tour, Bough did some good work, and used to tell how, one hot day in summer, he stripped

to the shirt, and worked away with the sweat literally pouring off him.

Bough met Froude, the historian, at dinner, and was much impressed by him. He also met John Brett, the landscape painter, but here the case was different. Bough failed to be interested either in the man himself or in his train of thought. The two artists had hardly an idea in common, and viewed things from vastly different standpoints.

“TO MISS BOUGH, 5 Malta Terrace, Stockbridge,
Edinburgh.

“Aug. 19th (1856), Hayfield, Derbyshire.

“MY DEAR NAN,—Aint I a waggabone for not writing to you? And wouldn't you scratch my eyes out if you'd a chance? And don't I deserve it? But look here, dear Nan, you know what a lazy beggar I am, and how I hate the sight of pen, ink, and paper; and when I tell you that I havn't put pen to paper since I left, you would say that skinning alive would be too mild a punishment for me. But, dear Nan, tho' I don't write, it's only my way; it's only my shabby, lazy, procrastinating spirit, and no want of affection for you; that be assured of.

“I've worked hard since I left, Alic would tell you up to the time I parted from him. After that I went to Mr. Lance, and he was very kind, and, of course, I was very jolly. I hope he hasn't turned up in Edinburgh, for he said he'd call. And then I had a week in London, at Bella's blessed relatives; and if ever I go to stay with them again, damme, that's all.

“We left last Tuesday, and came to Manchester. I found all our old friends well, excepting Mrs.——, who I hear has lost her wits. I didn't see her. Mrs. Hucklebridge looks charming, and was as she always is. Poor old Charley is very lame, and can just limp about, but he is very jolly. The Duvals are all right. Miss Mina as industrious as ever, and still slightly afflicted. The rest of them seem only a little bigger. Mrs. Hucklebridge wants you to come up, so if you like, I'll stand the tin for an excursion for you.

send the inclosed to him as I
should like him to get it directly and
I haven't his address. —

Altogether we've had very
jolly times since we left.
And I hope you dear man
have not been at all miserable
or unhappy if you have only
frown or fust or your respectable
brother you'd do —



Yours truly
Sam Boyle

"I am sorry I couldn't manage to come back before this, but I don't know how it is. I am grown terribly lazy, and can't stir about as I used to do. You'll be very much pleased with Mr. Phillip's portrait of me. It's very like, and an awful bla'guard I look. If Mr. Carrick leaves Edinburgh before I get back, I shall be sorry, as I would really like to see him; but I will make it my business to find him out next year.

"We are now at Mr. Clarke's, and I am writing this in the office at the print works; and it's just possible that we may stay here till Saturday. But if we do you may rely on seeing us on Sunday, as I'll come at all events. Will you give or send the enclosed to Jim, as I should like him to get it directly, and I havn't his address.

"Altogether we've had jolly times since we left, and I hope you, dear Nan, have not been at all miserable or unhappy. If you have only grown as fat as your respectable brother you'll do.

"Yours truly,

"SAM BOUGH."

A portrait of Bough was painted in London by John Phillip, R.A., the hander-down of many brilliant Spanish scenes. "Paint me as I am, or not at all," said Bough to Phillip, with a bit of a swagger. "Oh! I'll do my best, man, never fear," was the encouraging reply. In this portrait, broad and masterly in effect, Phillip has endeavoured rather to bring out the ideal and essential truth of the face. Bough is seated with a palette in his hand, and has a cloak thrown loosely around him. There is a wild, untameable look about the eyes, which, with the general contour of the dark, swarthy face, might make the head pass for that of a gipsy king or brigand chief. "There's been many a better-looking chap hung," said the incorrigible Bough, in his off-hand way, when the picture was finished. The portrait is now in the possession of the artist's niece, Mrs. Hodgson of Carlisle.

At the date of Bough's letter, Thomas Carrick, miniature painter, a native of Carlisle, was painting a portrait of

Colonel Fraser. Owing to the Colonel having been taken suddenly ill, Mr. Carrick was detained a much longer time in Edinburgh than he had anticipated.

About the year 1856, Bough formed one of a party who visited Norway in a small steamboat called the "Nicola." Among the passengers were Mr. Donald Macgregor, M.P. for Leith, and Mr. Thomas Swan of Edinburgh. The boat landed them at one part of the coast, and then sailed round to meet them at another point. A good deal of mirth and adventure prevailed. In one place where the ceiling was very low, a ball was held. One member of the party was so tall, and danced with such vigour, that he actually ran his head through the top of the ball-room, bringing down showers of dust sufficient to blind the whole assembly. On the return voyage to Scotland it is said they ran short of provisions—probably through carelessness—and in order to stave off hunger were obliged to kill a pig which chanced to be on board the steamer.

An "Overflow Mill" and "Travelling in Norway" are the only memorable outcome in the way of pictures of this visit. The latter was sent to the Scottish Academy of 1858. Bough produced an etching of the scene, which during his lifetime was kept strictly as a private plate. Only a few prints from it found their way into the hands of some of his more intimate friends.

Bough may now be said to have got into full swing as an artist, and his work was beginning to bear fruit abundantly. During the year 1855, he sent to the Scottish Academy six works, including a large one, entitled "Gabbart's Iron Ship-yard, Dumbarton;" to the Liverpool Academy he also sent "Leith Roads, looking towards Edinburgh—Wind and Tide," "Dysart, Fife," and "Port Glasgow—Evening;" and to the Manchester Institution "Edinburgh from St. Anthony's Chapel, Arthur's Seat." In 1856, his picture of "Tarbert Harbour, Loch Fyne, Sunset," was hung on the walls of the Royal Academy—interesting from the fact of its being his first appearance there. Important works exhibited by him during the same year were, "An English Village, Winter Afternoon," and "Herring Boats going to Sea," at the Scottish Academy; "Newhaven Harbour during the Herring Fishery" (a prize

picture of the Edinburgh Art Union), at the Manchester Institution; and "Cattle Crossing the Echaig," at the Liverpool Academy.

Owing to the success which attended some of the works just mentioned, and others painted about the same period, Bough's reputation increased so much that he was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. Respecting this comparatively early tribute to his abilities, he wrote to his sister in great glee, the following brief note.

"To MISS BOUGH, 245 High Street, Glasgow.

"(Post mark) Stockbridge, Edinburgh,
"Nov. 13th, 1856.

"DEAR NAN,—I have been elected an Associate of the Royal Scotch Academy this afternoon. There's for you! I can't write to any one before I write to you.

"I have never had time to come over, so don't think that you are neglected. When I do come, I shall be sure to let you know two or three days beforehand. We are all well. God bless you.

"Your brother,

"SAM BOUGH."

CHAPTER XIII.

CANTY BAY.

CANTY BAY in Haddingtonshire, at the entrance to the Firth of Forth, is made up of three or four fishermen's cottages, and one small house of entertainment, all of which have red tiled roofs and white-washed walls. The bay is hemmed in the rocky coast by an immense headland which rises close behind it. The approach from Edinburgh is by way of North Berwick, from which place it is distant about two or three miles.

There was talk of pulling down the little low-roofed, many-angled, and not altogether unpicturesque inn at Canty Bay, and building one of larger size and more stately pretensions, in its stead. It may be, therefore, that some of the old frequenters of the place—artists and visitors—yet live to lament the disappearance of the quaint little hostelry, which Bough has made familiar to us through his pictures.

The Bass Rock rises more than three hundred feet above the level of the sea. Viewed from Canty Bay, it stands stiff, formal, and ponderous, like a stern sentinel; looking for all the world as if it had been chiselled off abruptly by the god of thunder. The gloomy grandeur of the Bass in a storm, once witnessed, is a sight not easily forgotten. The rock is dimly outlined in the obscurity of the dense atmosphere; the sky black and lurid; the waves roll landward with wild fury, scattering for a time their white foamy substance into broader regions of space.

Toiling inland towards North Berwick, one sees sheep and cattle seeking shelter under cover of some neighbouring

hedge or rocky eminence ; the while the wind blows a fearful gale of rain and sleet, hissing fiercely against face and hands, and drenching the wayfarer through and through, crouch though he may behind the friendly wall, till he feels as if one half the body were in Hades and the other in Elysium, so excruciating is the contrast between the protected and the unprotected part.

“ Good heavens! Only think,” as Bough once expressed it, “ of some inexperienced landsman, or better still, some poor deluded swell—say *the* pet of Princes Street—being caught in such a gale! Exquisite soul! His white pants, spotless linen, fine tartan cap and feather, kid gloves—everything—saturated, in a couple of minutes, with rain, hail, and salt spray. And there he stands, poor ninny, helpless and shivering from head to foot!”

Many artists have painted the Bass Rock, Canty Bay, and the surrounding scenery, but no one has linked his name quite so closely with the place as Bough has done. It was one of the earliest of his Scottish loves and one of the last. The garden in which he sat while painting his picture—“ Fishermen playing at Ninepins,” may still be seen. A big rock, partly honeycombed by the sea, in front of the little inn is also pointed out as a favourite spot of his. Here he sat and studied wave-forms as the waves dashed up at his feet or spent themselves in spume over the adjoining rocks and stones.

Some artists are proverbially timid, and others are very irritable about being overlooked when at work sketching in the open air. The difficulty of not being able to see straight *through* a subject is experienced. They can only manage to reach their point slowly, bit by bit, with a good deal of rubbing-out and blurring. But it was far otherwise with Bough, whose decisive touch and confidence in his own powers, were such that the face of man never unnerved him when at work, nor put him the least out of gear. A son of one of the boatmen at Canty Bay told me he had often seen him sitting sketching assiduously for hours together, sometimes with his coat off or his silk necktie twisted to one side. “ An’ whiles,” he added, “ twa three artists were glowerin’ on, an’ whiles as mony fishermen.”

There were times when Bough was anxious to get out to

Canty Bay in stormy weather, and for this purpose he tried to obtain reliable information on the point at one of the principal fishmongers' shops in Edinburgh. On reaching the Bay one day, after a good deal of hurrying to catch the train, he shouted out fiercely :

"Curse the false prophets, say I!"

"Why, what's up now, Mr. Bough?" asked the landlord.

"What's up!" said he, "Why, plenty's up, I think! They told me at ——'s fish shop it was stormy weather out here; and now, after all the hurry-scurry, I can see nothing but sunshine and bright blue sky, and the sea as smooth as glass! I'll never trust such blundering lubbers again!"

Then suddenly calming down, he changed his tactics, and began to speak in a much more sprightly tone of voice.

"Hey! landlord," cried he, "if you'll bring me a glass o' good beer and a pipe o' bacca, I'll try to forget my sorrows, and make things spin round rather more merrily."

It was his usual custom, before leaving the inn for sketching, to order dinner for two o'clock in the afternoon. On several occasions he never turned up, and was not seen again, perhaps, for two or three weeks. The spoiled dinners were, however, always religiously paid for.

When Bough made his first appearance at Canty Bay, George Adams was landlord there, and for many years afterwards. The principal boatmen at the place were John Kelly and Andrew McLean, who, during the season, went to the herring fishery in Adams's big boat. Old John Kelly, who was full of quaint sayings, invariably rowed Bough to the Bass Rock on his sketching expeditions.

On the death of George Adams, the family was left in rather straitened circumstances. When this became known to Bough, he set to work and painted a picture of the Bass Rock. An Art Union was got up for its disposal, of which a North Berwick shoemaker, named Heslop, had the management. By this means, from £30 to £40 was realized, which sum was very generously handed over to the widow. The family of Adams occupied the inn at Canty Bay for twenty-seven years.

William Kendal, a native of Plymouth, next succeeded as landlord, about 1870. Kendal had served in the Navy

on the Mediterranean station, the Baltic, and in North and South America. He was in the "Peak" frigate, under Captain Rous (afterwards Admiral Rous), a brave officer and a sportsman of much repute, well known for his spirited defence of cock-fighting.

In the evenings at Canty Bay, Bough not unfrequently asked for old John and Andrew, the boatmen, treating them plentifully to liquor, in order, as he said, to get queer "ramshackle" sayings out of them. On these occasions, the men would look over to Mr. Kendal, as much as to say, "Haven't we had enough, d'ye think." Knowing how careful both were not to indulge themselves too far, the landlord usually answered their unspoken question with some such jesting reply as "Go on, John, go on; if you become incapable, I can wheel you home in the barrow, you know." "Tut, tut, man!" Bough would interpose, "a few glasses o' grog can do no harm to well seasoned casks like you."

Bough had a partiality for the eggs of the Solan goose,* and Mr. Kendal sent him many baskets-ful of them to Jordan Bank from time to time. Bough often promised a picture for these marks of kindness on the part of the landlord, but the promise was never fulfilled.

The Bass Rock was owned by Sir Hew Dalrymple, and rented by Mr. Kendal. Owing to the additional celebrity which Bough gave to the rock, through his numerous delineations of it, the owner and he became very friendly. On one occasion when they met, Sir Hew said :

"Well, Bough, how are you getting on?"

"Oh fine, Sir Hew," replied the artist.

"Have you been sketching the Bass lately?"

"Oh yes; and I may as well tell you," said Bough, smiling, "I am beginning to think it is as much my property as it is yours."

"How's that?"

"Why, you see, your subject pays you in rent, and my "subjects" pay me in kind. While you manage to collect some beggarly twenty pounds or so, there's rarely a year passes that I don't pocket my two or three hundred out of it!"

*Solan geese flock together upon the Bass Rock in immense numbers.

Tantallon Castle, close to Canty Bay, stands picturesquely above the sea, on a massive stretch of mainland,

“And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battle-walls enclose
And double mound and fosse.”

Bough sketched Tantallon from several points of view, and also on various occasions from the sea, in an open boat, old John or Andrew having command of the oars. Set high upon a beetling cliff that towers above the sleepy little bay, from which it is approached by upland paths, “the wrinkled sea beneath it crawls.” In the long gloaming of a summer’s eve, as the light softens and the shadows slowly deepen, the old ruin, its battle-thunders stilled for ever, gains a new enchantment. Though Time has robbed it of its sternness, and it stands no longer lonely and remote upon a friendless coast, it needs no visionary eye to conjure up grim thoughts of witches, warlocks, and their retinue of mystic powers.

CHAPTER XIV.

FIFE COAST.

THE traveller from Edinburgh, passing along the railway towards the Fife Coast, finds the country, here and there, of a gently undulating character, but more generally flat and tame, as he glides past "the lang toon o' Kirkcaldy," the fishing village of Dysart, and Thornton Junction; nor does it differ in any material aspect when the "East Neuk" is reached. Approached in this direction, the first sight of the Kingdom of Fife is disappointing.

Cottages, farmsteads, and villages are passed in quick succession, most of the houses being covered with red tiles, the staring colour of which has relapsed in some instances into that of a burnt-umber cast, through time and exposure to the weather. Slow-running streams, slight eminences clothed with wood, and brief glimpses inland of now a potato field, and now a field of grain, are the chief objects in the autumn landscape which catch the eye of the passing stranger.

Soon, the ancient fishing village of Largo is reached, its little creek full of boats, and fore-shore gay with strings of coloured bladders drying in the sun. "This *is* a cauld, cauld bit i' winter," exclaims a native, instinctively chafing his hands, with a shudder of anticipation.

With the sound and din of the vernacular in one's ears, and the stress and cadence with which a deliberate and somewhat taciturn race emphasizes its saws and sayings, come unbidden back to mind the quaint words of the simple old song—

"I cast my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes caught I nine;
There's three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed ;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed !"

Bough was very partial to the Fifeshire coast, with its innumerable nooks and corners, which, as sketching grounds, were admirably suited for the development of one of his favourite classes of subject. He probably frequented the fishing villages along this coast oftener than any other place or district. The number of pictures which he painted of these quaint old haunts is very great ; and many of his drawings of the East Neuk scenery must always rank among the most successful efforts of his pencil. "St. Monance : Fishing Boats going to Sea," "Anstruther," "East Wemyss," "West Wemyss," "Pittenweem," "Cellardyke," "Dysart : A Watery Sunset," "St. Andrew's in a Storm," "Crail," "Buckhaven : The Last Gleam," these and many others are titles familiar to anyone moderately conversant with the productions of Bough's pencil.

The peculiarities of the folk inhabiting the kingdom of Fife attracted his attention in a marked degree. He saw, or thought he saw, in the natives some of the characteristics which distinguish the people of Yorkshire from those of other English counties. They had the same talent for hard and close-fisted bargaining, and something of the same native craft and guile. There is a proverbial saying that "the verra cows i' Fife are cunning." It was a Fife man, the artist remembered, who gave vent to the unique apology : "Had it no' been for the cursed bitterness o' the East wind, whisky wad ne'er been inventit !"*

Bough found the people very primitive in their habits and modes of looking at things, with which was intermingled a vast amount of the sort of simple cunning illustrated by the following anecdotes:—

A certain provost of Crail was once called to Edinburgh on some church business. Being thrifty and close-fisted, he asked the price of a bed at one of the hotels. "Eighteen-pence," was the reply. In the morning he was told he had

*Bough lived to modify his opinion somewhat of the Fife folk. A demand was once made upon his purse of a most extraordinary character which, with other things, led him to give the palm to the Aberdonians, for crafty dealing, above any other people in Scotland.

half-a-crown to pay : one and sixpence for the bed, and a shilling for attendance. "Attendance did you say?" exclaimed the indignant provost. "What attendance had ye ower me, I wad like to ken? I took my claes off mysel' when I went to bed, an' I put them on again when I gat up i' the morning. I'll no pay ony sic like *extortionates*!"

At a vestry meeting of the parish church of Markinch, the office-bearers found a deficiency at different times in the amount of money handed to them out of the missionary box. As only the minister, Mr. Rose, and the parish clerk had access to the box, the delinquent was not far to seek. Mr. Rose, thinking it his duty to speak to the old man about the notoriety of the scandal, wound up by saying to him pointedly: "This is a very serious matter, Tammass; and you know it rests between you and me." But the wily Tammass was not to be caught by any such means. "Weel, Mr. Rose, I dinna ken," was his ambiguous reply, "I think we'll just *let it rest there* than!"

Fishermen, as a rule, live in a world of their own. They know little or nothing of the ways and doings of landmen; and from childhood have been accustomed to view things from a totally different standpoint. They are naturally prone to superstition in all parts of the world, and few are more so, probably, than the men of the Fife Coast.* On this point, a native of the East Neuk once said to me: "There's hardly a rag of superstition left in Fifeshire. Education and religion have long since dispelled such foolish beliefs." "Hut, man!" exclaimed another "Fifer," in reply to this statement, "it's no guid talking ony sic blithering

*The following are a few of the superstitions which the Fife Coast folk are credited with believing. They may serve as specimens which have been gathered personally from the people of the kingdom themselves :—

I.—If a fisherman chances to meet a woman when on his way to the boat, he cries out "Cold steel, cold steel," and all thoughts of going to sea on that day are given up, then and there. Such an event is looked upon as of singularly bad omen.

II.—If a fisherman chances to meet a pig, it is a worse omen even, by ten times, than meeting a woman.

III.—If by any chance a cat be found in the boat, it is "haul up," and back home for the day.

IV.—A like result follows, if a rat be found in the boat.

V.—If a boat be wrecked, or more particularly any life lost through its agency, these occurrences form strong objections to any one venturing out in it again.

nonsense about Fife! Why, didna ma ain mither sew an amber bead i' my petticoat, when I was a wee callant, as a charm against witches and warlocks?"

Anstruther is a quaint little Fife town, of red-tiled, turreted houses, with their gable ends turned towards the street, and occasionally with flights of lengthy, outside steps running up to the doorways; of narrow, crooked streets, and narrower "closes." These, and sundry minor details give an air of distinctiveness and picturesqueness to almost every nook and corner in the place. The massive old parish church, with bold but contracted spire, stands somewhat stiff and formal on high ground, overlooking the town; and an antique cross has been set up at some remote period to adorn the entrance to the harbour. On a clear day, the Bass Rock and the Island of May can be distinctly seen across the waters.

Cellardyke, which forms the east end of Anstruther, is mostly made up of one narrow, roughly-paved street, three-quarters of a mile long. Some of the houses are very ancient; their style of architecture being of the simplest order. The place has a small, rude harbour of its own, which Bough has painted more than once.

Two or three fishing boats running into the harbour at Anstruther—each with its three or four hands on board, busily preparing to let down the sails—present a picture which requires no imaginary colouring, no raking up of more composable materials. The materials are there ready to the artist's hand, and little more remains to be done than to give a faithful representation of the scene before him. Purple flannel coats and scarlet braces, relieved by yellow ochre oilskin "brecks" and "sou'-west" hats, appear to make up the rig-out of the Fife fishermen when at sea.

VI.—There was scarcely a house in Cellardyke, as well as in other places, in which a horse-shoe was not nailed up, as a charm against witchcraft or bad luck at sea.

VII.—It was held unlucky to pay money on Mondays. Any one "danning" for it on that day—in Buckhaven, for instance—ran the risk of getting his head broken for his trouble.

In 1840. John Jack, schoolmaster, issued a small volume on the history of St. Monance, (Tullis, Cupar.) This work contains much information on the superstitious beliefs of the people. Singularly enough, the poor master received no thanks for his labours, nor any mark of gratitude. But, on the contrary, he was much reviled and abused for putting forth statements of plain facts.

Groups were standing on the pier at Anstruther, at the end of the higher sea-wall, eagerly watching the boats coming in; notably one consisting of half-a-dozen fishermen, and a cobbler, with spectacles on nose, in their midst—a group just the fellow to those portrayed by Bough with so much faithfulness in some of his drawings and paintings.

The first time Bough went to Anstruther was in company with Charles H. Mitchell, retired architect, and amateur artist. On that occasion Bough had a seal-skin knapsack on his back. He told all sorts of tales; and, among other things, tried to persuade the family at the Commercial Hotel (Mr. Robertson's), that he and his friend Mitchell were two English clergymen searching for the lost sheep of the flock among the people of Fifeshire, and trying to do good to the "heathen" in these and other distant parts! Years afterwards he was wont to boast, for a jest, how well he had succeeded in deceiving them into thinking him a *bona fide* parson, to which his opponents used pawkily to make reply—"Ye're awfu' clever, Mr. Bough, but wi' a' yer cleverness, ye're no *that* clever!"

Bough had a large and most extraordinary umbrella, of a sort much in vogue about that time for sketching purposes. This he carried about with him from place to place, until it became bleached and white and threadbare, from constant exposure to the weather. As time wore on, it was so patched and re-patched with all sorts and conditions of parti-coloured ribbons and shreds of cloth, that it looked like a veritable Joseph's coat of many colours, of somewhat uncertain age and dilapidated appearance.

In his visits to Anstruther, Bough was fond of assuming the Scottish dialect, and of mimicking some of the quaint expressions and more marked peculiarities of speech. Scenes and colloquies similar to the following were of no uncommon occurrence:—

"Pit on yer cockernony, my braw lassie, an' let's gang doon by the glen," he would say to one of the landlord's daughters, by way of prelude. And then giving the girl a hearty slap on the shoulders, would ask:

"Whaur's yer mither the day? Is she no at hame?"

"Noo, Mr. Bough, if ye dinna behave yersel', ye'll hae

to march awa' frae here," was the tart reply. "Ye ken my faither disna like ye."

"I dinna care a curse for yer faither, ye jade ye! I wadna budge an inch for a' the faithers i' Fife!"

If the father and Bough did not pull together, Mrs. Robertson, the mother, and he were always good friends. Bough promised times without number to paint a portrait of her for the family. Years passed, and nothing was done. However, he sat down one day and said (while busily engaged arranging his pencils and colours), "Lasses! I'm just gaun to paint yer mither." And in a brief space of time he produced an admirable likeness of the old lady, in water colours, exceedingly clever, and very characteristic of the hand that produced it. It looks as if only a few careless strokes of the pencil had gone to the making of it, and yet how life-like and effective is the result! When Bough was asked which of the daughters was to have possession of the portrait, he replied, "Oh! the lass that gets married first, to be sure." The drawing is signed "Sam Bough, June 23rd, 1873." Mrs. Robertson lived three or four years after this date, and died at the advanced age of ninety-one years.

Another house in Anstruther, much resorted to by Bough at a later period, was the Salutation Hotel, kept by Mrs. Forrester. The front of this house looks over the harbour towards the open sea. Here he made himself very much at home, and often sat chatting and laughing by the kitchen fire for hours together. On occasion, when "great folk" asked for him, Bough showed signs of not caring to be disturbed, and often allowed his visitors to wait his convenience.

In the mornings, he usually went into Lewis Russell's shop, next door to the Salutation inn, for a penny newspaper, with no more clothing than his drawers, dressing gown, and slippers. His next move probably would be to cross the street in the direction of the harbour, and hold confab with some of the fishermen. Not unusually half-a-dozen natives, men or women, lads or lasses, might be seen "glowerin'" at the free and easy mode the Bohemian artist had of taking his morning airings.

Bough painted a good many pictures of Anstruther

Harbour, from the window of the Salutation Hotel, including a sprinkling of rainy effects. Sometimes he occupied one window of the large room upstairs, while his *protégé*, John Nesbit, was hard at work at the other window. A short time before his death, Bough was in Anstruther and the neighbourhood, labouring with unflagging industry at his art. He drove out to Kellie Castle one day, and sketched several aspects of it peeping out from the trees; one of a turnip field, with the farmers at work among the green crop.

During this visit, Bough succeeded in obtaining materials for a picture every day in life for fourteen successive days; to which add one—dashed in on Sunday, when he succumbed to the irresistible temptation of a fine yellow sky—making fifteen in all. Some of the Anstruther people—Provost Anderson, Bailie Bouthron, and “a wheen ither bodies,”—came up to the hotel to see these sketches. After going through the bundle seriatim, Bough said, with pardonable pride, as he knocked them into order on his knee, “There, now! I waddent tak’ a thousand pound for the lot.”

Sometimes on a fine evening, John Nesbit would take his fiddle and play “Auld Robin Gray.” As he was a capable performer, and played with considerable feeling, a crowd soon gathered outside the open windows of the inn, to listen to the plaintive notes of the grand old melody, whose words were written by Lady Anne Lindsay of Balcarres, herself a Fifeshire lady. Some of those who had opportunities of observing, thought Bough displayed signs of envy at the unmistakeable popularity gained by the player. However this might be, he took much interest in Nesbit’s progress as an artist, and was wont to set up his young friend’s sketches in the front room of the hotel, for frank and candid criticism. The remarks thus passed used frequently to puzzle and perplex the good landlady’s matter-of-fact understanding not a little. “For whiles, ye ken,” as she expressed it, “we thocht Mr. Nesbit’s pictures the bonnier o’ the twa!”

Of Bough’s works, the two which appear to have made the most lively impression upon Mrs. Forrester’s mind were, “Selling Fish at Anstruther,” and the sketch of a “Herd Boy” sitting on a stone, tending cattle on West Anstruther ground.

In the town of Anstruther, Bough associated a good deal with Dr. Woodcock, a retired naval surgeon, and a man of very eccentric habits, who straitened his circumstances by erecting a private museum, and filling it with paintings, drawings, and curiosities. Singularly enough there was no picture by Bough in the museum. On one occasion, when accompanied by an Edinburgh photographer, Bough turned to Dr. Woodcock and said, "Don't you feel that the presence of a photographer here to-day has a demoralizing effect on the noble art which you and I love so much?"

Another person from whom he had frequent calls was Thomas Birrell, a fishing skipper. But here, as elsewhere, Bough was quite at home with all sorts and conditions of men; the odder they chanced to be—the better for his choice. His own was a "weel kent face" among the rough sea-faring men and fisher lads of the Fifeshire Coast.

On one occasion he gave a dinner party at the Salutation inn, and among others invited was a Presbyterian minister from a not far distant parish on the coast. Before the time came, Bough confessed to the landlady that he "wad like divilish weel to make the parson drunk!" On the evening of the dinner, he talked shrewdly and cleverly about the poet Burns, and various incidental topics. There was much whisky drinking, and lots of good rollicking fun prevailed; but if Bough imagined mischief in his heart, his wiles availed not, and the Church for once was mightier than the man.

Among the many places of interest on the Fife Coast resorted to by Bough may also be mentioned Pittenweem, a village half-way between Anstruther and St. Monance, which possesses two small—almost miniature—harbours for the shelter of its fishing craft. Viewed from the pier, its dwellings—many of them gable-ended, turreted, and red-tiled—rise above one another in bizarre attitudes and picturesque confusion, suggesting many points of study to the artist.

But for picture-making qualities, such as delighted the heart of Bough, St. Monance undoubtedly holds the first rank. Like a huge beacon facing seaward—gigantic, stiff,

thick-set, and solemn-looking—stands the parish church, the stolid features of which he was never weary of depicting. Although the architectural proportions of this ancient pile are awkwardly lumped together, it has, nevertheless, a very imposing appearance, as many of Bough's pictures testify; and is, in a limited degree, as much the glory of the place as York Minster of York. "Bough was awfu' fond o' St. Monance, ye ken,"—a phrase repeated in my hearing more than once—implying, in its bearings, indeed, that the artist was more keenly alive to objects of a massive nature, than to those of more graceful proportions. This illustration reveals to us one of the inherent defects of his mind. A thing of mere beauty not unfrequently found little or no response in the comprehensive glance of an eye and mind attuned to the picturesque.

St. Monance, like other Fife fishing ports, has two small harbours. Red-tiled houses still predominate, but fewer gable-ends confront the spectator. Here, as elsewhere, hanging on the outside walls of cottage homes, are seen strings of the everlasting herring, drying in the sunshine for home consumption. One passes a group of strong-framed, brown-faced fishermen gossiping lazily alongside upturned boats; and presently another group busily employed in mending nets. Wives and daughters are seen stepping about with gowns tucked up, wearing striped stockings of many colours; but none are barefoot, as was the old Scots fashion.

Bough sought out here a couple of originals in humble life, a brother and sister, known as Willie and Nanny. Nanny was a powerfully built woman of medium height, with brawny arms and limbs, quite capable of giving an aggressor "a guid tongue-lashin'," and a thrashing to boot. Bough used to frequent the house of this worthy couple on the plea of having luncheon, taking eatables with him in his pocket, and asking for a glass of porter or other liquor to quench his thirst.

Owing to the fact that John Nesbit always addressed him as "Mr. Bough," while Bough in return generally spoke to his companion simply as "Jack," the two were, naturally enough, now and then mistaken for master and man. Once when Bough, being fuller of "daftness"

than usual, was trying hard to have a joke at Nanny's expense, she turned the tables upon him very adroitly by drawling out, "Guidness me! Wha wad ha' thocht it? Jock has mair sense than his maister!"

In Bough's early career, Buckhaven was one of the most antiquated places imaginable. The houses ran down the hill side towards the sea, looking for all the world as if some of them might be carried off by the force of the next gale, and toppled over into the surging waters below. Of late years, mills and factories have sprung up around the village, and a good deal of the primitive simplicity of the place has been spoiled.

The fishermen are almost universally spoken of by a cognomen or nickname. In some instances, they are called after their own boats, and very rarely by their proper names. Thus, for example, there is "Black Jock," "Jock o' the Close," "Nell Thomson's Jock," "Unity Jock," and "mony a dizzen mair Jocks." Then again, there is "Hirpling Willie," "Dolphin Willie," "Auld Peggy's Willie," "Seagull Willie," etc. Endless, indeed, are the appellations which these poor fishermen get; and so habitual has the use of nicknames become that some of the children are said not even to know their own father by his proper name.

During an outbreak of cholera in the district, an inspector was sent to Buckhaven, who gave orders that all middens (which it was customary to stack up before the cottage doors) should be removed at once. No sooner was this command made known, than the old wives of the place flocked to their doors in great numbers, and it soon became evident that trouble was brewing for the inspector. "What is that ye say?" cried a shrill voice, tremulous with passion—"What is that ye say? Tak oor lives if ye daur, but *no' oor middens*, ma certy, *no' oor middens*!"

In the year 1876, Bough spent three months—June, July, and August—on the coast of Fife. His previous journeys to the same sketching ground—continued through a long series of years—were so numerous that they may be said to have followed close upon the heels of one another. There were few places of note in Great Britain he did not visit in his professional capacity, but it would appear that no one of them was so fruitful in subjects for his

pencil as the long, straggling, wave-lashed coast-line of the bleak north-eastern county of Fife.

A few years before his death, he painted a picture in water-colours for the benefit of the Cellardyke fishermen's distress fund. The subject was “Fishing Boats putting out to Sea,”—a stormy effect. The picture bore an inscription setting forth that it was presented for the benefit of the sufferers of the Cellardyke disaster, by Sam Bough. Bough likewise went to the trouble of getting other artists to present pictures for the same object.

Before concluding this chapter, it may not be out of place to give particulars of three or four Fife subjects, painted at different periods.

“Dysart : Sunrise.”—A scattered cloudy sky of yellowish tinge, with a peep of the sea in the distance. On the left rises a tall tower, around which a flock of birds are flying. In various parts and positions, fishwives are seen pursuing their occupations, some with red shawls over their heads, and others with creels on their backs. A fisherman kneels on the ground sorting or counting his fish, while another man is driving a cart drawn by two horses. A white bull-dog, with ears and tail erect—the veritable Madame Sacchi—stands prominently and alone facing the spectator, in the foreground. The general tone of the picture is sombre, except for certain strong lights in the sky. Very masterly and carefully painted throughout. (Signed “Sam Bough, 1860.” The property of Mrs. John Menzies, of Edinburgh). This picture contrasted very favourably with Horatio Macculloch's large and important work “Kilchurn Castle,” when hung side by side with it in the Edinburgh Loan Exhibition of 1880.

“St. Monance : Morning after a Storm.”—The ancient parish church, over which the storms of centuries have swept, is here seen standing on a prominent stretch of headland, looking dull and gloomy, ponderous and stunted. A glimpse of the old fishing village peeps out in the middle distance, reflecting scattered lights on the water. Above is seen a grey, sweeping, wind-moved sky, which reveals considerable power of brushwork. Busy groups of men and women are toiling for their daily bread on the sands. Two horses yoked in a cart are in the foreground, the nearer of

which stands shivering in the cold ; while the man, with his back to the spectator, gathers seaweed into a heap. A flight of gulls are sweeping low, and two are on the ground. That seen in profile was copied from Bewick. "I'm going to steal," said the artist to a lady who was in his studio at the time, taking from the shelf one of the volumes of "British Birds." Bough was never weary of praising and recommending Bewick's works to artists for study.

The prevailing tone of the *St. Monance* picture is one of a cold grey effect. It is the largest canvas I have seen by him, measuring 80 in. by 50 in. Nevertheless, large as it is, it was painted in fifteen days. Signed and dated, "Sam Bough, 1874." It was purchased from the artist by the Corporation of Glasgow.

"*St. Andrews in a Storm.*"—Three weather-beaten seamen stand on the sea wall, the foremost with telescope in hand. They appear to be on the look-out for boats in distress, or boats making for the harbour. A crowd of men and women huddle together between the sea wall and the huge lifting crane, partially protected from the storm, while the artist's white bull-dog stands solitary in front facing the onlooker. The sea beats fiercely on the rocks close to the harbour, and sends sprays of foam some distance beyond its usual reach. An intensely dismal, grey-looking sky overhead indicates "greasy weather." The right hand side of the sky in the drawing looks as if it had been clumsily repaired by a patch of new colour. Size, 19 in. by 13 in. Inscribed, "Sam Bough, 1850 and 1876—*St. Andrews.*"

Bough painted a large picture in oils of this subject—differing, I believe, somewhat in minor details—which was exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy in 1861.

CHAPTER XV.

CLOUDS.

BOUGH'S feats of memory are amongst the most extraordinary things recorded of him. This gift is a characteristic which frequently accompanies genius. Remarkable instances of retentiveness have been related of Turner, Sir Walter Scott, Macaulay, and other men of the nineteenth century. But I do not think Bough yields to any of them in this respect. Few artist's memories ever became such a storehouse of landscape effects—of clouds, mists, sunrises, and sunsets ; of hot days and cold days ; of rain and sleet, of frost and snow : not effects which his imagination had merely conjured up, but such as he had noted over and over again from direct contact with Nature herself.

Scarcely a line of verse written by Robert Burns but floated in that teeming brain of his, ready to be called up at any moment. When Tennyson issued a new volume of poems, a glance through it was enough for Bough. Nothing pleased him more than to astonish his companions by reciting such pieces as had attracted his notice ; after which came the puzzle as to authorship. Of course, the truth oozed out by degrees, and the real source became known sooner or later.

Alexander Fraser, R.S.A., related a remarkable instance of the tenacity of Bough's memory which occurred during a sketching tour on the Mouse River at Lanark. Bough and he were weather bound at an inn there, and being in a great measure thrown on their own resources to kill time, Bough set to work to repeat Carlyle's *Past and Present* (of all books

one would have thought, the most unlikely for such a purpose). However, he went through his self-imposed task almost verbatim, taking nearly the whole day to do so. Mr. Fraser declared it was rare that any error could be detected, even in the most involved or long drawn sentences.

One peculiar feature of Bough's recitals was that whenever he chanced to be at fault, up went the right hand in the air, and a crack of the fingers invariably set him off again in the right direction.

Bough went all through the Western Highlands of Scotland with Alexander Fraser, about the year 1856, on a lengthened sketching excursion to Inveraray, Loch Fyne, Oban, Loch Awe, etc.

At no period of his life does he seem to have tolerated much sentimental unreality. He was apt to look upon human nature in a very prosaic manner, intermingled with a strong dash of latitudinarianism. On the occasion of a party held at the house of Mr. Robert Horn, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, Bough shocked a bevy of Presbyterian ministers, by setting before them something like the following dictum :—"God once sent a man into Scotland to show the nation how a purely *natural* man, untrammelled in any way, acted and thought, in contradistinction to the stiff formalism and empty hypocrisy which existed on all sides. This was Robert Burns, the poet. But the professors of piety in the land could not or would not understand the clear-sighted, candid, open-hearted type of man, set up as a beacon before them, and did nothing but revile and persecute him."

Whatever may be the defects and shortcomings of the foregoing line of argument, it must be admitted that a considerable stratum of truth underlies it. At Mr. Horn's party, it created quite a scene ; and Bough, on returning home much earlier than he otherwise would have done, declared that the whole body of John Knox's disciples had been up in arms against him, some of whom lost all control over their tempers, and became exceeding wroth and intolerant before the debate ended.

Bough painted a panorama illustrative of the scenery of one of the great American rivers, the Missouri, I believe. The scenes were made up from any views which he could

lay hands on at the time, engraved or otherwise. The grouping together and working out of some of the details were the product of the artist's own ingenuity and fancy. And yet when the scenery was finally finished and unfolded to the spectator's vision, there was no lack of vigorous reality about it. Bough is said to have got little recompense for the amount of labour he did in connection with this venture.

There is no accounting for the whims and vagaries of mankind at all periods of life. The following is so unlike any of Bough's previous actions that I confess I cannot rightly divine the motive that induced him to enter upon the duties required by the office.

While living at Malta Terrace, he purchased the post of a pursuivant—that is to say, he became one of the state messengers, whose duty it was to march in procession from the county buildings to the “Mercat” Cross of Edinburgh. The procession was made up of three heralds, three pursuivants, a bodyguard of soldiers, and Her Majesty's trumpeters. Only fancy for a moment Sam Bough, the devil-may-care Bohemian artist, parading through the streets of Edinburgh, at the call of Royalty, arrayed in a costume consisting of a low-crowned beaver hat decorated with feathers, a lace-covered coat, frilled collar, knee breeches, white silk stockings, silver-buckled shoes, and, to crown all, a grand halberd.

Some of Bough's brother artists were sadly annoyed at his appearance in these public displays. They spoke with contempt of the office, their plea being that it was altogether beneath the dignity of their profession. In mentioning the subject to a friend, and the remarks it had called forth, Bough exclaimed, “What the devil did I care, Jacky, about the fine artists being riled! It saved me twenty pound a year, which was something to a poor chap like me at that time.”

A squabble which agitated the Scottish Academy for many years had its origin in a misunderstanding between Bough and Horatio Macculloch. The two artists had previously associated together a good deal, and were on very intimate terms. It so happened that Bough was once leading off, somewhat vain-gloriously, to the effect that he

intended to paint a historical picture, and would send it to the Scottish Academy for exhibition. Macculloch laughed at the idea, told Bough he was purely a landscapist like himself; and doggedly stuck to the assertion that such a flight as he proposed, was entirely beyond his powers. Full of confidence in his powers however, Bough reasserted that he had made up his mind to paint such a subject in a given time; and, moreover, that it would pass the ordeal of fair ordinary criticism. To clinch the matter, a wager was made—I believe, of a champagne supper—to be paid for by the loser.

Setting to work in good earnest, Bough was not long in producing a small study in oils, entitled “The Philosopher of Sans Souci.” The scene depicted represented Frederick the Great, in a frantic rage, thrashing or kicking the shins of his ministers, before committing them to prison. This picture was exhibited in the Scottish Academy of 1857. Sketchy, but very clever and effective, it displayed lots of vitality and action, passed muster in critical circles beyond expectation, and succeeded in finding a purchaser.

On Bough claiming the wager from Macculloch, the latter professed to have no recollection of any such bet, and positively refused to pay. This mode of procedure naturally raised Bough’s ire not a little. Smarting under what he considered to be a wrong, he made free use of his powers of sarcasm and irony, in order to ridicule Macculloch and his works; while Macculloch, on the other hand, preserved a cautious reticence on the subject, so far at least as every-day conversation was concerned. By this means the latter obtained a certain amount of sympathy among Scottish artists, and Bough began to be looked upon as being too fond of making a display of his rival’s weaknesses and foibles. Among others, John Phillip is said to have taken the part of Macculloch. Thus fanned and kept aflame, the affair soon became a matter of notoriety, and probably did more than anything else to keep Bough out of full membership of the Scottish Academy.*

*As touching this squabble, a writer in one of the Edinburgh newspapers in 1858, thus comments upon the case :—

Considerable dissatisfaction has been created by the labours of the hanging committee on this year’s exhibition of the Scottish Academy. They have

On "touching-up" days at the Academy, Bough often took his bull-dog with him, in defiance of the orders of the officials in charge, excusing himself on the ground that Macculloch's skye terrier was allowed to follow its master into the rooms. When remonstrated with, his reply was curt and to the point—"So long as Macculloch takes *his* dog with him, so long will I take *mine*." But the perverseness of the act on Bough's part did not rest there. If Macculloch's pet chanced to come near him, he was sure to encourage his own dog, by word or gesture, to growl and snarl at the timid beast; and by such means as these he managed to keep his rival in hot water.

At that time the Scottish Academy was made up to some extent of very precise and circumspect members—Sir George Harvey, D. O. Hill, and the like—sometimes cynically referred to as "the kid-glove fraternity." Without due observance of form and ceremony, and paying full deference to those in authority, there was little chance of anyone attaining to the inner councils of the Academy; and

displayed certainly more impropriety than we ever remember to have noticed before; and as the alleged cause is freely enough spoken of by the whole artistic public, we need not be guilty of the affectation of concealing it.

It is affirmed that the small artistic world of Edinburgh is divided into two great parties—the Maccullochites and the Boughites—who, like the Orangemen and Ribbonmen of Ireland, hold in great contempt such people as ourselves, who are partisans of neither. Now, it is held by the former section that Mr. Bough had no right to paint a "Moonlight Highland Glen," because he knew that Mr. Macculloch had painted "A Moonlight Highland Glen." It was even insinuated that Mr. Bough was guilty of gross plagiarism, but this we have the best authority for believing was not the case, since neither artist ever saw the other's picture until he beheld it on the walls of the Exhibition.

To increase this first offence, it was asserted by the same party, that Mr. Bough should not have painted, or at least should not have exhibited "The Border Raid," commissioned by Lord Murray, because Mr. Gourlay Steele was exhibiting a similar subject, his Highland scene of "How the Macgregors Lived and Died"; and an implied charge of the same nature was again put into circulation. The other party, scorning such imputations, declare that Mr. Bough requires no such unworthy means of help; affirm that his only or greatest crime is his artistic ability to do anything; that his pictures have been hung for the purpose of concealing rather than displaying this extraordinary facility; and that the "Raid" has been extinguished, for the double purpose of annoying the artist and Lord Murray.

What his lordship may have done to offend their eminences of the hanging committee may easily, they say, be guessed; and add, that as far as the individual antagonists are concerned it will be like the old story of Smith of Chichester and Richard Wilson. Macculloch will have his reward at present, but his pictures will be forgotten; while Mr. Bough will rise above every attempt to keep him down, and will have his pictures appreciated by an unprejudiced posterity.

those outward accomplishments, which seemed to be so much prized, were just the sort of things about which Bough felt utterly careless, and which he had neither the special tact nor the desire to assume.

D. O. Hill and Bough stood on opposite sides as men and artists. They had not much sympathy in common. Fanciful and not infrequently unreal, Hill was fond of attempting compositions similar to "A Dream of the Carrick Shore," wherein may be seen—among other careful concoctions—an idealized castle, a faery cave, and a log-like boat, decked out in the trimmest sailing order imaginable. Hill dreamed dreams of a Scottish Arcadia, and tried hard to embody his dreams in colours—colours, alas! which proved almost as fugitive and fleeting as his dreams. To wit, many of his pictures have relapsed either into Egyptian darkness, or into morose brown of a "chippy" nature.

Hill undertook a huge picture of "The First Assembly of the Free Church after the Disruption,"* containing four hundred and seventy portraits, which he had in hands for more than twenty-one years. Bough scribbled some verses upon this production, and made outrageous fun out of the long-drawn formalities of the subject. Among other things, he compared the grouping of the numerous heads to

"Potatoes all in a row,"

and satirized various weak points of the picture in a very comical manner.

All this spleen and ill-feeling—the accumulation of years—found unexpected outlet at last in an outburst on the night of one of the annual dinners of the Academy. Bough probably went to the dinner in a capricious mood. At all events, he started the mischief himself. Among the guests, there chanced to be a picture dealer most exquisitely got up for the occasion, who appeared to be affecting more style than his position warranted. Pretending to mistake this individual

*This immense canvas was finished in 1866, and was valued by Hill's friend, after the rule and plummet fashion, at three thousand guineas. "The work has been in hands," says Sir George Harvey, "rather more than twenty-one years; but say ten of these have been occupied upon it, which is, I consider, a moderate estimate, and in the circumstances, the price—exclusive of Exhibition and Copyright, which Mr. Hill reserves—could not possibly be less than Three Thousand Guineas."

for one of the waiters, Bough began by beckoning to him, and crying out, "John—John—*I say*, John! Bring me a pint of wine, and let it be of the choicest vintage!"

After certain by-play of this kind had subsided a little, Sir George Harvey rose to speak, when Bough began to pooh-pooh him with such vehemence, that the poor president grew quite nervous, stammered through a few sentences, then finally broke down. Amid much clamour and commotion, Professor Blackie, hot of head and wrathful, jumped to his feet, and fairly capped Bough's whimsical vapouring, with a burst of indignation by saying, "I am astonished that a man who can paint like an angel, should come here and conduct himself like a fool!"

Connected with this unpleasant affair, there were two or three incidents of a conciliatory nature, which, in common justice to the actors in the drama, must not be overlooked.

In the first place, after Macculloch's death in 1867, all animosity towards his family was sunk on Bough's part. An unfinished picture, left by Macculloch, was worked up by Bough in a manner which did credit both to his skill of hand and goodness of heart. It was sent to the annual exhibition, where it was sold for the benefit of the artist's widow.

In the second place, an attempt at reconciliation was made by Sir George Harvey, who, on offering to shake hands with Bough, met with an unexpected rebuff. Bough, on this occasion, stood bolt upright, thrust both hands behind his back, looked black and ominous as a thunder-cloud, and sternly refused to be bought over by a mere outward manifestation of friendship.

The council of the Academy, however, with Sir George Harvey at their head, gave a more substantial sign of amends in 1874 or 1875, by electing Bough a full member of their body. Better late than never, it must be confessed; but still a tardy acknowledgment of the man's genius, when a period of nearly twenty years was allowed to elapse between his election as an Associate and as an Academician. It may be said, with a good deal of truth, that Bough had a narrow escape from becoming the John Linnell of the Royal Scottish Academy.

As regards Macculloch's standing as an artist, his fame

probably would have been greater had he devoted more attention to water colour painting. So employed, he might have steered clear of much of his large oil work, which is often weak and loose in composition, and has since cracked and become ruinous to a considerable degree. Macculloch's mind was of the thoughtful, cultured order. He had a true feeling for Nature, and possessed many accomplishments as an artist; but his range of subjects and mode of treatment were much more limited than those of Bough.

Bough's younger brother—James Walker Bough—described as “a bonnie lad to look at, wi’ light curly hair,” attended a school in the Globe Lane, Carlisle, taught by a man named Barnes, who was better known as “Crutchy Joe.” The youth started his work-a-day life in the office of John Reed Donald, Solicitor. As a lad in his teens, he made drawings in pen and ink. Possessing the family predilection for things pertaining to the stage, the younger Bough was fond of getting up private theatricals, on a humble scale, which necessitated his trying his hand, now and then, at a little scene painting.

Leaving Carlisle, he joined his brother in Manchester, where he got a situation in a pawnbroker's shop. While there he was visited by Henry Moss, one of his early companions. Young Bough took his friend to Sam's studio, then situated up a flight of stairs. Not being able at first to recognize Moss with any degree of certainty, the elder Bough put him through a course of cross-questioning, as follows:—

“Dist'e come frae Carel, says t'e?”

“Yes, I come frae Carel.”

“Can t'e tell hoo many steps there's up Carel Cross?”

“Hoaf a dozen, I wad say.”—(A random guess.)

“Ey,” says Bough, eyeing him over, “I think thoo mebbe dis come frae Carel, efter aw.”

Thus satisfied, the artist showed some of his productions to the newcomer, among which a long, narrow drawing of Wetheral village, looking in the direction of the church and viaduct, is the only one remembered by the narrator.

James Walker Bough persevered so far with the pursuit of scene painting as to become a dexterous and fairly proficient artist in that department. He followed it for

some years as a profession in the principal theatres of Glasgow and Edinburgh. During the summer months, when theatrical engagements were scarce and funds ran low, he had to resort to various makeshifts in order to keep the pot boiling.

Apropos of this, his brother Sam used to tell of an amusing meeting which occurred one day when he was out sketching in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Calling at an inn for refreshments, his curiosity was aroused by seeing the children all agog with excitement. Presently the "rub-a-rub, dub" of a drum smote upon his ear, and a voice without—an insistent and strangely familiar voice—informed him that "a performance would take place that evening!" Marvelling greatly, and still in some doubt, he moved to the door, and found—the cause of all the pother—his brother Jim, labouring valiantly with voice and drum to beat up the sluggish rustics of the village. "Hillo! old fellow, is that you?" shouted Sam across the green. Thus hailed, the minstrel-showman lost no time in fraternizing, but reached the inn almost at a bound, overjoyed at the prospect which presented itself of regaling himself and his poverty-stricken comrades at his brother's expense.

When opportunities occurred, the younger Bough devoted his attention mainly to the study of water colour painting, in which branch of art he displayed a fair amount of promise. The only works exhibited, of which I have any record, were "Bothwell Bridge," shewn at the West of Scotland Academy in 1849; and one entitled "Little Red Riding Hood," at the Scottish Academy in 1857. A sketchy but clever drawing, "A Roadside Cottage," belongs to Mrs. Joseph Bough of Carlisle; and among other works by him in his native town is a "River Scene," in which a church spire peeps up in the distance. This last is on paper, and has been painted with thick washy body colour, such as is used in scene painting.

The younger brother has left little work behind him, and that little imperfect. Sam encouraged him to the utmost to make Art a profession, and once said to a friend, "If Jim had only lived, Johnny, I'm certain he wad ha' made an artist." But it was not to be. After living a somewhat erratic life as a scene painter, the end came suddenly, and

was accompanied by the saddest and most forlorn of all maladies which afflict poor humanity. The following letter—full of tragic and pathetic interest—tells the melancholy tale of his mental derangement.

“To Miss BOUGH, 245 High Street, Glasgow.

“(Post mark) Edinburgh,
“January 5th, 1859.

“MY DEAR NAN,—When this year began, I little thought of the awful trouble that was to begin with it, for our unlucky house. We had this year gone to Manchester, and on New Year's Eve a telegram fetch'd me to Preston, where poor brother Jim was, and I found our worst fears realised by his having gone quite out of his mind.

“Poor fellow! he spoke in his wanderings often of you, and was very anxious about all his friends; very kindly and gentle and childish, but nevertheless dangerous. I was—woe is me!—compell'd to have him put into confinement, and, (as I could do no good by remaining,) went back to Manchester.

“On Sunday, his poor little wife came, and as Jim had been violent they had put him into a strait jacket. This, I suppose, nearly broke her heart, for on Monday night she took him out, and had him back to his lodgings. I arrived in Preston with Bella, and was awfully shocked to find that she had done this ill-considered thing. Of course, she soon saw, when she had him out, the impossibility of his remaining at large, and we had to take him back yesterday.

“God knows how it will terminate. I fear that there is little room for a chance of his recovery. God Almighty help him, and all of us! I thought my heart would break when I left him. Poor, poor fellow! His fits and delusions are most sad. I can't bear to think of him, and yet out of my mind I cannot get him.

“It was past midnight when I got home last night, and I feel tired and worn out with the excitement of yesterday. Your own good sense, my dear Nan, will enable you to gather such little comfort as you can get, better than

anything I could say, God help me. I do hope for the best, tho' I fear the worst.

"Bella joins with me in love and good wishes to you. I have much to say, but can't. Come over as soon as you like.

"Your brother,

"SAM BOUGH."

James Walker Bough was set upon in Manchester by a gang of roughs, who committed a violent assault with robbery upon him. The ill-usage he received in this outrage is supposed to have affected his brain, and it might be that it was the primary cause of his early death. He died at the age of thirty-one, and was buried at Lancaster. A small three-quarter length portrait of him was painted by Cruikshank of Edinburgh. It represents a fair-haired young man in a standing position, his hands thrust into his trousers' pockets, and his head drooping in a reflective mood.

CHAPTER XVI.

1859.

THE year 1859 was a busy one for Bough. To the Manchester Institute, he sent seven pictures, amongst them an important canvas, "Tarbet Harbour, Loch Fyne—Sunset." To the Scottish Academy, he contributed no less than ten works, including four examples which it may be well to mention, namely, "A Hay Field," "Edinburgh from Leith Roads," "In Cadzow Forest: Oak Trees breaking into Leaf," and "Texel Roads—A Stiff Breeze." Bough's sister, Mrs. Gray, stood in the cold chambers in George Street, Edinburgh, for the figure of a woman holding a rake in the large "Hay Field" picture. She also sat for the woman sitting on the ground, with a child on her knee, in the same picture.

During this year, he painted a small work in oil, entitled, "Smugglers Attacked and Alarmed," (Bough and Chalmer's Exhibition, 1880.) This picture I have purposely selected as an example of a strange combination of power and weakness sometimes found in Bough's work. The scene represents a party of horse soldiers charging a gang of smugglers by the sea-shore. The soldiers, one and all, are shockingly poor types of humanity—stiff, formal, wooden-looking figures, such as children carry off in triumph from the toy shop. The smugglers, on the other hand—representing strong, hardy specimens of mankind—are infinitely better drawn, and show much more life and animation, as they run scampering away, leaving their contraband casks behind them. A white bull-terrier, with ears pricked up and tail erect, stands barking at the

soldiers, and appears to be the only thing offering any resistance to the invaders.

In 1860 Bough made an out-of-the-way, and, from a monetary point of view, successful essay in painting. I refer to the "Royal Scottish Volunteer Review," in Queen's Park, Edinburgh, in the month of August. This picture was engraved on a large scale by J. T. A. Willmore, R.A., and had a considerable sale. When her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, was conducted through the Edinburgh International Exhibition of 1886, Mr. W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., pointed out to her Bough's picture of the Volunteer Review. The busy scene there depicted seemed to interest her Majesty a good deal, and in contrasting its sunlight effect with the dismal downpour experienced twenty-one years later upon the same ground, she remarked that "the weather then surely must have been much better than we experience now-a-days at Volunteer Reviews." Bough's picture is in the National Gallery, Edinburgh.

To the Scottish Academy of 1861, Bough sent no less than ten pictures, six of which found purchasers before leaving his studio. Among the lot was a large canvas entitled, "St. Andrews—'When the stormy winds do blow,'" said to be one of the artist's most successful efforts, and full of dash and movement. When painting this picture, he engaged two Newhaven fishermen, father and son, to stand for models. They came to his studio decked in their best attire, and then changed into their fisher garb. "Noo, Sawney, what about the siller?" asked Bough, when he had finished with them. "Seeven-and-saxpence," replied the elder fisherman. "It's varra weel ye ax't nea mair, for that's the last penny I hev," said Bough, as he handed the money to the man. The "St. Andrew's" picture is described in the catalogue of the Exhibition as the property of Mr. Donald Roy Macgregor; but, for some reason or other, it found its way back to the artist's studio, where it remained for some time.

Bough told of sending to the Scottish Academy, at a time when the number was not limited, nine pictures and a *blank* canvas. On being asked why he sent the blank canvas, he replied, "Oh! there's still a fortnight before the opening day, and I intend painting something on it."

Before the day came round, I understand the canvas was filled up with a slight but clever sketch. This must have been in 1859 or 1861, the only years in which neither more nor less than ten works from his pencil are catalogued.

An enviable specimen from Bough's pencil was produced about this time, entitled "A Cadzow Forest Scene," (No. 137 Bough and Chalmers' Exhibition). In this picture, a fine group of oak trees rises on the right hand side, under which stand a number of the breed of cattle peculiar to Cadzow, headed by one of the black-nosed bulls. A pool of water, or it may be "a bit burnie," glints from among the shadows of the trees, and the figure of a gamekeeper is seen in the open glade. The effect is evening, fast relapsing into twilight; and far beyond the deep brown shadows of the oak trees which intervene, we catch glimpses of the sky in sunset glory. The picture measures about 36 in. by 26 in., and is dated, I think, "'61."

Bough was in Newcastle one year during race time, and was introduced to Mr. David Macbeath, of Old Charlton, in Kent, and Nunlands in Berwickshire. In company with Balmer, the miniature painter; Henry Shields, a theatrical; and Dr. Raines, a visit was paid to the showmen's tents, mountebanks, etc. Bough became so much interested in the performances of the wandering fraternity, that he ordered a gallon of ale to be shared among them. The time flew so quickly that he forgot the object of his visit, and missed the races altogether. The letter to Mr. Macbeath which follows, refers to a visit paid to Berwickshire, in company with Mr. Thomas Nesbit, auctioneer.

"TO DAVID MACBEATH, Esq., Old Charlton, Kent.

"24 George Street, Edinburgh,
"4th May, '62.

"MY 'DEAR MACBEATH,—It takes a fellow with weak nerves like me some little time to get over the effects of a trip into your hospitable and jolly district. I am now slowly recovering the use of my faculties, and hope by a course of bread and water to come round and be fresh again.

"Thomas seemed a good deal better for his trip; but, as

is usual with that worthy, went in for an over-dose of work, and is to-day reaping the benefit thereof. And, what's worse, the doctor has been and frightened him with some intelligence that he can't be answerable for the consequences if he (Thomas) goes on as he is doing. For my own part, I begin to fear that the case is worse than we thought. Yesterday, poor old fellow, he looked quite broken, and told me that what the doctor had said had put him out of heart. He's to go over to the Bridge of Allan, and try if there is any chance of change of air. I'll write and let you know if any worse symptoms show during this week.

"You'll be glad to hear that I've had tremendous luck in Manchester, and have sold all my drawings the first day of the Exhibition. All bought by a sagacious dealer, who perceives that I am a genius, and wisely invests his money in my performances. In this he does wisely, and I sincerely pray that others of his honest and honourable fraternity be guided by his laudable example, and that I may be able to preserve my constitution and treat my friends with superior grub and tippie when they come to see me.

"Nesbit and I picked up a most delightful old reprobate on our trip home from Berwick. A most ancient and venerable senior, who talked wisely and wickedly, and put Thomas into fits of laughter, and caused your humble servant to wish (he being a dissolute orphan) that the said ancient and venerable individual would adopt him. You'll very likely know the party—Mr. Wilkie, who dined here with us yesterday. May he live a hundred years; may his heart never ache; and may I have an opportunity of cultivating my morals under his superintendence.

"I trust that my dear friend Mrs. Macbeath is well, that her rheumatics doesn't bother her, and that the joyful Spring may cure her woes. As to any hope of amendment in her husband, I fear that may not be look'd for, unless some miracle happens. To Miss Macbeath, Nelly, and Thomas, I have to say that all my promises with reference to cartes-de-visite will be faithfully remembered, and I hope to be able to send them off next week.

"Pray remember me to Major Renton, and tell him I'll keep a bright look out for him when he comes over here.

Bellum, my wife, was dismally ill from cold when I got home, and she told me that had I left my address she certainly would have sent for me. You see what a good thing it is never to let them know where you go to when you leave home. Her opinion of the pork (for which I extracted five shillings from her) was that she had never eaten any pig so good in her life before. And when I told her that it was a present to her from Mr. M., she beg'd I'd acknowledge it in suitable terms, and that I'd give her back the five shillings, which I needn't say I didn't do. With kind regards to all, I am, my dear Macbeath,

“Yours truly,

“SAM BOUGH.”

The following letter to Mr. Macbeath refers to the death of Thomas Nesbit, an intimate friend of both and a well-known auctioneer in Edinburgh and the north. He died in the spring of 1862, and was buried in the Dean Cemetery.

“5, Malta Terrace, Sunday morning.—You are aware that all is over with our poor dear Thomas. As you will possibly be coming to the funeral, I write to say that I have a bed at your disposal, and will be glad if you will put up with me. Poor Tom, his son, is, I fear, nearly over with it also. How very, very sad! We are all in the dumps.”

At the Royal Manchester Institute, in 1862, the Heywood gold medal, for the best water colour drawing exhibited, was awarded to Bough, for his “Dysart on the Fife Coast—Sunset.” This was the second prize obtained by him at the Manchester Institute.

Another marked success of the same year was a large and important work, painted under a hazy effect, entitled, “Edinburgh from the Canal—Sunrise in Vapour.” The sun looks lazy and red on the horizon, and the very houses seem asleep. The turrets of the old castle, and the spire of a neighbouring church, rise out of the mist in which they are almost enveloped. The canal stretches away from the foreground, and is lost to sight in the middle distance. Some drowsy looking barge-like boats are drawn by horses

almost as slow and drowsy looking. On the left, a group of masons appear to be engaged upon a building. A fine dreamy feeling pervades the scene, and lingers in the mind of the spectator long after the canvas upon which it is painted is seen no more. Exhibited at the Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts in 1862-3. The property of Mrs. J. H. Young, of Glasgow.

In a small cabinet-sized picture, painted about this period, and entitled "The Pool of London," let the observer note how skilfully the awkward squareness of the steamboat—the most prominent object—has been woven into the busy scene. In composition and effect, this picture is not unworthy of Turner; but what a contrast to that great master's general scheme of colour!—Bough's work being in a subdued tone of prevailing grey. The picture is in the possession of Mr. Laurence Robertson, of Wemyss Bay. It was very finely engraved by William Miller, for the subscribers to the Royal Scottish Association for promoting Fine Arts in Scotland, in 1863.

The next two letters are of a gossiping character, such as Bough appears to have been fond of sending to Mr. Macbeath.

"To DAVID MACBEATH, Esq., Nunlands, Berwickshire.

" 24 George Street, 18th Feby., '63.

"MY DEAR MAC,—You must kindly extend to me a large share of that kindly feeling which distinguishes you from the greater part of my acquaintances, for my unpardonable delay in replying to your last letter. The fact is I got it when I was up to the eyes with my work, and in addition afflicted with a dozen boils; so that I was too much occupied with sad thoughts of my latter end, and other matters, to write to anybody or think of anything but my own particular afflictions. Now, I know you are a good natur'd chap, and I (like a humbug, as I confess myself to be) have imposed on your good nature; but I, having confess'd by your merciful consideration, promise that I will try and mend.

"Our Exhibition is now open, and is better than usual, and I have my pictures better hung than usual, tho' I

haven't sold anything as yet. You'll see by the newspaper that the beasts of Royal Scottish Academicians have shoved me aside again. Of course, I have to grin and bear it. But I can fancy poor dear old Tom Short* shaking his ghostly fist at them; and these poor shades of R.S.A.'s, who are wandering on the other side of Styx, won't they catch it when the Short of Thomas comes athwart them! Won't they hear an honest opinion of their compeers left on earth, and as in turn they step into Hades, Tom will very likely be ready for them, and I pity them.

"I have got your little picture of Dysart Tower nearly finished, and capital it looks. The other things are framed and ready, so when you come over (and I expect to see you on Saturday), I hope to have the lot ready for you to take back to Nunlands. Tommy and Nelly are to understand that the four sketches in the one frame are a joint property, the first married to have the whole lot. So they must be good girls, and cultivate the graces and capers, not forgetting cookery, and get married as soon as possible. I may add that should any accident put me into the position of a single man, I am at the immediate disposal of either of the young ladies who may honour me with their commands. I hope Mrs. Macbeath is better, and that this winter her rheumatics have been easier, tho' this last frost must have been severe on all kinds of delicate constitutions.

"I wish your lasses could have come in for the pantomimes, tho' they were the worst I have ever seen in my life. However, the Keans will be here for one night in March, and if the three (Miss, Nelly, and Tom) can manage to come thro', I'll be really glad to see them—I mean, my wife will, and make them as comfortable as she can.

"I have no news that I can think of that will interest you, except that I have earned the mortal hatred of Noel Paton and his kidney, by beating him in a design for the adornment of the North British Insurance Company, which is now being engraved in London.

"I saw your friend Mr. Wilkie the other day. He was looking charming, and seems to be in a high state of

*Thomas Nesbit, Auctioneer.

preservation. Should you come in on Saturday, will you look me up and manage to dine with me? I have lost my spectacles, so that I am writing this under difficulties. But with all kind wishes to you and yours, believe me, my dear Macbeath.

“Yours very faithfully,

“SAM BOUGH.”

“To DAVID MACBEATH, Esq., Old Charlton, Kent.

“4th June, 1863.

“MY DEAR MACBEATH,—I have your letter, and I should like very much to come down to Berwick. I did start three weeks ago, but got no further than Canty Bay—the Bass and the bitter beer keeping me at anchor for a week, (now I might have made the “Bass” do for all that, but the Beer was *Usher’s*.)* As I fully intend to try down again, I hope to look you up. But my present intention is, as soon as I can manage it, to go to the Trossachs, and to try some Highland stuff, and then when the midges come on bad, to go to the coast.

“I’m sorry to hear of poor C——’s† illness. Wonder how he liked the wafer! Anything of the religious would have a charm of novelty to the old sinner—so he very likely enjoy’d it.

“I don’t see any chance of eating whitebait with you at Greenwich this summer. I did intend to see the Derby run this year, but I found I could not manage it; and as the weather was bad, I’m just as well pleas’d that I didn’t.

“I hope Mrs. Macbeath and all the charming Misses are well, and that Thomas is progressing in knowledge of natural history, and Nelly in anything that takes her fancy, and that Miss Macbeath wallops them both whenever she thinks it will do them good. Will you be here before you go to London, as I should rather like to see you?

“Poor old Tom! He indeed died prematurely! It’s an

*An Edinburgh brewer.

†A Spanish friend of Mr. Macbeath’s. Bough had more regard for him than the above allusion would lead one to suppose.

awful warning to all who try to save money in this world. Rather try to lay up treasures where moth and rust, etc., and thieves (be d——d to them!), etc., etc. You'd far better spend your tin on a little sound liquor, wherewith to comfort your perishable corpus, than have such curs'd rows about it after you are gone! Vale!

“SAM BOUGH.”

An important picture, painted this year—“Holy Island,” on the Northumberland coast—may here be briefly described. On the left rise some ruins and a church-like tower, while a mountain is discernible on the opposite side. A fishing boat stands high aground, near which are grouped fishermen and women packing fish. Among them, the artist himself is seen standing wrapped up in muffler and slouched hat, with his white bull-dog sitting near. A fine, sunny, ærial effect pervades the scene, which has been very masterly transferred to canvas.

This picture cost Bough a good deal of labour. It was sent to the Manchester Institute of 1863, but was returned unsold, a circumstance which annoyed him considerably. Not being satisfied with some parts, however, he worked upon it a good deal in his studio, and sold it to Captain Lodder for fifty pounds. Size, about 60 in. by 45.

In the next letter to Mr. Macbeath, Bough refers to a scheme for visiting France and painting a picture of the Vintage. This visit fell through, and the picture was not proceeded with.

“TO DAVID MACBEATH, ESQ., Old Charlton, Kent,

“3rd September, 1863.

“MY DEAR MACBEATH,—I am obliged to you for your kind letter and its enclosure, which I return.

“I am going away to France on Thursday with the intention of getting materials for a picture of the Vintage, somewhere about Epernay or Bordeaux. If you have any correspondent in either of these places, or anything I could do for you, pray command me.

“When have the pictures to be sent into London to Mr. Wallis's Exhibition? I am most anxious to do something

for it, and will as soon as I get back, set about it. After his kindly remembrance of me, I would be a sinner if I didn't try something. Of course, it's hard work with me, and has been so since I saw you. I've sent a lot of things to Liverpool and Manchester, and if I have ordinary luck, I should become a rich man by Christmas.

"I will make an effort to get down to Berwickshire before the leaves are off the timber. Many thanks for your kind invitation. But you see it will be a fortnight before I can get back from France, and I must pull up for the Exhibitions in Glasgow and Mr. Wallis.

"I hope Mrs. Macbeath, Miss, and Nell, and Thomas are all well. I beg my affectionate remembrance to them. I must wind up, and with good wishes to all, remain, my dear Mac.

"Yours affectionately,

"SAM BOUGH."

Bough painted a large picture of an "Otter Hunt" for Mr. Taylor of Langholm (mentioned in the letter to Mr. Fisher), which was exhibited in the Scottish Academy of 1865. In order to obtain a vivid impression of the subject, he took a day's hunting with the Carlisle Otter hounds, up the rugged banks of the river Esk, and made some rough studies for the purpose. His sketches were unfortunately lost, and he was under the necessity of writing to Mr. Fisher for information about the colours of the leading dogs, and trusting to his memory for the remainder. Before concluding the letter, Bough takes a retrospect of companions he had known and played with in youth, —recollections which bring to mind, in touching strains, the thought that

"Many a lad he knew is dead,
And many a lass grown old."

"To Mr. JOHN FISHER, Carlisle.

"24 George Street (Edinburgh),

"22nd August, 1863.

"MY DEAR FISHER,—I had your letter, and I am really sorry to hear of your illness. Don't say you'll never be all

right again. No fear of you. Try Fisher's Ginger Beer in moderate quantities, and the result will be what all your friends desire; and length of days to you, respectable Fisher. . . .

"I shall really be glad to paint the picture of an Otter Hunt for Mr. Taylor. It's a subject I delight in, and I'll come down to Langholm, or anywhere else in the otter hunting district he desires, and do it. I have a little picture to paint on the Lyne, near Bolton Fell End, and hope to get to it after the 15th or 16th of October. Till that time I am fix'd fast as a thief in a mill, with work I have on hand.

"I am glad to hear of Taylor's success. It's pleasant to see some get on in the ways of the world. Lord help us! What starts and breaks down we've seen—oh, friend of my youth!—since the pipe of peace was lit at 48 English Street; poor Harry Gray, Bob Hodgson, etc. Now, old faces look at us out of the (*Three or four lines of MSS. cut off*) I have seen many with better prospects than either of us come to woeful grief and sorrow. I can't forget old playmates and companions. The lads of the village are still lads to me, tho' time and luck have made many changes. I feel their success with pleasure, and sorrow for their ill luck.

"I hope to see you well and lively, when I get down to the old town. Meanwhile, dear Fisher, believe me (*Signature cut off.*)

I believe the house on the River Tweed, about which Bough makes enquiries, was Whitehall, near Chirnside. Mr. Macbeath was the means of his sending pictures to Wallis's Exhibition in London, on one or two occasions.

"To DAVID MACBEATH, Esq.

"22nd February, 1864.

"MY DEAR MAC,—Will you tell me the particulars about the house and fishing on the Tweed you were thinking of taking. Had you not been so well suited with the new place? I think you described an old and partly ruined mansion house, with good fishing attach'd to it. Some of my friends here are most anxious to hear more about it,

with a view to the fishing. Will you write and let me know ?

"I have had capital luck this Exhibition. I have sold upwards of £300 worth, and hope to do some more business. Has Wallis's concern closed, and will he send back what of mine is not sold ?

"With kind love to all—Mrs. Macbeath particularly—not forgetting Tom, Nell, and Miss Anne.

"I am, yours very truly,

"SAM BOUGH."

"TO DAVID MACBEATH, ESQ., Nunlands, Berwickshire.

"April, 1864.

"MY DEAR MACBEATH—Your pictures are ready. I needn't say I shall be jolly glad to see you. Will you stay at Mrs. Nesbit's or with me ? I'm glad you've seen Innes. I remember him calling, but I don't think I was uncivil. If he thought so, I can only say I'm sorry,

"I'm just now going to the Palmerston presentation, and am therefore in a hurry. Kind regards to all.

"Yours faithfully,

"SAM BOUGH."

This brief note touches upon one of those incidents which reveal the crusty side of Bough's nature. Mr. Innes of Ayton Castle, chanced to call at Bough's studio, in company with a house painter, who affected a certain modishness in the way of Art. It so happened that Bough neither relished the house painter nor his criticisms on Art. What transpired during the interview I cannot tell. But it is certain that something roused Bough's ire and made him bristle with ill-temper. Presently, on Mr. Innes asking if he had any pictures to sell, he bluntly replied, "No," and followed up this petty rudeness by inviting him to take a glass of beer and a pipe of tobacco. Such behaviour could only injure him in his guest's estimation, and it is a relief to find that he afterwards made amends

by painting for Mr. Innes a large work, "London from Shooter's Hill," mentioned hereafter.

The next brief note refers to the Otter Hunting picture mentioned a few pages back.

"To Mr. JOHN FISHER, Carlisle.

"15th July.

"MY DEAR FISHER,—I am off to-night to Canoby to meet Mr. Taylor. I am suffering awfully from Tic or swelled face, or some d——d thing or other of the kind. Many thanks for your letters. 'I shall be in Carlisle on Saturday night.

"Yours truly,

"SAM BOUGH."

The quaint dialogue which follows was written by Bough to illustrate the accompanying pen-and-ink sketch. The original was sent to Mr. Fisher. Bolton Fell End is a quiet pastoral district in North-east Cumberland.

Scene : BOLTON FELL END.

Boy : "Hey, man, ye're trespassin'!"

Artist : "Trespassin' be d——d!"

Boy : "I'll tell my fadder."

Artist : "Where is thy fadder?"

Boy : "He's i' th' hoose."

Artist : "Tell him to come here, than, an' I'll feight him!"



CHAPTER XVII.

1865.

BOUGH was fond of measuring his strength against all sorts and conditions of his fellow craftsmen. "The Drove at Sunrise—Hoar Frost" (1865), for instance, was produced in emulation of Gourlay Steele, in order to show that he could paint cattle. On the whole, however, this must be pronounced a flat and unsatisfactory performance, and by no means worthy of being classed among his best works.

A splendid specimen of the artist's powers, however, belongs to this year, and is entitled "The Tower of London." The river and certain landmarks of the vast city are seen through the misty veil of a yellowish evening sunset. The sun sinks lazily on the horizon, casting reflections of its departing glory on the moving waters of the Thames. A soft, liquid, ærial effect predominates. The Tower shows dimly through the haze, and glimpses are caught further away of St. Paul's and the Monument. Two men are busy steering an immense coal barge; and a buoy, marked "City of London," floats at no great distance. A steamboat, only half seen on the canvas, is crowded with holiday makers; and among the gay company the red-coat of a soldier and the intense blue parasol of some fine lady are conspicuous. A strong tide is running, and the river is crowded with boats—literally alive with them, in fact—yet everything seems to fall fitly and naturally into place. The general effect is one of quiet, subdued power. This is one of the most important pictures painted by Bough, and is signed "Sam Bough, 1865." It was sold at Dowell's

rooms to Mr. W. McEwan, of Edinburgh, for seven hundred guineas.

At the fire which occurred at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, in January, 1865, Bough had a narrow escape from losing his life. While talking to George Lorimer, builder, "Madame Sacchi" happened to stray away from the place. Leaving hurriedly in order to look after his dog, he was horrified to find, after a brief absence, that his companion lay buried among the ruins of a wall which had fallen on the top of him. Seven other lives, beside that of Lorimer, were lost at the same fire.

It is pleasant to know that Bough was specially kind and considerate to some of his relatives, to whom at that period life was a hard struggle. Letters like the following to his sister-in-law speak volumes for his goodness of heart :—

"To Mrs. BOUGH, Carlisle.

"Chambers, 2 Hill Street, Edinburgh,
"December 13th, 1865.

"MY DEAR MARY,—I send you a draft for £20. I am sorry I have been so long in remitting, but money has been scarce with me this year. I can only say I am not very well just now, but it's only a cold, so I hope to be free of it in a day or two.

"Give my love to your father and sister and brother, and with all good wishes, believe me, my dear Mary Bough,
yours very affectionately,

"SAM BOUGH."

In writing to Mr. Duval, Bough waxes wroth with what he, and many beside himself, considered an act of injustice on the part of the members of the Scottish Academy.

"To E. J. DUVAL, Esq., Artist.

"Chambers, 2 Hill Street, Edinburgh,
"16th January, 1866.

"MY DEAR DUVAL,—I'll very gladly swop with you for the Etty, but just now I am as busy as the busy "B" getting my things ready for our Exhibition.

"I've had such a Jerusalem row with the R.S.A., and

beat 'em, Sir. Wanted to turn him out—tried—and couldn't manage it—and I have them now. If they don't hold their jaw, I'll print all their d——d letters; and wouldn't that be Pye, for an intelligent and discerning Public?

"I think from what I can make out of Shield's design, that it is very beautiful, but terribly weak. The plan I would recommend would be to trace one in strong outline, and photo. that. I'd have liked much to come to ——'s wedding, and so would the old woman, but the time was not to be had. I had contrived to get into a cursed mess in money matters, and I had to work my way out of it before Christmas; and that, the Lord be praised, I have done. I owe —— a picture, and I'll send him a good one.

"Let me congratulate you on the addition to your house, and express a hope that the "warment" will inherit his grandsire's good gifts.

"I think you are right in dropping the Patent scheme. Crookey is an Ass, and no mistake; and his partner here will fleece him, I fear. I intended to be in it, but on maturer consideration box'd off. Am I right, or any other man? I think so. Patents are ticklish things, and don't do for poor folks to meddle with. No man without £20,000 need hope to make a good thing out of a patent. I think Crookey is trying to sell out as fast as he can.

"Now, you may send me the Etty when you like, and when I can I'll do what you wish for it. I'm glad you have got rid of "The Falls of Clyde." It was rather a drop too much for me.

"With love to Mam, Byler, and all the rest—*cum multis aliis*."

"I am, my dear Duval, yours very faithfully,

"SAM BOUGH."

The drawing chosen by Mr. Duval, in exchange for the picture by Etty, was one of Brougham Castle, Westmorland. The transaction, however, was not completed, and the Etty was returned to Mr. Duval.

Bough's water-colour drawings have the freshness and

glow of Nature upon them. About the year 1866, his art appears to have had a veritable renaissance, so much did it grow in intensity of expression, and with such ease and power did he turn out drawing after drawing. From that date until the time of his death, he produced of water-colour work alone, of a high order, sufficient to have established the standing of half-a-dozen good men.

In a drawing of this period—"Grøems Hall, Orkney"—is represented a grey lowering sky, against which four white gulls are placed in fine relief. Glimpses of the sea are seen on the right, and a farm house peeps up in the middle distance. Toiling fishwives are blown along the road leading inland; while a primitive market cart, drawn by a pony and a milch cow—the latter yoked in front of the pony—crosses a bridge in the foreground. A fine breezy effect pervades the picture throughout. (Signed, "Sam Bough, 1866, Grøems Hall, Orkney." Size, sheet imperial. Exhibited at the Scottish Academy Loan Exhibition, October, 1880).

When Bough left Malta Terrace for Jordan Bank he instructed Mr. Chapman to sell by auction, in March, 1866, the pictures he had on hand in oil and water-colours. During the time the sale was going on, the artist sat quietly in Jimmy Baines's noted chop-shop underneath the sale rooms (known as the "House of Assembly"), consoling himself as best he could with sundry glasses of liquor. Telegrams were dispatched at intervals from the auction rooms reporting the various prices obtained, and Bough was astonished and delighted to find that several of his smaller sized works brought as much as twenty pounds.

Before the sale the artist had worked himself into a feverish state of anxiety about the probable results, and the night previous he had made a free offer of the lot for three hundred pounds. In this instance, however, his estimate proved to be a long way below the amount actually realised, the proceeds being upwards of a thousand pounds. The success of this venture added materially to Bough's popularity as a water-colour painter, and he was induced thereafter to devote closer attention to this branch of his art. Other sales, similar in character to the foregoing, were repeated at intervals during the artist's life-time.

In 1866 Bough became a member of a semi-literary, semi-convivial club, called "Ye Monks of St. Giles," which met in St. Giles Street, Edinburgh, on the first Monday of each month. The club was restricted to twenty members, each of whom had his own chair allotted to him. The monthly billet of invitation issued by the club was headed with the figure of a monk, designed by Bough. The members had to take turn about in producing an original literary contribution, failing which a small fine was levied. The literary productions are preserved in manuscript, but have never been published. It is not very certain whether Bough contributed anything to the literary side or not. The records of the club have been searched for pieces by him, but without success. It is understood, however, that he fulfilled the duty on one occasion, the subject being something about "A Christian showing his Teeth." There is evidence to show that he made an attempt, at least, to shape into loosely-constructed rhyme another piece about—

"The cats on the tiles,
And the Monks of Saint Giles."

In this strain he was known occasionally to rattle off several verses. The only lines which can be now recalled is an imperfect memory quotation, as follows :—

"And he that will not merry, merry be,
With a couple of jolly good files,
May he be doom'd to sit i' the cold
And sing with the cats on the tiles."

During Bough's twelve years' connection with the society of the "Monks," Dr. Sidey may be called its poet laureate. Two volumes of his contributions have been published by Maclachlan and Stewart, of Edinburgh, entitled, *Mystura Curiosa* and *Altere Jusdem*, in which will be found "The Irish Schoolmaster" and other pieces of merit.

One of the most successful things connected with the club was the establishment of a children's ball—a suggestion of Bough's—held annually about St. Valentine's Day. Upwards of three hundred children assembled on these occasions, some of them being attired in appropriate costumes. The Monks appeared robed in full canonical dress at the annual ball.

Bough several times considered more or less seriously the feasibility of establishing himself in London or the neighbourhood, and the Chelsea house mentioned to Mr. Macbeath in the letter which follows, was by no means the only scheme formulated in this connection. The purchase of the house at Jordan Bank, Morningside, belonging to Mr. Hay, the decorator, must have tied him down to Edinburgh, however, and had, no doubt, much to do with his definitely giving up all further thought of migrating southward. Hay—whom Bough spoke of as a man of pleasure—was a prolific writer of books. *Ornamental Design as applied to Decorative Art*, *Harmonious Colouring*, and a dozen other volumes of a similar character were issued under his name. Sir Walter Scott took some interest in Hay as a lad, and he ultimately qualified himself so far as to be able to superintend the limning and blazoning at Abbotsford.

The house at Jordan Bank was of considerable extent, being made up of two semi-detached villa residences. It is said to have taken its name from Cromwell's soldiers, having encamped on the Braids Farm at no great distance. Goshen Bank, Zion Mount, Canaan Lane, Hebron Bank, and Egypt, are other Scriptural names which exist in the neighbourhood. In contra-distinction to the mode adopted by the Puritans, Bough spoke of re-christening Jordan Bank, and calling it Gomorrah!

"To DAVID MACBEATH, Esq., Old Charlton, Kent.

"2 Hill Street, 10th November, 1866.

"DEAR MAC,—Herewith I enclose you a post-office order for £2, and I return you my best thanks for your kindness in getting the Rumbo for poor dear old M. It's a liquor she loves, and if this morning is as cold in London as it is here, I know that her breath will tell of the exquisite flavour of the apple.

"I've lots of news for you. The Chelsea house wouldn't fizz. It would have cost £400 to get in, and what with rent, insurance, and repairs over another £100, and that was more than I cared to pay. So I've determined to stay here, and have bought D. R. Hay's house at Morningside—a perfect gem of a place. D. R. was a queer old beggar, but had

wonderful good taste, and this was his pet work. There's dining-room, drawing-room — opening into a "wopping" conservatory—terraces, fountain in garden, five bedrooms, library, two-stalled stable, and coach house. The view to the south is the most beautiful, and there is about half an acre of ground. The feu is only four pounds six shillings, and I've got the lot for £1,200.

"The people here are a rum lot. Why the house didn't fetch more I can't say. There was this against it. D. R. didn't go much to kirk, etc., etc. Of course, I have to pull out and scrape the "tin" together, and to do that without distressing myself, I've determined to sell off all my pictures, and furnish with prints.

"I couldn't get anything ready for Wallis, as I was up to the eyes with work. After leaving London, I went to Orkney, and did some sketching there; so look out for a sensation picture in the Royal Academy exhibition, next May, of Kirkwall Cathedral. Then I had a turn at the Fife fishing towns, where the population is amphibious.

"My studio has been in a damned mess the whole season. Pil, my landlord, has pulled down and built up the back of the house; and what with new mortar, and the "working classes" abounding to a curs'd stinking extent, I've been in misery.

"I'm glad Tommy Sady has got his Company, and hope he'll soon get a regiment. I rather think that poor Tom will have work to do before another year is out. Things look awfully ugly for war in the North of Europe, and it's more than likely we'll be draw'd in.

"I was glad to hear you are all well. . . . I hope Jim Henry is well. With kind regards and good wishes to all, I am, my dear Mac., faithfully yours,

"SAM BOUGH."

On "students' days" at the Scottish National Gallery, Bough was fond of making a tour round the rooms now and then, with the object of noting whether any marked progress was observable or not. On one occasion, he made

the acquaintance of Miss Mary Tait, who was studying there. Bough was pleased with her quiet, unassuming manner, and becoming interested in her work, he pointed out some of the stumbling blocks which stood in her way, and markedly encouraged her. From time to time, he lent her numerous drawings and paintings of his own to copy. In some cases where the originals had been worked out on a small scale, he induced her to enlarge the copies considerably, in order to judge whether or not the effect so produced was successful. Some people talked of the folly of having his works thus multiplied by copies, but the artist only laughed at this suggestion.

"Never use body colour," said Bough to Miss Tait, in singular contradiction to his own mode of working ; and in order to test this point, he used to pass his fingers over the drawings submitted to his inspection. The following is the list of colours which he supplied for the benefit of Miss Tait's guidance :—

Yellow Ochre	Raw Umber	Crimson Lake
Raw Sienna	Vandyke Brown	Vermilion
Burnt Sienna	Light Red	Prussian Blue
Cobalt	Ivory Black	

"There's eleven colours," said Bough. "Put in Gamboge, if you like, to make up the dozen ; but take my advice and never use it." His antipathy to Emerald Green was once forcibly brought out. A young man showed him a drawing in which this colour was too palpably discernible. Bough shook his head significantly, and pointing to the objectionable parts, said "Never use that colour again, my lad, unless you want to ruin your work past redemption."

Bough recommended Miss Tait—as, indeed, he did all students—to copy faithfully a small sketchy water-colour drawing, by David Cox, "Crossing the Moor : with Man on White Horse," in the National Gallery, Edinburgh. Of this he conceived the opinion that it formed a capital study for the young minds around him, imparting breadth of treatment and a natural tone of subdued colouring.

In 1867, W. Nimmo, of Edinburgh, issued the "Edina" edition of "Poems and Songs, by Robert Burns," a thick bulky volume, in small quarto, with numerous illustrations

engraved on wood. Bough supplied designs for "Bruar Water," "The Brigs of Ayr," "My Heart's in the Highlands," and "By Allan Stream."

During the time this work was in progress, Bough had to call occasionally at the shop of the publisher; and on one occasion he took up a seaside or an open sea study (one of the illustrations to the volume, by another artist), looked at it for a moment, and was overheard saying to himself, "Damn the fellow: He canna' draw a wave!"

Of Bough's own contributions, the "Brigs of Ayr" is the most ambitious one, although not altogether satisfactory so far as the figures of the "two dusky forms" are concerned. Few men trod the earth with firmer foot than Bough, but in the realms of pure fancy he was clumsy and formal, and lacked the leading elements of airiness and lightness.

Bough had a warm admiration for the works of that erratic genius, John Ewbank, who, like himself, was a native of the North of England, and had fought his way upwards in Edinburgh to considerable popularity. So potent was the success which attended Ewbank's efforts that his receipts rose to £2000 a year—an immense sum considering the limited prices generally received and the state of Art in the northern capital at that period. Success, however, was to him a delusion and a snare, and no man fell more suddenly from his lofty pinnacle into grovelling and degraded habits. Ewbank died in a cellar in the most abject poverty. After his death one of his daughters tramped the country far and wide, eking out a miserable existence by disposing of sketches painted on small pieces of tin. Wanting in the stubborn will and firm grasp of mind possessed by Bough, Ewbank nevertheless had a fine eye for colour, and few artists have been more successful in imparting aërial effects to their productions.

Bough became the owner of an oil painting, "Tynemouth Castle," by Ewbank, almost accidentally, in the following way. The picture was put up in Dowell's sale rooms, and was about to be knocked down for some six or seven pounds. Bough, who was standing with his back to the auctioneer, had his attention drawn to the circumstance by William Forrest, the engraver. Turning round he made an off-hand bid of twenty pounds, followed by another of

twenty-five pounds. "Thank you, Mr. Bough," said the auctioneer, letting fall his hammer, "it's yours at your first bid."

"To DAVID MACBEATH, Esq., Old Charlton, Kent.

"7, Jordan Bank, Morningside,
"Edinburgh, 10th February, 1867.

"MY DEAR MAC,—I didn't get your kind letter till this morning. Our Royal Scottish Academy receives pictures on the 1st of February, and I was so jolly tired with my Winter work that I bolted off to Glasgow, taking Bella with me, and didn't leave word where my letters were to be sent, and so I had a week's peace and quiet—that is, we dined out every day with the tip-top folks, and had a real jollification.

"I didn't see London last summer. I did Paris by way of Dunkerque, from Leith and back. I had to cut it fine, as my House nearly cleared me out. . . . Tell me what the money is, and I'll tell you whether I can stump up the money or drawings. I hope to have plenty of the first by May, as I have lots of pictures to sell both here and in Glasgow.

"I hope my dear Mrs. Macbeath and the three Graces, who dance round her, and whose nightcaps she ties, are all well. . . . Is there any chance of either of you, or your young folks being North this summer? Pray tell them to consider 7 Jordan Bank as home. And with kind remembrances to all, believe me, my dear Mac.,

"Yours very faithfully

"SAM BOUGH."

About this time Bough was very busy getting his newly-acquired dwelling house at Jordan Bank put in order. In a letter to his sister-in-law at Carlisle, he says: "The place here is in a mess—plasterers, masons, carpenters, plumbers, and all the other working classes, making the house habitable."

“TO DAVID MACBEATH, Esq., Old Charlton, Kent.

“Braco Castle, Perthshire,

“Saturday, May, 1867.

“MY DEAR MAC.,—I’m so glad to hear that you are back again in London. I’m here getting some sketching, and hope by the end of this month to be in London. I don’t think I can manage before that time, as we have not got the work-people out of the house, and the missus won’t leave till they are all away.

“I hope you enjoy’d your Spanish excursion, and that you added to your varied experience and knowledge. Did you see any Bull fighting? However, when I come up you’ll tell me all about it.

“By the way, if you see Mr. John Willis, will you tell him that I have taken the liberty of introducing a very particular friend of mine to him. That is to say, I’m most anxious on this lad’s account, and if Mr. Willis could give him employment, I’m sure he’d find that he had got hold of a good sort in Arthur James. I haven’t seen the lad for some years, but from what I’ve heard of him, and from what I know, I have the very highest opinion of him. So if Mr. W. can give him a berth, he’ll do me as great a favour as I could wish for.

“I hope dear Mrs. Mac. and the young ladies are well. I shall be most happy to make holiday with them when I come up, that is after the manner of the working classes. I am most anxious to see Miss Macbeath. Her dear image, from the length of time since it has blessed my eyes, begins to become dreamy. And were it for nothing else I must come up to London this summer. I hope Miss Nelly and Thomas are well, and send my special and particular compliments to them. Tell them also that if they would wish to come north, they can have half a house to romp in, as we have now lots of room. Is there any chance of your coming north soon?

“I’ve been painting in oil since the Exhibition commenced, and intend to have one hundred and fifty things ready by the end of this year. This last week I have been

back to water-colours. I think it a good practice to take a turn at either as the notion may suit. I got a good thing this week; a view from the moors ten miles north of Stirling, with a drove road in the foreground.

"I wish the heather was in bloom. However, one can't have everything. With best wishes to all, I am, my dear Mac.,

"Yours very faithfully,

"SAM BOUGH."

CHAPTER XVIII.

1868.

ONE of the greatest, brightest, and most successful effects of sunlight ever produced by Bough was the large picture of "Borrowdale, Cumberland." The scene is laid near the Bowder Stone, and the outlook is in the direction of the Scawfell range of mountains, which blocks the head of one of the most charming valleys ever beheld by mortal man, or dreamt of outside of Paradise. Strong gleams of sunlight flit and fall upon the road and trees, and on the nearer and far distant chains of mountains. The Derwent stream—beautifully gradated—reflects strong lights as it ripples along its winding course and nears the pebbly foreground. If the picture fails to convey the idea of much subtlety, it certainly possesses a vast amount of what may be termed the witchery of natural beauty. Too much light, perhaps, falls on the immediate foreground to give perfect balance to the composition, but time may lend a friendly hand in toning down some slight incongruities. (Size, about 60 in. by 40 in. Signed, "Sam Bough," 1868).

When the picture was exhibited at the Scottish Academy, Bough put the very modest price of £150 upon it. Why this was done, I cannot say. Previously he had asked very much higher prices for inferior works in a similar style. The picture was purchased by Mr. Robert Clark, of Edinburgh, and before the close of the exhibition it could have been several times re-sold at a considerable advance. "Borrowdale" increased Bough's reputation materially, and the picture received wide popularity through the fine engraving of it in the *Art Journal*, by William Richardson,

who, by the way, had an ironical fling at the Scottish Academy by bestowing the full title of R.S.A. on Bough, of which at this time he was only an Associate. Bough painted several small water-colour drawings of the same subject, slightly varied in effect and composition, a most exquisite specimen of which was sold at Chapman's sale rooms in November, 1879.

In 1868 Bough made the tour of the Rhine, accompanied by his wife and some acquaintances. Scarcely any work was done. The great heat and general oppressiveness of the weather at the time rendered him almost useless for sketching purposes. The only picture of the journey of which I have any record is "A Swollen Torrent, Hartz Mountains," exhibited at the Scottish Academy the following year.

Bough was sadly disappointed in the Rhine. He returned home with the impression that its scenery had been as much overdone in prose as it had been oversung in verse. It was utter nonsense, he thought, to speak of "the pride of the German heart" in such rapturous flights as the following: "Of all the rivers of this beautiful earth, there is none so beautiful as the Rhine. Hardly a league of its course, from its cradle in the snowy Alps to its grave in the sands of Holland, boasts not of its peculiar charms."

It may be that this journey was made up of too many hasty glimpses, to allow him to enter into a full appreciation of its peculiar charms. Had he lingered longer in the Fatherland, he might have carried away more of the spirit of the scenes through which he passed. At all events, whether attributable to mere "John Bullishness" and native prejudice or not—he thought there were much finer combinations of river scenery in Great Britain, than anything he had seen on the Rhine; and, among others, instanced Clydesdale, and his own native Eden Valley. Driving with a relative, one day, in the neighbourhood of Wreay, Cumberland, between the sylvan hills and knolls of which the stream of the Petteril winds its way, and the Lake mountains peep up in the dim distance, he exclaimed: "You'll see nothing like this, Tom, in passing up and down the Rhine."

Bough was a great stickler for English landscape and

home scenery, and often remarked : “I wonder at folk going away so much on foreign travel in search of the picturesque, when we ourselves have such fine and varied scenery on every hand.” To a young artist, who sought his advice as to the best mode of studying, he gave the following curt and off-hand reply : “Why the devil don’t you get out into the green fields and woodlands, my lad, and study Nature for yourself, instead of poking and grubbing on so much within doors? There’s nothing like meeting Nature face to face.” Bough’s idea was that if young unfledged artists went direct to Nature, they would not only improve themselves in harmony and freshness of colour, but also in freedom and breadth of treatment.

Mr. David Fraser, of the Granite Marble Works, Aberdeen, to whom the following letter is addressed, has been described as a very jocular man, who was usually seen with a broad smile on his face. Bough and he were hail fellow, well met. There is a tradition of an incredible number of empty bottles being found under the table, after one of their late sittings.

“TO DAVID FRASER, Esq., Aberdeen.

“26th December, 1868.”

“MY DEAR FRASER,—Many thanks for your really kind letter, and the beautiful presents that you have made to my wife and myself. She begs me to return you her best thanks for the cross, and to say for her that she has no piece of finery that she values so highly. The Hogarth is a very fine addition to my library, and I prize it as a kind remembrance of yourself.

“But, my dear Fraser, you lay me under a load of obligation, that I don’t see any possible way of ridding myself of. Your kindness makes me feel uncomfortable, and I don’t know how I possibly can quit myself with you. I suppose the only thing I can do is to come over to Aberdeen, and sorn* on you till you’re tired of me. In the meantime, I must again say that I thank you very heartily.

* To Sorn—To obtrude one’s self on another for bed and board.—*Jameson*.

"This is always a very busy time with us in Edinboro'. There's more eating and drinking going on here, than's good for some of us; and I myself (having dined out twice this week, and had a big dinner at home yesterday) feel that I would very gladly live on the County allowance, as administered in Smith's Temperance Hotel, on the Calton Hill, for sixty days, than be in for any more feasting.

"The weather is sloppy and muzzy, and not particularly bright; but I manage to pull thro' a little work. I'm not well. A cold that I caught some time in the beginning of the season, still bothers me and keeps me miserable. I trust this will find you and your excellent wife and family all well, and wishing you and them a merry and happy season, and a good New Year when it comes, I remain your much oblig'd, and very faithfully,

"SAM BOUGH."

A journeyman picture frame-maker, whom Bough employed occasionally, came into his studio one day, with tears in his eyes, looking the very picture of misery.

"Holloa!" said Bough, "what's up now?"

"Oh! waes me!" exclaimed the man in a snivelling tone, "I've lost my wife, an' haena a shillin' i' the world to bury her wi'!"

Turning to Captain Lodder, Bough asked for the loan of a sovereign, which was handed to the man, who thanked the donor many times over for his generosity, and then took his departure.

Some time after this event Bough happened to drop upon the picture frame-maker accidentally, in Princes Street, walking arm-in-arm with the very woman he was supposed to have buried.

"Oh! what a joyful resurrection," exclaimed Bough, coming down upon the fellow's shoulder with a violent slap of the hand. "It's hardly likely I'll be troubled with any more of *your* confounded tricks!"

Many tales are afloat concerning various promises made and broken. Bough began this practice early in life, and continued it to the end of the chapter. These promises, sometimes foolishly made, were often more foolishly broken.

They are too numerous and flagrant to be defended or palliated. In this respect his memory might have been a pleasanter one in his native city. After promising publicly to paint a picture—a large one—of Carlisle, and present it to the citizens, he allowed year after year to elapse without even putting brush to canvas for such a purpose.

In the autumn of 1869 Bough attended the annual dinner of the Mayor and Corporation at King Garth, where his health was drunk with much enthusiasm. In responding, he said: "I am proud of being a native of Carlisle, and the little I have done in the branch of 'decorative upholstery' has been profitable to myself. Although the Corporation does not buy pictures, I hope to leave some memorial of what I can do as a 'decorator' to the Town Hall. I have had it in hands for a year or two, and it shall be completed."

And there the thing ended. Anomalies such as this take away half the charm which numerous substantial gifts to charitable objects have given to the artist's character.

Another illustration of the procrastinating spirit which sometimes beset Bough and enough has been said on the subject. A small early picture by him—a Study of a Rustic Mill—chanced to be put up for auction in the market-place one day when the artist was on a visit to Carlisle. Hearing of the sale, he went there, but arrived too late. On finding that the picture had been bought by Sam Slee, house painter, Bough went up to him, took it out of the man's hands in a casual way, and finally marched off with it under his own arm; not, however, without promising to give Mr. Slee a much better painting in exchange. Time passed without any recompense being made; and although Mr. Slee met the artist casually in the Carlisle wrestling ring more than once, and did not fail to remind him of the long-standing debt, the matter never reached any nearer stage to fulfilment than a number of other plausible promises!

About the year 1869, Bough prepared studies and finished pictures for a panorama of Scotland, for Mr. Duncan Maclaren, of St. Andrew's Hotel, Edinburgh. The sketches of the various scenes—no less than twenty-four in number—commenced with Edinburgh, the Trossachs, Pass of Glencoe, Carse of Gowrie, Glasgow, etc., concluding with the Brig o' Doon, in which was represented Tam o'

Shanter crossing the keystone of the bridge. The painting of the Panorama itself was entrusted to two scene painters, father and son, named Gordon, who worked out the designs from sketches furnished by Bough. The panorama was first exhibited in Edinburgh, and in the various towns of Scotland. It was then shown in many places in England, but failed to become a financial success.

After having undergone this amount of touring, Bough undertook to go over the whole canvas. In his labours he was assisted by David Duncan, who laid in the preparatory or "dead" colouring.

"I saw Bough paint some of the Scottish Panorama," wrote Captain Lodder, in answer to my enquiries. "The canvas was spread on the floor, and the artist had several buckets of coloured washes. He used brushes such as sailors have for tarring a ship's side, with handles about three feet long! The artist meanwhile walking over the canvas, and daubing away like a man white-washing a wall. But the effect when hung up was astonishing."

The "Carse of Gowrie" section represented, in a masterly manner, a look-out over forty miles or more of diversified country, the distance of which was very softly and beautifully handled. The two scene painters had taken a liberty with the composition of the piece by introducing a gipsy camp and its accompaniments into the foreground. This did not suit Bough at all, and in going over the canvas, he put in a couple of blackfaced sheep in place of the gipsy tent.

The series of finished drawings for the Scottish Panorama was sold in Edinburgh in the spring of 1870, by Mr. Thomas Chapman, auctioneer. During the sale the rooms were crowded, and the bidding for some of the lots was very spirited. The twenty-four drawings realised £383 5s.

Bough was anxious to become a member of the Old Water Colour Society, and for this purpose he submitted the requisite number of drawings to the council, as a test of his capabilities. But it was of no avail. Whether his free use of body colour, or his well-known Bohemian habits, had any bearing on his rejection, I cannot say. Be this as it may, the exclusion of a strong man like Bough from membership, was severely criticised in artistic circles; and, as time went on, it became glaringly apparent that the

wisdom of the society consisted in filling up its ranks with much weaker and more pliable men. There was, however, one warm friend in court, who wrote a sympathetic letter to Bough, not devoid of certain acrimonious reflections on the choice of his brother members. Feeling annoyed at the rejection of his drawings, Bough said if they had been sent to the Royal Academy he was sure they would have been accepted and hung. The Old Society of Water Colour Painters*—or at least certain members of that body—made some amends to the memory of Bough, in the spring of 1888, by exhibiting nineteen of his productions at the Loan Exhibition held in the Art Club, Pall Mall East. This Exhibition was chiefly made up of works by Bough, Pinwell, and Inchbold.

“To E. J. DUVAL, Esq., Artist.

“Chambers, 2 Hill Street, Edinburgh,

“10th May, 1869.

“MY DEAR NED,—I have been working at your drawings, and have nearly finished with them. I hope to pack them up by the end of this week. I have two drawings from Glasgow, and three out of this Exhibition to dispose of. I wish you could run down for a day or so, and we might do some business.

“I am glad to hear of the Governour's and your success in the Royal Academy. I did not send, and from what I hear I'm right glad. I tried on the Old Water Colour Society, but it was no go. Will you make enquiry, and let me know if you think I have any chance there?

“I hope you are all well. With kind remembrances to all, believe me, my dear Ned, to be, very faithfully yours,

“SAM BOUGH.”

Both Mr. E. J. Duval and his father had pictures hung in the Royal Academy, as mentioned in the above letter.

When an opportunity occurred of spending a day with the Carlisle Otter Hounds, Bough was never loth to embrace it. On one occasion the meeting was on the river Esk, the

* Now the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

border stream crossed by "young Lochinvar," which empties itself into the Solway Firth. Bough left Carlisle with the morning train, in company with Roger Bewsher and others. Reaching Longtown station he was lost to sight for some time, and Mr. Bewsher was wondering what had become of him, when, on looking round—lo and behold!—who should be seen but Bough stalking after them, with nothing on save waistcoat, drawers, stockings and boots! In the train Bough had pronounced the day to be so hot, that he would strip off some of his clothes at the railway station, and not suffer as he had done on a previous occasion. The artist was in purgatory when any restraint was put upon him. He would rather have gone half-naked at any time, than have been subjected to the least thralldom. At Canonbie, while some of the hunters were sitting resting on the bridge, a number of school children—boys and girls—gathered about them, mistaking the company for showmen; and Bough harangued the children in his supposed capacity, giving out that the performance would "commence at three o'clock precisely—admission, one penny!"

After returning from Cumberland to Edinburgh, Bough was wont to talk so much about otter-hunting and wrestling feats to his friends, that some of them got the impression that Cumbrians were made up of two classes only—otter-hunters and athletes.

Bough's abruptness of manner and decision with certain buyers who gave him more trouble than he cared for, is illustrated by the following incident. A picture dealer from the West was announced, who had called previously when the artist was out, and had left his plaid and stick. "Tell him I won't see him, nor any varmint like him," shouted Bough, loud enough to be heard by the visitor. "Show him to the door, and throw his damned stick and plaid after him!"



This sketch and accu-
rate likeness of your
officer shows the method
of wearing the said
bag and fanny
I should have anticipated
that it will
match with the
knapsack I have
like it however
anything will
do

Mr Sam Baugh with his doggies
this will give you a notion of how
the bag is worn and the style of man
this for-

ask MacMillan if he could do
anything with such a body as the
above effects represent because he
can his welcome to try

CHAPTER XIX.

DOGS AND CATS.

BOUGH showed much partiality for bulldogs. Hogarth, whom he venerated both as man and artist, had not a greater liking for these dumb animals. "Spring," a bull-terrier, had large brown eyes, which displayed much intelligence, and was of a light fawn colour, with black muzzle. This dog was bred by the Duke of Hamilton, and afterwards belonged to one Frame, a saddler. It became a great favourite with Bough for several years, and was his constant companion. "Spring" died in the hands of Gamgee, the veterinary professor. A picture of the dead dog was painted for Bough by Clark Stanton.

After "Spring" had passed away, another dog reigned in its stead. This was "Madame Sacchi," named after a celebrated dancer. "Sacchi" was a small-sized, pure bred, white bull-bitch, with brown patch on one side of the head. It had a grand massive chest, and all the leading characteristics of its race, and was by far the most noted of all the artist's dogs. It was bred at Bilston, in Staffordshire, and had the misfortune to lose one of its eyes in a fight with a cat, when young. Bough told Thomas Fairbairn, the artist, that he bought "Sacchi" with a grand pedigree, and had to pay handsomely for the bargain.

Through the reserved nature and seeming timidity evinced by the dog at first, Bough lost confidence in it, and began to think it "wasn't game." One day, however, in going through the streets of Edinburgh, it was set upon by a

large dog belonging to a jeweller. In the excitement of the first attack, "Sacchi" ran between its master's legs, and seemed to lose heart. But a few words of encouragement being given, it flew at its opponent, seized it by the throat, and held on, true to its instinct, until the big dog showed signs of having received enough punishment. After this feat, Bough was quite satisfied as to the "gameness" of his new purchase.

The gentlest and kindest of dogs, "Sacchi's" playful snort acted as a terror to timid people; while its deep growl was significant of danger even to the most courageous of those who came in daily contact with it. "Sacchi" was in the artist's possession for about ten years, and grew to be a dog of much knowledge and sagacity. If anyone chanced to be sitting in its master's chair on his return of an evening, "Sacchi" at once leaped up at the back of the chair, and kept edging round and working its nose in here, there, and everywhere in the most discomforting fashion, until the intruder was fairly ousted.

The dog, moreover, became very staid and regular in its habits; certainly much more so than its master could make any pretensions to be. If Bough happened to dine out, and was later than usual in returning home, it is said that "Sacchi" would scarcely deign to notice him on the following morning, and persistently refused to accompany him either to his studio or anywhere else for the time being. When under this spell, the utmost that much coaxing could extract from the dog was a listless wag or two of the tail, not the least effort to follow being discernible.

Soon after Bough had become the owner of "Sacchi," an intimate friend of his strolled into his studio. By way of introducing his new purchase to notice, the artist called out, "Sacchi, get up here—that's a good dog—and give the gentleman a kiss." Doing as it was bid, the dog leaped on the table, and fawningly lapped the cheek of Bough's friend with its tongue. Although dog and man became good friends from that day forward, the latter declared he never forgot the moment that the ungainly brute stood slobbering against his face, with its ugly mouth and dangerous looking teeth.

"Sacchi" was painted by its master several times; and



MADAME SACCHI.

yet, much as he loved the dog, he failed signally in leaving anything like a satisfactory representation of it. One of the best of his attempts represents the interior of a butcher's shop, in which the dog, with a piece of meat in its mouth, casts threatening looks towards where some intruder is supposed to be approaching. This drawing—signed and dated 1864—strikes one as being coarse and vulgar from the extreme literalness of its treatment; nevertheless, the handling is as bold and vigorous as anything from the pencil of Hogarth. Bough managed to introduce "Sacchi" much more artistically into his pictures of landscape and seaside scenery. This mode of representing the dog he used to call his trade mark.

James Cassie, R.S.A., painted a clever little picture of "Sacchi," dated 1864. This favourite dog died at Jordan Bank, and its dead carcase was handed over to Professor Turner. Its skeleton is preserved in the Anatomical Museum, Edinburgh, as a fine type of the pure English bulldog. When "Sacchi" died, Bough was sketching on the Fife coast in company with John Nesbit. On his return, a tiny prick-eared terrier, known as "Dark Sperrit," sat upon an ottoman, and in whining tones did its best to tell him of the sad loss the house had sustained by the death of poor "Sacchi." Who saith a dog cannot feel?

At one time or another, Bough was partial to Newfoundlands, Skye terriers, Dandie Dinmonts, Italian greyhounds, and other breeds of dogs. He was also very fond of cats. A big black one especially—bought by his sister Ann for a penny from some boys in Glasgow—was much petted at table, and had the run of the house. This cat suddenly disappeared, and its loss was mourned many days. A handsome reward was offered for its recovery, and for months after the event, Bough could not resist running after every sable-coated tabby he saw, calling out in a coaxing way, "Bung! Bung! poor Bung!"

There was still another "Bung," of a later generation, and the last of its name. This cat lived to a great age—something like seventeen years. When getting old and grey, it became subject to frequent fits of sulky peevishness, and used sometimes to poke its claws from under the table unceremoniously into "Sacchi's" face, and, at other times,

into its blind eye. Through a long course of luxurious living, this cat became very choice in its dietary, and, being fed mostly on cream, remained very fat and sleek of coat till the day of its death.

Not infrequently Bough shewed indifferently at the various annual exhibitions. During his best period, his pictures were sold off without thought or care for the emergencies of the morrow; with the result that when the time for "sending in" approached, he often had to run about borrowing odd canvases from such purchasers as happened to be at hand. As a rule special commissions were difficult to obtain from him. At times such pictures were allowed to remain in an unprogressive state for years. Anyone who chanced to be in his studio at the moment he put the finishing touches to one of his pictures had by far the best chance of carrying it away with him.

Had Bough possessed as much critical acumen as another Cumberland artist (Musgrave Watson, the sculptor), and passed his works through as severe an ordeal as Watson is said to have done, the number of them, I conceive, would have been materially lessened.

Scarcely an Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy was opened to which he did not send some pictures far below the average, and quite unworthy of his handicraft.* Take that of 1871 as a specimen. A small oil painting, for example, attracted attention, because from certain indications of style and brushwork, it struck one as being the work of Bough. What does it represent? A rude weather-beaten cottage or two, roofed with ugly red tiles—a few imperfectly defined figures of seafaring men—and some scattered dabs of light paint, which, at first glance, are mistaken for sheep. A dull day, with no visible reflections on land, or water, or sky! Truly, a dismal mass of raw colour—an unpaintable effect, revealing some affinity to the emotional landscape of the modern French school—entitled, "Canty Bay: Fishermen playing at Ninepins." Size, some twelve inches by eight. Price, twenty-five guineas.

Bough's largest canvas, in the same exhibition—"Iona"—

*I do not mean to insinuate here that Bough was a greater sinner in this respect than some of his brethren. Unfortunately the same remarks apply to many popular artists of all times and in all countries.

was very carefully painted; a cloudless blue sky imparting a foreign looking aspect to the scene. This picture was a good deal praised by certain critics at the time, and no doubt it was a very difficult subject to handle. But it failed to impress my mind as did "Saint John's Vale, Cumberland." In the latter, one saw a gloriously sunny sky, a fine aerial effect among the mountains and in the middle distance—everything showing the hand of a master, until one came to the foreground, part of which was painted in staring white colour, without rut or cart-wheel mark or shadow of any kind to break the unseemly monotony of the dusty white road.*

"Any fool can paint a foreground," was an expression often on Bough's lips, but not a satisfactory explanation for leaving the foregrounds of many early and meritorious pictures in the crude state, which was too often his custom.

About this period the eternal man and dog and flock of sheep began to trouble the minds of some of the more exacting critics. These indications of pastoral life appear in several of Bough's pictures, both in oil and water colour—in "Borrowdale," "Saint John's Vale," "Sty Head Pass," "Near Stirling," etc. Sometimes they face the spectator, sometimes they recede from him, and sometimes they move across the scene; but in almost all instances there is some trifling thing or other to remind the on-looker of what had gone before. He was also said at one time to have a "stock" cow—a dun one, I believe—which figures in some of his compositions; but this particular cow has not come under my notice with any frequency.

It must not be understood from these remarks, that the knack of merely turning over old materials was peculiar to Bough. All artists are given, in a greater or less degree, to the sin of repeating themselves. David Cox's stock figures of man on horseback and old woman in duffle-grey or red cloak, for example, far out-number anything that Bough has to answer for on this score.

A member of the press for one of the most influential

* Bough must have worked upon the foreground of this picture when it was returned to his studio from the Scottish Academy. The effect of the dusty white road was all that could be desired when exhibited at the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1888.

journals in the north, called upon Bough before the annual Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, with the avowed object of seeing any pictures which might be ready or in a forward state of progress. Not caring to humour the man, through some momentary pique or other, Bough put his principal picture out of sight, and with a very serious look upon his face, said to the scribe:—

“I’ll not show you my largest picture this year—‘The Destruction of the Cities of the Plain’—as Dr. Guthrie may be writing a criticism upon it.”

This remark finished the interview, and the representative of the press went about his business. But no sooner was the door shut, than Captain Lodder smiled and said :

“You managed to keep your face wonderfully straight during the interview.”

“Yes,” replied Bough, “didn’t you see I was hoaxing the fellow all the time.”

The bait took better than he anticipated, for a day or two after out came the journal in question, with the announcement that Bough’s principal picture would be a Scriptural one, and that Dr. Guthrie was going to write a criticism upon it!

The next letter, which is not dated, refers to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and was probably written in the spring of 1871 or 1872. Bough says that he hears that Sir John Millais has promised to look after his interests as an exhibitor.

“To DAVID MACBEATH, Esq., Old Charlton, Kent.

“Saturday Morning.

“MY DEAR MACBEATH,—The wines, both sherry and fizz, arrived all safe. I will keep your little commission in mind, and hope to be in London by the end of the month, that is, if I get notice to come up to the varnishing day.

“I hear that Millais has promised to look after me, and see that I get justice, which may mean, hung as high as Haman. Willis’s picture turned out uncommon well with the week’s work I gave it. A good pen’orth he gets in it. I could have sold it easily for £200, again and again.

"I hope Mrs. Mac. and the lasses are all well. Tell them that it's my delight to think of them all both day and night. And with all good wishes, believe me, dear Macbeath,

"Yours faithfully,

"SAM BOUGH."

The letter which follows refers to the death of Bough's nephew, an exceedingly tall young man, some six feet six inches in height, in whose education and general welfare the artist took much interest.

"To Mrs. BOUGH, Harraby Hill, Carlisle,

"26th Decr., '71.

"MY DEAR MARY,—I have the sad news of poor Jack's death this morning from Mr. Sewell, who writes me, enclosing your letter. I pray God may give you strength to bear this heavy load now put on you. I will say as little as I can about ourselves. Nan and Bella were both very sad when I left them this morning.

"I am now very busy with some work I have on hand, or I would have come over. But you must write and tell me on which day this week the funeral will take place, and I will come to it. I enclose you a cheque for ten pounds, which you will get cash'd in Carlisle, and with the money you must pay such necessary funeral expenses as will have to be incurred.

"I hope your father and sisters and brother are keeping up. Write to me by return of post.

"Yours affectionately,

"SAM BOUGH."

Bough was now fifty years old, and about this period his work began to rise rapidly in value. No doubt it would have done so earlier had he only made preparations to harvest his labours properly, and not had to sell off his pictures on the spur of the moment in order to meet the never ceasing strain caused by careless expenditure. "About five or six years before his death," says Captain Lodder, "I

bought half-imperial drawings at fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five pounds each. The last price I paid was thirty pounds, when I was obliged to stop buying on account of the rise in price. These drawings I have often seen him commence in his studio and finish the same day—say, in six hours.”

A large drawing, entitled: “Crossing the Moor,” represents a wild, windy moorland scene, with rough moving clouds overhead. Glimpses of sunshine flit here and there, and the view is shut out by brownish hills, relapsing into a deep purple cast. A man is engaged driving sheep, and a woman closely wrapped in a shawl rides on horseback near him. The storm rages with so much violence that everything is agitated by its force. The man holds his hat with his hand, and his plaid flies loosely in the air; the woman and horse are literally at a standstill until the gust of wind has spent its fury; and the dog’s ears and tail are seen to be moved by its strength in a comical fashion.

Great power and vigour characterize this fine drawing, which has been dashed off upon very rough paper. Body colour has been freely dragged over the foreground, with good effect, only catching some of the higher parts of the paper in the mountain pathway. The drawing measures 26 ins. by 18 in., and is dated, I think, 1872.

“Kirkwall Harbour” is a picture of this period, fine in composition and of considerable power. The harbour fills the foreground, and presents an animated scene. The various craft display clever grouping, and the foremost vessel—with flag flying, and canvas half unfurled—is worthy of some little study. An old tug throws up steam from its funnel, and several boats crowded with rough seafaring men, are being pulled through the strongly reflected waters of the harbour. The cathedral is seen rising in the centre, overtopping two or three rows of gloomy looking warehouses in front. A scattered sky of fine gradations adds much to the successful rendering of this grey toned and important picture. Size, 54 ins. by 43 ins. Inscribed, “Kirkwall Harbour. Sam Bough, 1872.” The picture has been varnished with a thin coat of varnish. Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1876, where it was very badly placed, being hung far too high.

Bough was at Windsor in 1872, in company with some

old Carlisle friends. On being shown round the Royal rooms for equestrian exercises, the man who acted as guide took them to the place where Her Majesty usually mounted her steed.

"Do you give her any assistance?" asked Bough.

"Oh, yes, I generally assist her to mount," replied the man, at the same time giving an illustration of the *modus operandi*.

"What! Am I to understand that Her Majesty actually springs from the palm of your hand?"

"Yes, of course she does," responded the man.

"Then," exclaimed Bough, with mock enthusiasm, "before I depart hence, let me shake that *honoured* hand!"

In August, 1872, Henry James Holding, landscape painter, of Manchester, died in Paris, of consumption, at the early age of thirty-nine. Being left in somewhat straitened circumstances, much sympathy was felt for his widow and children in artistic circles: and among others, pictures and sketches were painted and presented by Frederick Shields, Ford Maddox Brown, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, J. D. Watson, P. Boyce, William Percy, and Thomas Armstrong. Mr. Percy wrote to Bough on the subject, and with what success the following letters will testify.

"Edinburgh, Saturday, 30th Nov. '72.

"MY DEAR PERCY,—I once met poor Mr. Holding, and am sorry to know that his family are ill off. I will send a drawing to help, either next week or before Christmas; but I should like to feel sure that the drawing would go the right way.

"I once before sent some drawings to Manchester, for the benefit of an artist's widow, and the gent I consigned them to stuck to them, and liberally handed over to the poor lady a five pun' note. Say, must I send the drawing to you? There's one of the committee I wouldn't trust as far as I could throw a bull by the tail!

"I am pleased to hear from you, for I still remember old and pleasant times; but I seem to have drop'd out of my old Manchester connection altogether. Poor old Duval is

gone! But I see my gifted friend Mitchell is still forward; and has taken another to his Harem, the blessed old Turk.

"Is there any chance of your coming north? I should be very glad to see you. I enclose you my effigy.* With all good wishes to you and yours.

"I am, my dear Percy, yours faithfully,

"SAM BOUGH."

"2 Hill Street, Edina,

"Tuesday, Decr., 1872.

"MY DEAR PERCY,—I have sent off this afternoon, addressed Brazenose Street, the drawing for Mr. Holding's family. I don't put any price upon it, but it should fetch twenty guineas, as I have sometimes seen drawings of mine, of that size, bring at auctions.

"The inscription on the dexter corner of the drawing is not intended for any of the committee; but if I had put it on some drawings I once sent to a friend to be sold for the benefit of poor George Anthony, his wife and family would have been none the worse. And should you see a gent from Oldham, which his name it is——, call his attention to the said inscription.

"I wish you would come down here for a few days, I would be really glad to see you. Generally I look upon artists as dirt, but I have in your case, dear Percy, made an exception, which I hope you'll appreciate. Give my remembrances to the Gifted One.

"Yours faithfully,

"SAM BOUGH."

Bough wrote at the bottom of the drawing sent, "Painted for the benefit of the Widow and Children of the late H. J. Holding." The drawing was purchased by Mr. Frank Hampson, solicitor, and in place of bringing twenty pounds, as the artist supposed it might do, it realised thirty-five pounds—a handsome contribution, indeed, towards the object in view.

While staying at Old Charlton in Kent, Bough and his

* A Photograph of Bough.

host, Mr. Macbeath, walked to Shooter’s Hill, on the look out for a subject. Taking his sketch book and pencil, the artist ran in a hasty outline of the leading points of the vast scene which lay before him; then made a few loose jottings; and from this meagre amount of material, sprang the large picture of “London from Shooter’s Hill,” exhibited at the Scottish Academy of 1872, and at the Royal Academy two years later. The effect is that of a cloudy sky, and yet a thundery atmosphere hangs about it. A baggage waggon passes along. Soldiers, dusty and travel-worn, guard the waggon as it wends its way slowly towards the great city. Numbers of onlookers gather in front of a public house. Near the park gates the artist has introduced his wife and niece, with their favourite dogs. A soldier in the rear stoops to fasten his boot-lace; and on the opposite bank a gaudily dressed female sits looking at him. (Size, 72 in. by 44 in.)

Another work of the year 1872 was “Ullswater from Pooley Bridge,” painted under an effect of a bright sunny sky, and soft blue mountains. A foreground rich in colour has been very minutely worked out, and the glints of light which fall upon a bed of dockens evince a witchery of treatment rarely attained by any artist’s brush. A group of cattle knee deep in the water is particularly well drawn and vigorously painted. There is perhaps too much glitter about the picture, and the general tone may be said to be bright almost to oppressiveness. Exhibited at the Scottish Academy in 1878. (Size, 54 in. by 37½ in.)

A large oil painting, called “Whitehaven—Sunrise,” originally painted for twenty pounds, was sold at Dowell’s rooms in 1873 for £200. This picture is full of shipping, horses and carts, figures, etc. The subject is a good deal generalized, and Bough once said it might stand for almost any seaport in the kingdom.

Bough produced a very masterly half-imperial drawing, in black and white, representing “Tam o’ Shanter” endeavouring to gain the keystone of the bridge, with the witches in close pursuit. This drawing seems to have been worked out more for his own delight than with any thought of laboured composition. The effect is one of lightning. Strong reflected lights fall on the bridge and

the running stream. The drawing was sent as a marriage present to Aberdeen, and bears the following inscription: "Sam Bough to Mrs. Fraser, 14th March, '73."

"To JOHN FRASER, Esq., Broadford Cottage, Aberdeen.

"2 Hill Street, Edinburgh,

"March 11th, 1873.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I am really sorry my engagements will not allow my being in Aberdeen to see you 'worked off.' I assure you it is a great distress to me; but I am so hard push'd with my London picture that I can't possibly get away. I have sent you a little drawing to hang up as a memento of my good wishes to you. Pray make my most respectful compliments to your intended, whose acquaintance I hope soon to make; and with all good wishes for your happiness, I am, dear John,

"Yours faithfully,

"SAM BOUGH."

"To DAVID FRASER, Esq., Aberdeen.

"Auchintoul, 30th July, 1873.

"MY DEAR DAVIE,—I have been here in the North fishing and sketching for the last few weeks. As I am going to London, I shall be in Aberdeen on Friday, and I want much to see you as I pass thro'. I took the liberty of getting my letters sent to your care, that is, if any should come to Edinburgh for me.

"I hope that you are all well, and with kind wishes to all, I am, my dear Davie,

"Yours very faithfully,

"SAM BOUGH."

"To JOHN FRASER, Esq., Aberdeen.

"2 Hill Street, Edinbro',

"24th August.

"MY DEAR JOHNNY,—I received your kind letter, with the draft for £10, the price of the Iona drawing, for which many thanks.

"I would have been in Aberdeen, but I put off and lost so much time in London, that I found I had to pitch into my work here whenever I got home. I am now as busy as I can be, but hope in a fortnight or so to be able to visit Aberdeen. I had a kind letter from your father, which I should have answered, but I could not at that time make up my mind as to which way I should turn.

"Bella told me this morning that she had written to your mother. Pray give my kind regards to her, and with remembrance to your sister and father, I am, my dear Johnny,

"Yours faithfully,

"SAM BOUGH."

CHAPTER XX.

LATER YEARS.

IN the centre of Bough's studio in Hill Street stood a dingy-looking stove on the top of which a row of "cutty" pipes was generally to be seen, set out to dry or bake for future use. Sketches and scraps of sketches were littered everywhere, and not infrequently dust and confusion reigned supreme. Altogether, the untidiness of the place conveyed to the mind the impression that the owner of the room was anything but a man of orderliness and discipline.

The artist's pencil was rarely out of his hand. If he chanced to see two dogs fighting in the street; or a man struggling along the road under the influence of drink; or a picturesque fish-wife toiling with her heavy creel; or a grimy-faced collier with his back to the wall smoking his pipe—down they went into his sketch-book for future use. His mode of painting was extremely rapid; and it was very interesting to an intelligent frequenter of his studio to see a work grow under his hand, from the hastily and often indefinitely sketched outline—through a stage of floating colours and confusion—to the last finishing touch of the brush.

As Bough moved about different parts of the country on sketching excursions, he was fond of cultivating acquaintances, and it has fallen to the lot of few men to be at once so widely and familiarly known. Brimful of animation, "chaff" and fun, all sorts and conditions of people seemed to find their way to his studio. Actors, literary men, dignitaries of the church, prize-fighters, soldiers and sailors, tinkers and tailors—a motley crew, indeed!

Election time, "Winter or Stand"

Feb'y, 1874

Charles

Sam Boyl



Madame Titiens, the great operatic singer, did not think it beneath her dignity to honour with a visit a man of such wild Bohemian proclivities. Charles Matthews, J. L. Toole, Charles Wyndham, and other theatrical notables, rarely missed an opportunity of looking in upon him to crack a joke, smoke a pipe, or drink a glass of grog. A close intimacy sprang up between Bough and Joseph Jefferson, the American actor, whose impersonation of "Rip Van Winkle" charmed so many hundreds of thousands on this side of the Atlantic. When in Edinburgh, Jefferson stayed at no great distance from Jordan Bank, and Bough drew a small sketch for an album belonging to a daughter of the actor.

On one occasion when Charles Matthews was in Bough's studio, Captain Lodder said to him :

"Do you do anything in the artistic line, Mr. Matthews?"

"Yes," interposed Bough, "his father taught him how to draw houses."

At another time, some one took Jem Mace, the pugilist, to the studio, when it was half full of visitors. Although only an accidental call, the prize-fighter was made as welcome as if he had been an *habitué*. Standing near Captain Lodder, Mace gave that gentleman's elbow a nudge, and pointing to some pictures scattered about the room, enquired :

"Did *he* do these things?"

Captain Lodder nodded assent to this question.

"Deuced clever fellow!" ejaculated Mace, venturing a random shot.

Dr. John Brown, the author of *Rab and his Friends*, was also a frequenter of the studio; and among other men more or less connected with literature, Bough enjoyed the friendship of John Hill Burton, Gordon Cumming the lion hunter, and Alexander Russell of the *Scotsman*.

Bishop Forbes, of Brechin, often sat in the studio for hours together, listening with interest to Bough's vigorous descriptions of men and manners; and Bough, in return, was an occasional caller at the prelate's house in Edinburgh. Speaking of the artist, the Bishop once remarked to a mutual friend—"A very clever man, and, at times, a very *irreverent* one, too."

Bough used to tell with much glee the following "tall"

story of a queer mad prank played in London. Happening one night to dine with a friend, in a moment of post-prandial exuberance it was agreed—with acclamation, we may be sure—that they should both attend a masquerade ball at Vauxhall Gardens. They adjourned forthwith to Nathan's—a dealer in costumes suitable for such occasions—where Bough chose an Inquisitor's black dress, very tight-fitting, and all ablaze with devices of innumerable little devils, enveloped in flames. Inspired by the grotesqueness of his costume, he conceived the idea that, with the addition of a tail, it might be made to serve him for a passable representation of his Satanic Majesty in person. Nathan was again immediately put under contribution; but being unable to furnish a suitable appendage at the moment, the two friends strolled out arm-in-arm, and bought a particularly large specimen of the *genus* eel—very full of life and vivacity.

Arrived at the ball, Bough's appearance created no small sensation among the masqueraders. The suggestion of fire and brimstone about his costume, no less than the movements of the unwilling eel—now struggling frantically to be free, now coiling itself round his body or twisting about his legs—soon made him the centre of a large crowd. Needless to say, Bough bore himself with an effrontery at least equal to the occasion, and

“ . . . Switched his long tail
As a gentleman switches his cane”—

with an air the devil himself might have envied!

A gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion, indeed, so far abandoned himself to the curiosity of the moment, that he cast all business instincts and traditions to the wind, and whispered eagerly in Bough's ear, “If you vill only give me that vunderful tail of yours, I vill give you von guinea!”

As time passed, however, the eel stiffened and began to show signs of exhaustion, whereupon Bough backed up to the edge of a fountain, immersed the animal in water, and waited patiently till it recovered its original vigour and freshness, after which the performance was resumed *con amore!*

Deponent hath it that the fun lasted till four o'clock in

the morning, when the two friends took their departure, and returned to their lodgings, "Where," said Bough, a grim smile stealing over his features, "we finished up the night's spree, by eating to an early breakfast what had served the night before as an admirable make-shift for the devil's own tail!"

When in London, Bough was a frequent visitor at his friend's house at Old Charlton, where he never failed to enjoy himself. One day—leaving Mrs. Bough behind—he went with one of the Misses Macbeath to see the Painted Hall at Greenwich, and being in freakish spirits, every wayside incident became food for jesting with him. Passing by a cottage, for instance, an old dame cried after them:

"Tea and shrimps, only sevenpence!"

"Oh! my good woman," retorted Bough, "we're newly married, and at this moment our thoughts are of too serious a nature to think of anything so gross as tea and shrimps."

In this nonsensical strain Bough kept the ball rolling all day long, till their return to Old Charlton and the partner of his choice brought his fooling abruptly to an end.

A long narrow drawing was sent to the Scottish Academy in 1874, called "On the Thames: Thunderstorm clearing off." A faint effect of lightning—a last effort, as it were—reveals itself near the massive church tower on the left. The sky, which is breaking up from darkness into light, casts lurid reflections upon two horses standing near the principal barge. The subject is one such as Peter De Wint might have chosen; and yet the skill and general truthfulness of that artist rarely, if ever, went beyond it. So far as depth of tone and richness of colour are concerned, I have seen nothing like it by De Wint. Bough was very unwilling to part with this drawing, which hung in his studio much longer than usual. He painted it upon two pieces of paper carefully joined together. Signed, with lead pencil only, "Sam Bough, 1873." (Size, 19 in. by 7 in.)

Bough made two, if not three, pilgrimages to Holland, not so much for sketching purposes, perhaps, as to familiarise himself with its people, its scenery, and its pictures. Next to his own country, Holland undoubtedly possessed the greatest charm for him. He was forcibly struck with the resemblance things bore to what the paintings of the Dutch

School had made him familiar with—the people, the houses, the windmills and canals, the stunted trees, the long stretches of flat landscape—all were as depicted in the canvases of Van Ostade, Teniers, Wouvermans, Cuyp, and Wynants.

One result of these visits was "The Boompjes, Rotterdam—Sunset," half imperial, dated 1870, a fine grey hazy effect. This drawing was sold at Chapman's rooms, nine or ten years after it was painted, for ninety guineas.

The last journey Bough made to Holland was in company with his niece and Mr. Thomas Chapman, Junr. They went by steamer from Leith. Bough wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, and he treated his travelling companions as if they were his children, entering the names of the party in the various visitors' books as "Sam Bough and family." The Rubens festival at Antwerp was missed by a day—an almost unpardonable omission one thinks, for an artist to make. In Holland, the name of Franz Hals was often on his lips. His works made a deep impression on Bough's mind, and seemed to haunt him at every turn. Never forgetting an acquaintance once made, Bough put his head in at a certain place, and asked, "Is Madame Frau still living?" "No," was the reply, "she's been dead these twenty years!"

"To DAVID MACBEATH, Esq., Old Charlton, Kent.

"MY DEAR MAC,—I want to tell you that Sam Barlow of Middleton is selling his pictures at Christie and Manson's, and that there are eight of my drawings in the lot. I hope you'll not miss the chance of picking up a pennorth.

"By the way, I've just parted with Major Allison, who wants to dine with you on Friday, and if so I'll make one.

"Will you kindly send another can of the Fizz? It's done the old woman so much good that she must have some more of it.—Yours,

"SAM BOUGH."

“To DAVID MACBEATH, Esq., Old Charlton, Kent.

“21st Feby., 1876.

“MY DEAR MACBEATH,—I have your letter, and am sorry to hear that you are laid up; but the weather has been really awful. I have a cold myself, and the Missus hasn't been out of the house for a fortnight. Poor Nan is in Cumberland. She had, in November, an attack of whooping cough, and she isn't better of it yet. Our cousins were up seeing us at the New Year, and Mrs. Bough thought it might do Nan good—a change of air—so they took her away with them.

“The painting by Good, Dowell wrote you about, was the one which Good gave Jimmy Robertson, the S.S.C. It was a large picture, and contained four figures—an old fisherman sitting on the beach asleep, two girls, and a boy; the boy trying the old man's gin bottle. It was very fine, and only brought £27 6s. I wish I'd been there to have had it.

“Logan's theatre will do, I think. At all events he's made a fine start. It was really sad the loss of the Tomsons. I believe that dam'd fine bargain of a house did for them. It's kill'd two of its former proprietors. When you come to Edinburgh, you'll have me and Logan. I saw Wilkie the other day, and he was looking jolly. You should go if you could. Will you kindly remember me to the old General when you see him? I'm glad to hear of Mrs. Annie's happy deliverance. Bella's picture is very fine, and Fred is going to engrave it. I won't be able to come up to London till May, when I hope to see the Derby run.

“With kind regards and remembrances to Mrs. Macbeath and Miss Nelly, I am, as ever, yours,

“SAM BOUGH.”

Mr. W. H. Logan writing from Edinburgh, to Mr. David Macbeath, gives the following description of Bough, as he saw him in August, 1876:

“Sam Bough I have frequently seen of late parading

Princes Street, with an immense straw hat, suggestive of Obi or Three Fingered Jack. On the day on which the inauguration of the Livingstone statue took place last week, Howard and Saber met him, as usual, in Princes Street, in his eccentric costume; and they were in the act of conversing with him, when he espied a swellishly dressed gentleman passing, accompanied by a lady. With the utmost nonchalance, Bough stopped them, and taking the swell by a button of his coat said, 'What 'ill ye tak to let me pent you? I could make money out of you, I know I could!' It is needless to say that the swell was indignant. Meanwhile, Howard and Saber brushed past lest a scene should ensue."

Among the pictures of this period is a large one of "Peel Harbour," dated 1875, in which the intensity of a cold grey day and a cloudless grey sky are expressed with much sustained power and subtlety. A storm passes over the scene. The sea is agitated. White foam beats up against the castle mound. The wind sweeps with all the force of a hurricane, and the sky thickens and gathers in the density of atmospheric effect. A ship is struggling for the harbour. One side of the pier is crowded with a group of passengers or onlookers, and a few seamen have collected a little more to the left. The watery reflections on the pier are very finely conceived. The artist himself, protected by overcoat and slouched hat, stands near the front, with arms folded and left foot outstretched defiantly against the storm. His white bull dog crouches from the biting wind close by, with nose cocked up, and tail between its legs, looking uncommonly much as if it were in a "funk." Size about 60 in. by 40 in.

"Holy Island Sands" represents about a dozen passengers crossing the sands on a gusty day, guided by a line of long upright poles. Sunshine and storm are struggling for mastery, in a strongly painted grey sky, in which a large, formal, stunted black cloud is hitched in to do service, somewhat after the style of that in the Cellardyke drawing. Strong gleams of light fall here and there on the expanse of cold sand, which is further broken up by the reflection cast by the horses and wayfarers, who are

making the best headway they can against the unfavourable elements. A clever drawing, with the drawback that it repeats in some degree the scene on the Solway etched by Lowenstam. Signed “Sam Bough, 1876.” (Size, 21 in. by 14½ in.) The property of Mr. Mc.Dougal of Dalhousie Castle.

Throughout Bough’s career, but more particularly towards the latter part, he struck a distinct vein, which may not inaptly be termed Bewickian. To these subjects he imparted all the intensity of feeling, pathos, humour, and grotesqueness, which distinguish the choicest vignettes of Thomas Bewick. “The Horse Fair,” “Coach leaving Knowsley,” “Kirkwall Fair,” “Billingsgate,” “Portobello Sands,” “Geese,” and “Shelter” (a sketch), are a few which occur to memory. No man had a keener eye for the ludicrous in Nature; and had he been spared longer, the probability is that we should have had many more works of a kindred character from his brush. Whatever his hand found to do in connection with his art, he did with all his might. His genius ripened and expanded after many laborious years.

The scene of “The Horse Fair” is laid among a few weather-beaten, gable-ended houses—probably a vague recollection of the Grassmarket, Edinburgh—with a small antique market cross placed in front of them. Two sorry-looking white hacks catch the eye of the spectator, and come most prominently to the fore. From the manner of treatment adopted, the picture is not a taking one to those who like to be tickled by a *pleasing* subject: and few men but Bough would have ventured upon such a dangerous mode of arranging the materials he had at command. One of the horses, held by a halter, the owner is in the attitude of striking with a stick, and it is rearing up. The other hangs its head and cocks its tail, seemingly weary of life, looking as if there was no spirit left in its stiff, crooked legs, or its emaciated body. It is just such an animal as Bewick or some of the Dutch masters would have delighted to draw. Bough prided himself a good deal on the way in which he had caught the attitude of the old worn out hack. Sundry dogs, gathered together on the right hand side, are holding a canine confab, among which “Madame Sacchi” appears,

and another dog—"Little Midge"—is seen running across the pavement to join them.

Strongly painted, "The Horse Fair" is rich and luminous in colour. There is no flood of rain, or hail, or snow; no straining after big things. A definite effect has been aimed at, and is obtained by quiet, natural treatment. The day is a November or February day of slight drizzling rain or sleet. The glinting watery reflections in the foreground, and the cheerless atmospheric effect about the antiquated buildings, are particularly forcible and fine. Taking the drawing on the whole, I am disposed to think it is more characteristic of the man himself than any other work produced by his pencil.

Compared with other subject pictures left by English landscape painters, it may be said to contrast favourably with Turner's "Smithy Scene," in the National Gallery, and with David Cox's more sketchy "Birmingham Horse Fair." Indeed, I cannot call to mind anything of a similar character to outrival it.

The drawing—19¼ in. by 13½ in., dated 1875-77—was purchased from Bough by Mr. E. J. Duval, artist, and was exhibited in Agnew's galleries in London and Manchester in 1879. Bough told Duval that he worked upon the drawing for two days with indifferent success. He then took it up again, after a lapse of two years, and was much more successful in getting it into something like ship-shape. The introduction of "Little Midge," the Skye terrier, crossing the street, was suggested by Mr. Duval.

To the Scottish Academy of 1877, Bough sent a large canvas, romantically conceived, entitled "The March of the Avenging Army," which was meant to illustrate the Scottish army—after the battle of Bannockburn—crossing the Solway into England, during a thunderstorm at sunset. Notwithstanding its dash of style and daring cleverness of treatment, there appears to be a lack of reality about the scene. The artist did a good deal of reading up for the subject matter of the picture, and pointed out to a lady a pile of volumes he had consulted for that purpose. While painting this picture, Bough used to amuse himself by telling visitors to his studio that the bagpipers who accompanied the army, were playing "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"

Jack Scriffin's E/-



a statement which passed muster with many unreflecting minds, and was detected off-hand as a pure anachronism by surprisingly few people.

The following lines, which appeared in an Edinburgh newspaper, are more sur-charged with romantic notions and undue loudness of expression than the picture itself :—

THE MARCH OF THE AVENGING ARMY.

Here mighty *Bough*, with genius bold,
Shoots wide Apollo's darts of gold,
Flings on a sky of lustrous light,
The glories of a sunset bright ;
With tints of gold, of fire, of sullen hue,
He calls the clouds of thunder into view ;
And Solway's glowing sands' reflected light
Dazzles with splendour our bewildered sight.

For Solway's tide with blood is red,
And Nith flows dark from heaps of dead,
And Solway's tide flows fierce again,
But brings a tide of spears and men.

For see ! beneath blue Criffel's haze
Deep down, beneath the sunset blaze,
With groaning cattle, creaking wains,
With fire and death, with grief and pains,
With screaming pipes and wild war-song,
A tide of men flows on and on ;
With clanging arms, with shouting knights,
With thunder's rattle, lightning's lights,
To raven's croak, 'mid blood and tears,
A forest of fire-crested spears—
Wild Scotland's host, avenging forms—
Tramp on through sea, and sand, and storms.

In 1877 *Bough* produced one of his finest works, “Naworth [Castle : Wind and Rain.” Strong gleams of sunlight flitting here and there, fall on the trees in the middle distance, and on parts of the foreground. The strength of the wind is very forcibly denoted by the bending motion of the nearer and larger trees. A black and lowering effect of rain hangs over the old Border stronghold, which is overarched by a grey sky of remarkable

transparency, depth and variety. Trunks of felled timber lie by the wayside. A tall, lanky-looking man, holding his hat on ; a woman in a red cloak, close by ; and two horses sheltering at no great distance give life and animation to the scene. This drawing, rich and full of colour, looks as if painted upon soft porous paper. Signed only, "Sam Bough," close to bottom of the frame—at least this was all that could be seen. (Size, $24\frac{1}{4}$ in. by $16\frac{1}{2}$ in.)

In the next letter Bough ventures upon a quotation, a thing very unusual for him to do.

"To DAVID MACBEATH, Esq., Old Charlton, Kent.

"Blairhoyle, Stirling,

"6th July, 1877.

"MY DEAR MACBEATH,—I got your kind letter here near the lake of Menteith, where I've been working for the last fortnight. I will get the Bewick drawing off my mind on Sunday when I get home.

"You are right. Only you and I left of that jolly party. But I've had woeful ill-luck this last twelve months. Twenty of my most intimate friends all off in that short time. It began with Dr. Thatcher, then Willie Mackenzie, Bob Jones, Sandy Russell, etc., etc. My heart aches at the thought of such a terrible clearing out. They were all fellows with something in them. 'Men of rare parts and varied excellencies.' Another such year and this world will be to me a howling wilderness.

"I hope you will take care of yourself and your good wife. I should be sorry to lose either of you. Give my love to Miss Nelly, and Tommy, and the Missus.

"As ever,

"SAM BOUGH."

Mr. William Paterson of Edinburgh issued a comprehensive edition of the Works of Robert Burns, the first volume of which appeared in 1877.* It was mutually

*The works of Robert Burns, in prose and verse. Edited by William Scott Douglas. Six volumes. Imperial octavo. For list of Engravings after Bough, see the Appendix to this volume.

arranged that Bough should contribute the landscape illustrations to the work, and it need scarcely be said that he entered upon his task with great gusto and goodwill. An enthusiast in anything relating to the Ayrshire bard, Bough put forth his best efforts, and displayed much activity in producing the requisite designs. It was one of the stipulations, I believe, that the landscape illustrations were to be engraved by William Forrest, and no one else. Bough was of opinion that no man living was able to produce work with the graver more robust in style or healthier in character; nor was there to be found a more intelligent interpreter of an artist's leading ideas.

The drawing mentioned in the letter to Mr. Paterson was one of "Ellisland," where Burns is represented lying on the ground composing the lines to "Mary in Heaven." Bough took the unfinished sketch with him to Stornoway, where he worked it up, and from thence despatched it to Edinburgh.

"To W. PATERSON, Esq., Publisher, Edinburgh.

"Prince Arthur Hotel,

"Garynahine, Stornoway, N.B.,

"17th August, 1877.

"MY DEAR PATERSON,—I had your kind letter yesterday morning, and am glad you got the drawing safe; and tickled I was with your account of Forrest's reception of it. He'll groan and grunt all the more, the more he's pleased with his work. I think he'll make a good thing of it, in black and white. You didn't send the proof of "Tam;" but I'm sure that it will require nothing at my hand, for the old Growler is sure to make a better thing of it than the original drawing.

"This is a wild country. No trees. Peat bogs, rocks, lochs, and salmon fishing enough to satisfy even you. There is a party of four staying here, and they bring in four or five fish every day, weighing from seven to ten pounds. But it's a poor narrow river, though there are some lochs further up. There's a river close by, where Tom Horne has a rod; and I hear they have rare sport there. Grimersta is its name, and it's the envy of our party.

"I shall get away from here some time next week, but where I go I don't know. I think I will take a turn in Skye, but meanwhile the weather will have much to do with it.

"As ever, yours truly,

"SAM BOUGH."

In another letter, written from Prince Arthur Hotel to Miss Tait of Edinburgh, Bough hits off in a few brief words the salient points of Stornoway scenery.

"I now write from this wilderness, for it's a treeless landscape, peat and rock, long lochs and grey skies, some Druidical remains, and that is all! I'm told there is a fine description of it in a novel called *A Princess of Thule*, which you can read."

There is a dreary grandeur about a drawing entitled "Lancaster Sands," when seen in a *favourable* light, which is calculated to leave a vivid impression on the mind of the beholder. A threatening sky, with grand motion in the cloud movements, almost obscures the Lake Country hills, here seen in the dim distance. Sea-gulls stand out forcibly against the mass of dense cumulus, and sweep wildly over the scattered pools of shallow water, which glint in the foreground. "Brogs"—i.e., branches of trees—set up at intervals, as guides for the safety of passengers, aptly illustrate a local custom, and add to the reality of the artist's conception. Many figures are seen crossing the more easterly stretch of sands, known as Morecambe Bay, from which the hungry, roaring tide has evidently not long receded. A cartful of homely market people, with old white hack tied behind—a farmer in rough overcoat, leading a horse, upon which his wife sits mounted—a tramp-like fellow, with box on back, a woman and dog at his heels—help to add interest to the weirdness of the scene. The drawing is broadly and strongly painted on paper of very rough texture, and only shows to advantage in a dimmish light. Owing to over haste in execution, a strong light reveals a certain amount of scragginess on the surface of the

paper, parts of which look bald, and give evidence of not having been touched at all with colour.

Lancaster Sands have been a favourite sketching ground with many English artists. Turner, David Cox, Creswick, and others have vied with one another in depicting its varied characteristics, under different aspects of sunshine and shadow. And in recalling what had gone before, it is probable Bough was emulous in some measure of Turner's drawing in the Farnley Hall collection, just as he had previously been induced to pit his strength against the works of some other contemporary artists. Bough did not become impressed with the conviction of having "a dash at Turner," as he phrased it, until his malady had begun to manifest dangerous symptoms. And if he cannot be said to have fully surmounted all the difficulties in so bold an attempt, the question may well be asked: where was the man living who could have grappled any better, or even as well, with a similar subject under like circumstances?

The history of this picture is very curious. In July, 1878—within four months of his death—Bough called at Chapman's auction rooms in Hanover Street, and invited the junior partner of the firm to go with him to his studio in Hill Street. An idea was bothering his brain, he said, which *must* be worked out there and then, or else cast aside for ever. If he went into his studio alone, he was sure to break down. The strong man rejoiced no longer in his strength. Some one was needed to "hold him up in talk," and so keep the hag Despondency at arm's length.

At twelve o'clock at noon, the artist sat down to work, and commenced his task in earnest, the outline only being then roughly indicated. Running rapidly over the paper with fully charged sables, the surface soon floated with colour, nothing appearing, meanwhile, to ordinary eyes, but confusion worse confounded. By-and-bye, the vague indefinite masses began to assume more tangible shapes; and finally, at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, the drawing was finished as it now stands! A rough piece of handicraft, it must be admitted, and yet, in spite of this drawback, a most astonishing effort of genius, considering the brief space of time spent on its production. The work measures 18 in. by 13 in., and is inscribed—"Lancaster

Sands, Sam Bough, 1862." The apparent anachronism in the date may probably stand for the time the outline was originally dotted down from Nature.

"Crossing the Stream."—The principal object which catches the eye in this water colour drawing, is a man on horseback, wrapped in a much worn, light-coloured overcoat, about to cross a stream, near some stepping stones. The horse feels its way cautiously over the slippery, stony bottom of the brook. A woman is seen receding from the spectator, up the footpath, in the direction of a farmhouse in the middle distance, near which some figures are busily engaged in loading corn. Masses of docks and rough grass help to make up the foreground. A fine, breezy drawing, with movement in the sky and motion in the water. (Size, 24 in. by 17 in.) Signed, "Sam Bough, 1878." In the collection of Mr. Laurence Robertson, Wemyss Bay.

CHAPTER XXI.

LAST DAYS.

ON the first Monday of July, 1878, Bough left Edinburgh in company with Mr. William Paterson, publisher; put in an appearance amongst the crowd in the Carlisle wrestling ring on the following day (where he saw George Steadman of Drybeck win the heavy-weight prize for the sixth time); and then hurried off to Dumfries, in order to look up more material in that neighbourhood for the Burns illustrations. At Friars Carse he called upon an old Carlisle acquaintance, Mr. Thomas Nelson, who had become the owner of the house and adjoining lands. Apart from the special object of his visit, Bough was so much struck with the appearance of an old tree near Auldgirth Bridge, that he made a hasty sketch of it then and there. He got an outline sketch of the town of Dumfries on canvas, but made no further progress with it. This canvas was sold at the sale of the artist's effects. Owing to Bough's death taking place before all the illustrations were completed, Mr. W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., took up the subjects left undone, and the designs executed by him will be found reproduced amongst the other engraved plates of the work.

At the beginning of August, Bough was again in Carlisle over the week end; and on Monday morning he went to Appleby to make a sketch of the old parish church. This drawing—a very masterly one—represents an impressive evening effect. It was painted for Mr. Thomas Sewell, but unfortunately left unfinished.

Some time before his death, Bough had resolved upon a

lengthy sketching excursion to Keswick and the English Lakes, which object, however, he did not live to accomplish. There were many indications that his health was fast breaking up, a foreshadowing of which appears from the contents of the following letter.

“TO MISS JAMES, Mrs. Sherwin’s, Scotch Street,
“Whitehaven.

“The City Club, Edinburgh,
“19th Oct., ’78.

“MY DEAR,—I had your kind letter. I cannot tell you how I feel your kindness in writing to me. ’Tis too true that I have been very ill, and I am still much troubled with asthma; but I won’t lie up, and I think I am better working.

“I have arranged to sell one hundred drawings in December, and my time is much taken up in getting them ready. I have hope that it will put me into funds for some time. I lost a lot of time thro’ illness, last Autumn and Winter. For many months I could do nothing; but I can now work, not quite as well as ever, but well enough.

“My face is now straight, and the muscles of the cheek in working order. I can wink with the right eye as well as ever; but I can’t whistle—so it’s no use you saying, ‘Whistle and I’ll come to ye my lad.’ And then, even if I could, you wouldn’t come. But be that as it may, no time will change what is here. The old metal is still the same, and will be till it corrodes out of sight.

“I have been thinking what I shall send you. I have hit on what will be useful, and you may expect a parcel on Tuesday or Wednesday. I send you the papers daily, and when they do not arrive, then you may say I am ill. I wish I could be near you to cheer you up. I hope I may see you (before) the year goes out. Your mother and aunt are kind, and I love all yours who are kind to you.

“Now I tire with writing, and though I have much to say, will say it another time. God bless and keep you.”

(Not signed.)

For about twelve months before his death, Bough's health was very indifferent; and as habitual smoking appeared to make his hand unsteady when at work, much restraint had to be exercised in the use of the weed. A slight paralytic stroke was the forerunner of a complication of attacks of various disorders, and by degrees a feeling crept over him that his time on earth could not be long. Anxious to get away to the South of England or the Continent, for a change of air or rest, he made arrangements with Mr. Chapman, auctioneer, for the sale of as many of his works as could be got ready within a given time. In order to effect this object, Bough worked with almost superhuman effort through the months of August, September, and October. This unceasing application continued until within a fortnight of his death, and there is no doubt but that it helped to increase the ravages of the malady under which he laboured.

A noticeable slowness of speech came upon him. When alone in his studio, his spirits sometimes drooped considerably, and he wept bitterly. "I want excitement—I want excitement," he exclaimed sorrowfully—"something to drive away this cursed demon that hangs about me night and day, and every day!" And then he would say, as if musingly, "Musselburgh races won't be like Musselburgh races if I'm not there." His mind was full of sad fore-bodings: he feared, at times, that the same dreadful malady might come upon him which had afflicted his brother James.

All through life Bough was an early riser, and fidgetted terribly till everybody else in the house was out of bed. Weak and worn out as he had now become, he could not resist the temptation of making a struggle, now and then, to see the October sun rise and shed its lustre over the range of hills close behind Jordan Bank. Early in November—on the last day he was in his studio—his old friend, Thomas Fairbairn, called upon him. He then looked weird and haggard, and was in low spirits. Fairbairn tried to cheer him up, but it was of no avail. Bough only shook his head, and replied, "No, no, Tom, it's no use. I've that upon me I cannot shake off. I'll never see another Christmas!"

James Faed, the engraver, found him conning over an old Latin grammar during his last illness. "Ye see, James,"

said Bough, grimly, "I fund my Latin gittin' rayder rusty, an' I thowt I wad just rub it up a bit."

For some time "Georgy," his faithful servant for thirteen or fourteen years, had borne her grief with unspeakable resignation, until she could bear it no longer. At last she fairly broke down, exclaiming, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! The maister's gaun to dee, an' I canna help it!"

Growing weaker and weaker, day by day, much sympathy was felt for the stricken artist. The *Scotsman* issued bulletins at brief intervals of the state of his health; messages of kindly enquiry poured in from all quarters; and some feuds of long standing happily came to an end. He was much affected when his sister, Mrs. Gray, was admitted to his bedside, and called out: "Nan, Nan! Oh, my sister—I'm bad—*cursed* bad! Bend down to me, and kiss me!"

"Do you want anything, uncle?" asked his niece one day, and the answer was a faintly murmured whisper, "Only rest—I want to sleep!"

The end came at last, and Bough died quietly and without a struggle, on the 19th November, 1878, aged fifty-six years.

The artist was buried in the Dean cemetery, not far from the grave of John Wilson, the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Magazine*. His funeral was very numerously attended. Sixteen mourning coaches, six of which were occupied by Members and Associates of the Royal Scottish Academy, and many private carriages, including that of the Lord Provost, were in attendance. In Lothian Road the procession was joined by a number of artists from Glasgow, among whom were representatives from the Scottish Water-Colour Society, of which Bough was vice-president. At the grave side Dean Montgomery read the Burial Service of the Church of England. Although rain fell heavily during the time the funeral procession passed through the streets, crowds of people assembled at different points of the route. A monument was erected to Bough's memory in the Dean cemetery by a number of his friends and admirers, upon which is carved a medallion portrait—an excellent likeness—by William Brodie, R.S.A.

Sir Daniel Macnee painted a portrait of Bough, as a companion to one of Mrs. Bough, which, I believe was

finished some years before. Bough is represented with a flower in his button-hole. The head is massive and solidly painted, and the likeness easily discernible. Certainly, it is wanting in the vitality and "go" that usually denoted the living presence of Bough.* The two portraits—of the artist and his wife—have been very finely engraved by James Faed. Sir Daniel Macnee was always a warm friend of Bough, and it is pleasant to record that during *his* presidency at the Scottish Academy, there was peace in the land. Macnee's great suavity of manner, and surpassing abilities as a teller of stories, made him an almost universal favourite. And yet he did not succeed in pleasing everybody. An old lady once gave her reasons for dissenting from popular judgment, by caustically remarking, "I dinna like Macnee a bit. He's aye everybody's friend!"

In a statuette, modelled by Mr. W. G. Stevenson, Bough stands with legs apart, holds his pipe in one hand, and thrusts the other hand carelessly into his pocket. From the attitude and action of the figure, one would suppose him to be in the act of cracking a joke or telling a laughable story.

Nothing more life-like or real (when spectacles are placed on his nose) has been produced than this little terra-cotta figure of the rough-and-ready artist.

Bough was diligent in accumulating objects of art and *vertu*, and he also gathered together a valuable library of books. His house at Jordan Bank was crowded almost uncomfortably with things artistic and literary. Wherever the eye wandered it fell upon pictures, engravings, books, antique furniture, vases, or old china.

His miscellaneous effects were sold at Dowell's rooms, Edinburgh, in April, 1879. The sale extended over six days—commencing on Tuesday, the 15th, and ending on the Monday following. By far the most important items were the finished water colour drawings from Bough's own easel, which occupied the fifth day's sale. Works left unsigned by him were stamped with the artist's name, the auctioneer's monogram, and the date of the sale—"19th April, 1879." The auction rooms were crowded to excess,

* This Portrait is now in the Glasgow Art Gallery.

and the keenness in competition to possess many of his works, went far beyond the bounds of sober and intelligent judgment. Mr. Dowell, on entering the rooms, was received with a round of applause, which was repeated in some instances when the bidding reached a hundred guineas or more. The following will serve to give an idea of the prices realized :—

“Maclean’s Cross, Iona” ($10\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 8 in.), £105 ;

“Burns’ Cottage: Effect of Snow,” sketchy ($10\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 7 in.), £136 10s. ; and

“Knowsley: Stage Coach coming in” (19 in. by $13\frac{1}{2}$ in.), £231.

The bulk of Bough’s property was left to his widow and his niece, Miss Annie Bough, including an annuity to his sister, Mrs. Gray. He also left legacies to Georgina Simpson (“Georgy,”) and to another maid servant. To his trustees—Mr. William McTaggart, R.S.A., Mr. Colin Craig, and Mr. James Young Guthrie—he left power, as his will sets forth, “to select a finished water-colour drawing, by me, from such collection of water colour drawings as I may have, or be possessed of at the time of my death, and that as a legacy or gift from me to each of them.”

Bough kept no record or memorandum of the sales of his pictures or drawings, except at a later date, sometimes a slight entry made in the barest manner possible, such, for instance, as “Picture, £200,” etc.

The Glasgow Loan Exhibition, held in the autumn of 1880—composed principally of the works of Sam Bough and Paul Chalmers—was a great boon to anyone interested in the productions of these two artists. The bringing together of between two and three hundred pictures by the same hand, puts any man’s best efforts to a severe ordeal. On the whole, it may be said that this large collection of Bough’s works stood the test much better than those of many contemporary artists have done, who, it may be, have received more popular recognition in some particular line of Art—landscape or marine—but whose style and power of treatment were not half so varied or versatile.

Complain as some critics may do about the superior character of Bough’s water-colour drawings to that of his oil pictures, one comes upon specimens of the latter, not

by any means infrequently, which for power, effect, and manipulation, are not a whit behind his finest drawings. The fact is, Bough had strength enough left—apart from his water-colour work—to have made a considerable name in Art. Take, for example, “Edinburgh Castle, from the Canal,” 1862; “Canty Bay,” 1871; “The Rocket Cart,” 1876; a Marine piece (No. 222 Glasgow Loan Exhibition); and fifty others which adorned the same collection.

The inner life of Bough lies recorded in his various pictures and drawings. Many intelligent English connoisseurs have as yet a very limited understanding of the amount of skill there displayed. In the natural course of events, Bough’s works have mostly found habitations in North Country homes—Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester and Dundee being their main strongholds. As time goes on they are certain to exercise a more lively influence over a wider space of country. It took half-a-century for the works of John Crome to gain a firm metropolitan footing. How long will it take for Bough to gain similar recognition?

In August, 1880, the following announcement was issued by Mr. Craibe Angus, of Glasgow:

“Leopold Lowenstam has agreed to etch twenty-nine pictures by Sam Bough, R.S.A., and twenty-nine by George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A., with a portrait of each of the artists, after John Pettie, R.A.

“The price to subscribers will be £25 per set of sixty etchings, payable quarterly. A few etchings, printed on vellum or Japanese paper, will be sold to non-subscribers at prices varying from 15s. to £1 10s. each.

“The impression will be limited to two hundred sets, sold to subscribers only; six sets will be given to the Press, and one set will be divided among the owners of the original pictures.”

Owing to certain difficulties, this ambitious work was never issued. The only progress made, I believe, was in connection with the plates of “Hamilton,” “Solway Sands,” “The Stage Coach, Knowsley,” and the portrait of Bough, after John Pettie, R.A. Lowenstam’s landscape work impresses one as being of a cold and unsympathetic nature. His three etchings from Bough’s pictures are very unlike

the best work produced by some of Bough's countrymen, as regards expression and feeling. A few slight and almost meaningless lines fail to convey any but the most remote idea of the originals. In Pettie's portrait, Bough is seen almost in profile, with long beard, and without spectacles. He is wrapped in a loose cloak, and is intended to represent, I understand, a lord-in-waiting in the retinue of Cardinal Wolsey. The etching has rather a made-up look, and is not very striking as a likeness. Small outline heads of Bough and Lowenstam, also appear on the plate, as the *rémarque*.

Bough was tall of stature, strong of bone, dark haired, and ruddy complexioned, with a quick eye, able to sum up most things at a glance. His mind was of the firm-set massive order. A principle in art once established was rarely departed from, unless very tangible reasons could be given for such departure. He was almost entirely self-taught; a scanty rudimentary English education, at humble schools, being all his parents could afford to give him. And still more dependent was he upon self-teaching in his capacity as an artist, having had through life little or nothing to build upon, except his own natural abilities.

Brought up under the eye of a too indulgent father, the faults of the lad naturally developed into the weaknesses of the man; and at an early age he discovered an aversion to the severities of that discipline which a strictly regulated life entails. From first to last he had a wonderful flow of animal spirits, and his blood seemed to dance through his veins with greater rapidity than that of the general run of mankind. Like Gil Blas, he floated on the surface of ill-luck. There was no sinking him, whether in or out of favour.

Of "chaff" and nonsense, and all sorts of whims, Bough had abundance and to spare; and these were often indulged in to an extent altogether beyond the bounds of reason and decorum. Keeping little or no restraint upon his sayings and doings, he was apt to drift into too much pawky forwardness to be at all times an agreeable companion. He broke down and set at naught all sorts of class barriers; paid no respect to the manners and customs of the day; could be very open and plain with his Saxon speech; and was an adept

at rapping out a good mouth-filling oath. Although he indulged freely in liquor at all times, it was only on very rare occasions that he overstepped the bounds. An oft-repeated saying of his, on this point, was, "I like as much as I can get honestly, and carry decently."

Bough was a man of pronounced dual character. Those who were on intimate terms with him, knew full well there were some ugly corners about him. Not only did the "unco guid" look askance at the lawless artist and his doings, but many others who were by no means so strait-laced, nor hide-bound with prejudice. Viewing him in various aspects, he may not inaptly be called a rough kind of Gainsborough. It is true, he never dissembled nor acted the hypocrite, by trying to hide the weaknesses of the flesh from the gaze of his fellow men. And yet one cannot help thinking it would have been better and wiser had he not paraded some of his more glaring faults so prominently.

How different a life was Bough's in some of its essentials to that lived by two of his contemporaries—John Linnell and David Cox! What contrasts it presents to the austere Quaker-like simplicity of the one, and the staid, conscientious mode of fulfilling every duty of the other! There is no need to labour the point. Much allowance must be made for the tendencies of his early training, and his surroundings in after-life. There are, at least, some extenuating circumstances, for which the sailor's homely plea, in Mark Lonsdale's song, may be fairly put—

"And I don't, d'ye mind, blame him therefore,
'Cause I would a-done the same."

With as brave a heart as ever beat in man's breast, Bough was thoroughly open and candid in disposition, and full of generous impulses. His intense devotion to the Art he loved so well, I take to be the noblest trait in his character; next to which I should place a sturdy independence of purpose, which kept him firm as a rock through much perplexity and tribulation. No man had a kinder heart or readier hand to assist poor suffering humanity; no man kept a more hospitable house for all comers; and it may be pointedly said—despite the quips, and cranks, and foibles

which possessed him, that he had manly qualities sufficient in degree to have made the reputation of half-a-dozen weaker mortals.

Bough could talk and laugh and joke with his studio half-filled with people, without looking off or in the least neglecting his work. He was a man of varied accomplishments. "There was scarcely anything that fellow could not do," exclaimed one who knew him intimately for many years. "He could play the fiddle, dance a sailor's hornpipe, sing a song, tell a story, make a speech, or—as the saying is—do any mortal thing, and do it well, too." Gifted with a strong and ready grasp of mind, he had the faculty of describing events with graphic ease. He rarely forgot anything he saw or heard. His knowledge of scenery and effects was wonderful, and his remarkably retentive memory may be said to have contributed considerably to his making as an artist. He could repeat nearly the whole of Burns' poems and songs; was fond of Swift, and still fonder of Thackeray, often exclaiming, "Thackeray's the man for me!"—but he did not care much for Dickens.

If friendly, Bough was a good and warm friend; if hostile, he was so with a vengeance. He would do much to befriend a friend; but he would put himself to a great deal more trouble to harass and annoy an enemy. When he chanced to be in bad cue, those about him soon felt his influence envelop them like a wet blanket. In advocating a pet theory, or in giving an estimate of some favourite author or artist, he could be very domineering to those who looked coldly on, or professed to hold different views. There was about him in this respect a good deal of the spirit of—

"Into the frog-pond with the wilful blind."

If crossed in company or thrown out of his reckoning, he would say the most severe and caustic things imaginable. Of course, mistakes of this kind made him bitter and determined enemies. And yet, if Bough was sometimes rude in manner and speech, he could be as considerate in deed as anyone, and his acts of benignity to young and struggling artists were neither stinted nor infrequent.

Among the many marks of kindness shown by him, a

single instance may be mentioned. Hearing of the forlorn state of a young artist who had fallen ill in his struggles against poverty, Bough sought him out, sat for long by his bedside, and did all he could to cheer him up. After he had departed, the young fellow was surprised and delighted to find a five pound note lying on his bed.

Bough was a daring, venturesome man throughout life, and to this he probably owed no little of his success as an artist. William Blake's axiom, of nothing great being achieved without "fear and trembling," fails signally when applied to a man of his stamp. One cannot but admire the courage with which Bough has often grappled with what, in artists' phraseology, are called "ugly bits"—clumsy, stunted clouds, for example, such as are seen in the "Cellardyke" drawing, etched in Hamerton's *Portfolio* for July, 1879. These always appear to me, in some sort, to be more characteristic of his own mind, and his own way of looking at things, than almost anything else.

Like most artists, he worked a good deal by fits and starts; but once he got fairly into harness, his industry was remarkable, and the amount of good, wholesome work turned out was sometimes astounding. His love for his Art grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. His colours are not florid enough to attract much attention from the unobservant mind. He deals principally in quiet greys, browns, and even drabs; while, in some instances, he has made burnt sienna the prevailing colour.

To say that Bough excels as a painter in water-colours more frequently than he does in oil colours, is merely to acknowledge a truism which is steadily gaining ground among connoisseurs; namely, that the former medium has some advantages which the latter lacks. There is less "paintiness" and more transparency visible about the one than the other; and while the first mode frequently gains in airiness and lightness, the latter is apt to increase in darkness and obscurity. Many artists' works, in the two mediums, painted within the last seventy or eighty years, might be brought forward to illustrate this and other points, in favour of the water-colour process.

Bough's water-colour drawings of his first period—Manchester, Glasgow, and early Edinburgh ones—are thin

in colour and very transparent. Not much strength of shadow is attempted; yet the various shades are not unfrequently mingled with much subtlety. Realizing his own strength more fully as time passed on, he dashed out into a bolder treatment of light and shadow. His drawings of a later period are much fuller in colour, and the paper upon which they are painted is generally of a rougher texture. Body colour he used frequently, and with no unsparing hand.

He painted with large brushes, and was very indolent about washing them. Owing to the fact that his palette was never cleaned but on rare occasions, it naturally became heaped up with hard and dry masses of oil paint. The method he usually adopted was to squirt new paint on the top in the morning, when commencing the day's work. Fortunately he managed to keep under reasonable control those curses of modern art, which have ruined so many valuable pictures painted in *oil* colours, namely, the injudicious use of megilp, and early varnishing. His palette was made up of the simplest primary colours, with the result that his pictures are in a remarkably good state of preservation. Of numbers of his oil paintings which have come under my notice at one time or another, I do not remember more than half-a-dozen showing signs of cracking or shrinking on the surface; and very few in which there was much visible depreciation in colour. No doubt, they have become somewhat darker in tone than when first painted, but unfortunately there is no way of escaping this. The action of the purest oils and varnishes yet discovered, upon the most steadfast and primary colours, is subject to the universal law of atmospheric or chemical change.

It may be of some interest to make known Bough's mode of procedure in the use of megilp, as explained by his friend, Captain Lodder, a practical amateur artist, who knew him intimately for fourteen or fifteen years, and had ample opportunities of observing. "Bough's usual medium," said he, "was one spoonful of copal to five of turpentine. He would mix his white with this before commencing to paint, making it rather thin and easy to work. Of this mixture he used a good deal. I don't think he often glazed his pictures.

I have seen him commence a six-foot canvas, and finish his painting in four days, receiving £400 for his work. My large oil painting, "Lindisfarne, Holy Island—Misty Morning," was painted with zinc white, and has never been varnished though painted more than twenty years."*

What strikes one above everything else, in looking at Bough's pictures, is the great sense of reality which they manage to convey to the mind. Their distinguishing features are breadth of treatment, originality, masculine vigour, and general truthfulness of atmospheric effect. The marked absence of anything like labour or effort put forth, constitutes one of the greatest charms of Bough's best work. His pictures in oil and water-colours are of all grades of finish, of which the "Lancaster Sands," dated 1862, and the large "Borrowdale," 1868, may be taken to represent the two *extremes*; the first as the general or dashing style, and the latter as the exceptional or more carefully finished style. As a rule there is great breadth of treatment, without the extreme looseness of David Cox's later mode, or the clumsy plastering effect seen in the works of John Constable and Old Crome.†

From certain standpoints, it may be said, there is a close affinity between Bough and David Cox, inasmuch as they approach each other in their modes of interpreting Nature;‡ that Bough and John Constable occasionally do the same

* My own observation leads me to think that the best method of keeping oil paintings fresh, bright, and free from dust and dirt, is to protect them with glass at the front, and not to varnish at all. Or, if varnishing should be resorted to, let at least eight or ten years elapse. No doubt, the reflections in the glass, from some points of view, are an objection; nevertheless, to preserve a fine work of art in as luminous a state as possible, for the admiration of future generations, is an object well worth the attention of all intelligent collectors.

† It must not be understood from these remarks that Bough's work never showed any signs of the free use of the palette knife plaster. He certainly did make use of this mode of laying on his colours, when doing slight work or on other occasions. Some of his pictures are much laden with *impasto*.

‡ Curiously enough, Bough and Cox—quite unknown to one another—looked up to John Linnell as a strong man in Art, and one worthy of all emulation. They each resolved to possess at least one of his works. Bough had to exercise a good deal of self-denial to become the owner of a picture called the "Potato Field," and Cox in one of his letters says, "I feel a great desire to lay out a sum of money, in a picture by Linnell, which I can get for £160. . . . It will appear a great sum for me to give, but I feel quite sure it will be of service to me, in my having it by me while at work."

thing; and that Bough and Gainsborough only meet at greater intervals. Or let those curious in such matters illustrate this point still further, by taking George Cattermole's "Haddon Hall," or "Forest Glade," or "Landscape, with Tower,"—in South Kensington Museum—and they will see the style and type of a vast amount of excellent work produced by Bough and David Cox. Bough often spoke of a picture by George Cattermole—a landscape and figure subject—which stirred his thoughts most keenly, and influenced his style more than any artist's work ever did. It came upon him, he said, like a second advent. Cattermole's picture appeared all the more remarkable to Bough, on the score that he himself had more than once tried to realise the self-same mode of working out his ideas, but not with the same amount of success.

There was about Bough a good deal of the rough fibre and sturdy realism which characterized the old Dutch masters. He looked at Nature much as they did, and, like them, showed a tendency to reproduce bare literalness, and sometimes vulgarity of attitude in man and beast. But either by his own observation and mode of study, or influenced by certain prevalent and more or less intangible ideas, Bough steered clear of the hard, mechanical, dry touch seen in many pictures by the best artists of the Dutch school. There are no indications that he strove much after the ideal; but, on the other hand, he studied Nature closely in her every-day aspects, and tried persistently to paint faithfully what lay before him. He had a good eye for seizing the homely or domestic side of landscape scenery. Quaint fishing villages, pastoral hamlets of the old coaching days, country churches, rustic water-mills, gable-ended cottages, queer-looking chimney stacks—these, and such as these, he depicted with masterly adaptation and effect.

Within certain limits, Bough was an excellent colourist, in the sense of being a close adherent to Nature. His best work is rich in tone, fresh, harmonious, and full of mysteries suggested by broken and graduated tints. His soul was most in sympathy with his subject when painting the simple greys of Nature; a grey October or November day, for example, charged with mist and moisture and fitful gleams of strongly contrasted sunlight. This may be called

characteristic English weather,* and in the transferring of such effects to paper or canvas, it is not too much to say, he has never been excelled. Always on the alert for any natural change of atmosphere or weather, he has produced skilful reflections of calm and storm, of wind and rain, of frost and snow. Few landscape painters have gone in for so many and varied effects. Grey morning, sunny noon, dewy eve, dim twilight and pale moonlight, have one and all been successfully rendered by Bough.

Bough was rather partial to fleckered skies and golden sunsets, and many truthful studies of such effects are found amongst his works. Now and then he painted a sky so powerful in its cloud cumulus that it appeared "top-heavy" to ordinary observers. Some critics talked of his sunsets being overdone, as if the brilliancy of a brilliant sunset could be overdone with little else than a few strokes of yellow ochre! This opinion I cannot endorse, not having seen any amount of undue straining after effect in that direction. There are innumerable sunsets seen in Nature which far outdo anything attempted by Bough, or, for that matter, any other artist that ever lived.

There are times when Bough's work is not only literal and prosaic, cold and chalky, clumsy and heavy, but also lacks inspiration, and is as dull and barren of suggestion as the pages of a school-book. These remarks apply, however, more particularly to his early and middle periods. His taste and culture are by no means equal to his other qualities, and occasionally he betrays carelessness and slovenliness of execution. Much brightness of colour or glitter of sunshine his pictures do not possess, nor is delicacy of touch or deftness of handling noticeable to any extent. Nevertheless, he had a quick and penetrating mind, and was essentially a many-sided man. His skies—fresh, breezy, and full of movement—are often glorious; his tree painting—taken singly or massed in groups—displays great variety, and is well worthy the attention of young artists; his figures—although occasionally lacking proportion—have much ease

* Bough was a good deal amused with an anecdote of a Wapping sailor, who, after a six week's cruise in the Mediterranean, during clear weather, called out lustily to his shipmates one morning, when a slight fog had arisen :—"Turn out, boys! turn out! Here's weather as is weather at last—and none of your d—d blue sky!"

and freedom, and are exceedingly well placed ; while in swiftness of composition and crispness of touch, he is remarkably felicitous and has rarely been surpassed.

So long as men seek after that which is natural and truthful, and eschew that which is romantic and fanciful, so long must the works of Bough be prized and cherished. No doubt the ebb and flow of the tide will be felt at intervals ; no doubt fashionable caprice will step in and assert its authority ; yet, notwithstanding these and other retarding influences, I feel confident that Bough will take his place—a place of no inconsiderable importance—among the robust and healthy school of English landscapists, represented by Gainsborough, Constable, John Linnell, Muller, Henry Dawson, and David Cox—than which no higher praise can be given.

APPENDIX.

PICTURES BY SAM BOUGH EXHIBITED AT THE VARIOUS EXHIBITIONS.

ROYAL MANCHESTER INSTITUTION.

1847.

SAMUEL BOUGH, 17 *Brazenose Street, Manchester.*

Scene on the Ashton Canal. Water-colour.

Return from Hunting—Evening. Water-colour.

Airey Force, Gowbarrow Park, Westmorland. Water-colour.

Stye Head, Cumberland. Water-colour.

Askham Mill, on the River Lowther, Westmorland. Water-colour.
(Heywood Silver Medal.)

1848.

Olivia's Garden. Scene from the *Twelfth Night*.

1851.

SAMUEL BOUGH, 45 *Rumford Street, Manchester.*

Gilnockie Tower, on the River Esk—Sunset. Water-colour.

1854. (Catalogue imperfect.)

S. BOUGH (no printed address.)

Sweetheart Abbey. £8 8s.

Entrance to Cadzow Forest. £15 15s.

Beech Trees, on the Avon, Lanarkshire. £18 18s.

1855.

S. BOUGH, *Edinburgh.*

Edinburgh from St. Anthony's Chapel, Arthur's Seat. (The
property of Messrs. D. Bolongaro & Son.)

ROYAL MANCHESTER INSTITUTION.

1856.

S. BOUGH, 5 *Malta Terrace, Stockbridge.*

Stoke Lane, Guildford. £21.

Newhaven Harbour, during the Herring Fishery. A prize picture of the Edinburgh Art Union, 1856. (The property of Wm. Muir, Esq.)

1857.

S. BOUGH, *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

An English Village—Winter. £200.

1858.

S. BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

Dutch Herring buss running out of Port—Stiff Breeze. £40.
Craig Nethan Castle.

The Way to the Forest.

The Sands at Whitechurch—Morning. £10.

View of Edinburgh, from Bonnington. £26 5s.

1859.

S. BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

Fishing Smack and Lugger on the Beach at Portobello. £15 15s.

A Hay Field, Haughhead. £25.

Springtime : The Old Forest. £60.

A Storm. (Private property.)

Tarbet Harbour, Loch Fyne—Sunset. (The property of John Knowles, Esq.)

A Cold, Windy Day on the Scotch Coast. (Private property.)

Early Morning on the Coast : Fishing Boats Unloading. £20.

1860.

S. BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

Holmwood Common. £60.

Sun breaking through the Mist. £40.

Hay Field. £25.

Newhaven Harbour. £100.

Oaks—Cadzow Forest. Water-colour. (The property of C. H. Mitchell, Esq.)

ROYAL MANCHESTER INSTITUTION.

1861.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 24 *George Street, Edinburgh.*

Dunkirk, looking into the Upper Harbour. £100.

1862.—Second Exhibition of Water-colour Drawings.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 24 *George Street, Edinburgh.*

Dunkirk Harbour—Rain, Clouds and Wind. £30.

Hay Field, looking north. £40.

Worsley Hall: Seat of Right Hon. the Earl of Ellesmere.
(Contributed by Mr. J. C. Grundy.) £8 8s.Dysart, on the Fife Coast: Sunrise. (Heywood Gold Medal.)
£30.

Scene in Naworth Park. (Contributed by Mr. Hadfield.) £12 12s.

Looking from Flanders into France: Dunkirk in the distance:
Storm clearing off. £35.

Glasgow: Looking South.

1863.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A., *George Street, Edinburgh.*

The Pier Head at Aberdeen. £120.

Lindisfarne, Holy Island—Misty Sunrise. £100.

Tantallon Castle—Rainstorm clearing off. Water-colour. £50.

On the River Clyde. Water-colour. £15 15s.

Stonebyers, on the Clyde. Water-colour. £15.

Ullswater, from Barton Fell. Water-colour. £45.

1866.

S. BOUGH, A.R.S.A., *Edinburgh.*

Dunkirk Harbour. £157 10s.

1868.

S. BOUGH, A.R.S.A.

Don Quixote. £25.

1869.

S. BOUGH, A.R.S.A., per E. J. Duval.

Newhaven.

Norham Fair. Water-colour.

ROYAL MANCHESTER INSTITUTION.

1870.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

The Junction of the Rivers Eamont and Lowther. £25.

Brougham Castle. £25.

Cellar Dyke. Water-colour. (The property of Samuel Barlow, Esq.)

Lindisfarne. (The property of Samuel Barlow, Esq.)

1872.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A.

The North-West Lighthouse, Shetland Islands, the most Northerly Point in Great Britain. Water-colour. (Contributed by George Falkner, Esq.)

1874.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A.

Rabbit Shooting. £42.

Dunkerque Sands. Water-colour. (Contributed by J. J. Leech, Esq.)

On the River Avon, near Bristol. £42.

Hanham Ferry, near Bristol. £42.

1875.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

Yanwath Hall and the River Eamont. £350.

The Fens, Lincolnshire. Water-colour. (The property of William Orr, Esq.)

Coastguards using Rocket Apparatus. Water-colour. (The property of William Orr, Esq.)

1876.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A.

Aberdour Harbour.

Old Mill, Ambleside. Water-colour. £30.

1877.

SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.

On the Avon, near Bristol.

West Weems Harbour—Sunrise. (1854.)

Lindisfarne.

Holy Island.

ROYAL MANCHESTER INSTITUTION.

1879.

The late SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.

“When the hoar frost was chill
On moorland and hill,
And fringing the forest bough.”

(The property of T. Aitkin, Esq.)

WEST OF SCOTLAND ACADEMY, GLASGOW.

1849.

SAMUEL BOUGH, 36 *Duke Street, Glasgow.*

The Baggage Carts—Carlisle in the Distance. (The property of

H. L. Anderson, Esq., Renfield Street.)

Olivia's Garden—Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*.

Lorton Mill, Cumberland.

Glenockie Tower, River Esk.

Maryport Harbour.

Edinburgh from St. Leonard's.

1850.

SAMUEL BOUGH, 36 *Duke Street, Glasgow.*

Barges on the River Irwell, Lancashire.

Institute of the Fine Arts, proposed to be erected in George's

Square, from design by J. T. Lochhead, Esq., Architect.

Broughty Castle, near Dundee.

1851.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A., 14 *Muir Street, Hamilton.*

Glade in the Forest, Cadzow.

Glen Messan.

Kirkcudbright Castle.

Bothwell Castle.

Canal Scene, Cheshire.

The Fisherman's Return—Sunrise.

The Fisherman's Departure—Sunset.

1852.

SAMUEL BOUGH, W.S.A., *Muir Street, Hamilton.*

On the Irwell, Lancashire.

The Old Forest—Sunset.

Bothwell Castle, near Uddingston.

Off St. Andrews.

WEST OF SCOTLAND ACADEMY, GLASGOW.

1853.

SAMUEL BOUGH, W.S.A., *Bothwell Road, Hamilton.*

Wishaw Banks.

A Woody Lane : Tinkers Encamped.

A Ford on the Clyde, above Lanark.

Dysart, on the Coast of Fife.

Calais Harbour. (The figures by L. Tessen.)

On the Irwell : Sunrise.

Barnclutha.

Beech Trees : Autumn.

Bothwell Castle. Water-colour. (The property of A. G. Macdonald, Esq.)

Govan. Water-colour. (The property of A. G. Macdonald, Esq.)

Cadzow Forest Oaks. Water-colour.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

1861-62.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.W.S.A., 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

Dunkirk from the Lower Harbour. £125.

Near Cambuslang. (Property of A. G. Macdonald, Esq.)

Glasgow Bridge. Water-colour. (Property of A. G. Macdonald, Esq.)

Victoria Bridge, Glasgow. Water-colour. (Property of A. G. Macdonald, Esq.)

1862-63.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 24 *George Street, Edinburgh.*

Edinburgh Castle from the Canal : Sunrise in Vapour. £125.

Ankarstrom, on the Zuider Zee. £15 15s.

London, from Greenwich Park. £15 15s.

On the Marbank—Sunrise. £12 12s.

Aberdeen, from the Pier Head. £120.

The Way to the Forest. (Property of Wm. Laurie, Esq.)

Tobermory. Water-colour.

Duart Castle, Mull. Water-colour.

Broadford, Skye. Water-colour.

Trongate of Glasgow. Water-colour.

The Quiraing, Skye. Water-colour.

The Quiraing, Skye. Water-colour.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.¹

Glasgow, from Garngad Hill. Water-colour.
 Oban Bay. Water-colour.
 Ben Nevis. Water-colour.
 Fingal's Cave, Staffa. Water-colour.
 Loch Alsh. Water-colour.
 Castle Urquhart. Water-colour.
 River Ness. Water-colour.
 The Cuchullin Mountains, from the Sound of Sleat. Water-colour.

1863-4.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 24 *George Street, Edinburgh.*

The Upper Pool of the Thames—Sun Rising through Vapour.
 (Property of John Pender, Esq., of Manchester.)
 Edinburgh from Calton Hill. Water-colour.

1864-5.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

Barncluth, £20.
 The Plains of Flanders. £30.
 Haugh-head, near Hamilton. £15.
 A Breezy Day on the Coast. £25.
 Loch Achray. (The property of Thomas Bouch, Esq., C.E.)
 Ullswater. Water-colour. £50.
 Mount Blanc, Switzerland. Water-colour. £20.
 Cora Linn, Lanarkshire. Water-colour. £100.
 Falls of Stonebyers, on the Clyde. Water-colour. £15.

1865-66.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

In the Trossachs. (Property of John Moffat, Esq.)
 The Broomielaw from the Bridge—"Let Glasgow Flourish." £210.
 The Drove at Sunrise—Hoar Frost. £200.
 "The rigid hoar frost melts before his beam."

1866-67.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

Off Tantallon Castle—Morning after a Storm. £45.
 The Vale of the Teith, from Lanerick.
 In Glenlyon—Springtime. Water-colour. £50.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

1867-68.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

- St. Monance—Fishing Boats going to Sea. £300.
 Skelmorlie—Storm. Water-colour. £25.
 Ben-Ledi, looking into the Pass of Leny. Water-colour. £60.
 Stennis, Orkney. Water-colour. £50.
 Duchel Moor. Water-colour. £25.
 Kelly Woods. Water-colour. £25.
 Dumbarton Castle, from Langbank. Water-colour. £25.

1868-69.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

- Loch Achray. £210.
 The Great Oaks, Cadzow Forest. Water-colour. £50.
 Canty Bay. Water-colour. £50.
 'The Gipsies' Haunt. Water-colour. £25.

1869-70.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

- On the Way to the Forest. £50.
 Craignethan Castle. £50.
 The Thames at Chiswick—Moonlight. £70.
 Ben Ledi, from Callander. Water-colour. £25.
 Oak Trees—Cadzow Forest. Water-colour. £100.

1870-71.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

- The Junction of the Rivers Eamont and Lowther. £25.
 Old Hungerford from the Thames. (Property of D. S. Cargill, Esq.)
 Brougham Castle, Westmorland. £25.
 High head Castle, Cumberland. Water-colour.

1871-72.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

- Port-na-Coriah, Iona. Here St. Columba landed A.D. 650. £157.

“ Then their way they wended
 To the pure and pebbly bay,
 And the holy cross uplifted,
 Then did saintly Colomb say :
 ‘ In the sand we now will bury
 This trim craft that brought us here,

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

Lest we think of Oats of Derry,
And the land we hold so dear,
Then they dug a trench and sunk it
In the sand to seal their vow,
With keel upwards, as who travels
To the sand may see it now."

Professor Blackie.

Dhuheartach Rock. Lying fifteen and a half miles south-west from the island of Iona, shewing the lighthouse works now in progress. (Property of Daniel Stevenson, Esq.)

Carlisle Castle. Water-colour. £20.

Ullswater—A Rain Storm. Water-colour. £20.

1872-73.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 Hill Street, Edinburgh.

The Clyde from Bishopton. £250.

Stye Head Pass, Borrowdale, Cumberland. Water-colour. £100.

1873-74.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 Hill Street, Edinburgh.

St. Monance—Day after Storm. £750.

Cadzow Forest—Spring-Time. £150.

1874-75.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 Hill Street, Edinburgh.

Crosthwaite Bridge, near Keswick. £500.

Borrowdale. Water-colour. £30.

Eagle's Craig, Borrowdale. Water-colour. £30.

Caldbeck, Cumberland. Water-colour. £40.

Windsor Forest. Water-colour. £40.

1875-76.

SAM BOUGH, R.S.A., 2 Hill Street, Edinburgh.

M'Lean's Cross, Iona. £200.

The Birthright of the Gael.

1877.

SAM BOUGH, R.S.A., 2 Hill Street, Edinburgh.

The Rocket Cart. (Property of Alex. Young, Esq., Portobello.)

" 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin."

(Private property.)

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

1878.

SAM BOUGH, R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

Lindisfarne Castle, Holy Isle. (Property of Capt. Lodder.)

A Rainy Day. Water-colour. (Property of A. B. Stewart, Esq.)

1879.

The late SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.

The Old Pier, Calais. (Property of Joseph Henderson, Esq.)

The Locks. (Property of A. C. Lamb, Esq., Dundee.)

The Drove at Sunrise—Hoar Frost. (Property of Robert Clark, Esq., Edinburgh.)

Newtown, near Carlisle. Water-colour. (Property of John Mc.Gavin, Esq.)

On the River Esk. Water-colour.

1880.

The late SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.

The Mail Coach. (Property of Leonard Gow, Esq.)

Banks of the Avon—near Hamilton. (Property of James Bell, Esq.)

LIVERPOOL ACADEMY.

1855.

S. BOUGH.

Leith Roads, looking towards Edinburgh—Wind with Tide. £84.

Dysart, Coast of Fife. £52 10s.

Port Glasgow, Evening. £52 10s.

1856.

S. BOUGH, 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

Cattle crossing the Echaeg, Ayrshire.

1857.

S. BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

Verdure and Fallow Deer—Hoar Frost. £50.

“When the hoar frost was chill,
On moorland and hill,
And was freezing the forest bough.”

Edinburgh, from Bonnington. £30.

Pitch Place, near Guildford. £12.

516 (Cut from Copy of Catalogue.)

Holme Wood Common. £12.

LIVERPOOL ACADEMY.

1858.

S. BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*
 Oak Trees breaking into Leaf, Cadzow Forest. £20.
 St. Andrews. £35.
 Cadzow Forest.
 Lane at Barncluith. £20.

1859.

S. BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*
 The Hayfield. £50.

1860.

S. BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 24 *George Street, Edinburgh.*
 The Dreadnought. £30.
 Cadzow Forest—Sunset. £50.
 On the Beach at Portobello. £25.

LIVERPOOL SOCIETY OF THE FINE ARTS.

1861.

SAM BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 24 *George Street, Edinburgh.*
 Dumbarton Castle on the River Clyde. £84.
 Dutch Trawlers beating to Windward. £50.

LIVERPOOL AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

1876.

SAM BOUGH, R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*
 A Rocket Cart.

LEEDS NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

1868.

S. BOUGH.

Huntsmen and Hounds coming Home—Frosty Night approaching.
 Water-colour.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

1844.

SAMUEL BOUGH, Carlisle.

Ascham Mill, Westmorland. £20.

1849.

SAMUEL BOUGH, *Prince's Theatre, West Nile Street, Glasgow.*

Yanwath Mill, River Eamont.

Olivia's Garden, vide *Twelfth Night*.

Bowden Church, Cheshire. Water-colour.

View on the River Irwell, Lancashire. Water-colour.

1850.

SAMUEL BOUGH, *Prince's Theatre, Glasgow.*

Stratford-on-Avon. £42.

1851.

SAMUEL BOUGH, 36 *Duke Street, Glasgow.*

Broughty Castle—Sunset. £13 13s.

Edgehill. £10 10s.

Haddon Chase. £10 10s.

Glen Scaddel, Argyleshire. Water-colour.

1852.

SAMUEL BOUGH, 14 *Muir Street, Hamilton.*

Kirkcudbright Castle. £25.

Sunrise: the Fisherman's Return. Water-colour. £8.

1853.

SAMUEL BOUGH, 14 *Muir Street, Hamilton.*

Barnclutha. (Property of James Rodgers, Esq., Glasgow.)

Peeling Oak Bark, Cadzow Forest. £40.

Bothwell Castle, near Uddingstone. £25.

1854.

SAM BOUGH, 5 *Bothwell Road, Hamilton.*

Beech Trees—Autumn.

A November Day—near Caerlaverock, on the Nith.

Cadzow Forest Oaks. Water-colour.

Glasgow from Garngad Hill.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

1855.

SAM BOUGH, *Ivy Bank Cottage, Port Glasgow.*

Entrance to Cadzow Forest. £22.

Fishing Boats running into Port—Dysart Harbour. £25.

Gabbarts and Iron Shipyard, Dumbarton. £100.

Victoria Bridge, Glasgow. Water-colour.

Study from Nature at Barncluith. Water-colour. £15.

Woodhall, near Knutsford, Cheshire. Water-colour.

1856.

SAM BOUGH, 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

Herring Boats going to Sea,

“Wives and mithers maist despairin’,
Ca’ them lives o’ men.”

(The property of Robert Horn, Esq.)

Edinburgh from Bonnington. £32.

West Weemys Harbour—A Gusty Day. £50.

Newhaven Harbour during the Herring Fishing. £30.

Bridge End, Kilmacolm. £30.

An English Village—Winter Afternoon.

A Mill on the River Lowther, Westmorland. Water-colour. £50.

1857.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

The Hay Waggon. (The property of the Dean of Faculty.)

Moonlight on the Avon.

Lane Scene, near Guildford. £25.

The Port of London.

Furness Abbey, Lancashire. (The property of Robert Horn, Esq.)

The Holmewood Common, Surrey.

Verderer and Fallow Deer. £50.

“When the hoar frost was chill
On moorland and hill,
And fringing the forest bough.”

The Philosopher of Sans Souci. £50.

“A certain miller had a law-suit with a neighbouring proprietor, which suit was decided according to law against the miller. As the king heard appeals from the law courts, the miller appealed to His Majesty, who ordered the cause to be remitted to a second tribunal, where again the miller was non-suited. Hereupon Frederick summoned the chancellor and judges who had determined the cause, to appear before him. He received them in a passion, would not allow them to say a word in their defence, and after caning them and kicking their shins, had them sent to prison in the fortress of Spandau. Here we have a notable instance of the respect which the Justinian of the North, the author of the *Frederician Code*, paid to the persons of those entrusted with the administration of justice in his dominions.”—*Life of Frederick the Great.*

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

1858.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

- Inch Colm, looking West. (The property of J. A. Dunlop, Esq.)
 A Border Raid. (The property of the Hon. Lord Murray.)
 Glen Messan—Moonlight. £40.
 Naworth Castle. (The property of Robert Horn, Esq.)
 The Thames, from Hungerford. (The property of James Caird, Esq.)
 The Weald of Kent. (The property of the Association for Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland.)
 Inch Colm.
 Travelling in Norway. £35.
 The Sands at Sunrise, Whitechurch. Water-colour. (The property of James Horn, Esq.)

1859.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

- In Cadzow Forest. (The property of Robert Horn, Esq.)
 Lane at Barncluith. £20.
 Edinburgh from the Island of Inch Colm.
 Edinburgh from Leith Roads £120.
 Sun Rising over Fog Banks, Dutch Shipping, etc. £50.
 Oak Trees breaking into Leaf. £20.
 Lane* at Barncluith. £20.
 A Hay Field. Large Oil Painting. £120.
 Texel Roads—A Stiff Breeze. (The property of the Association for Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland.)
 Sunrise on the Coast. Water-colour.

1860.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

- The Way to the Forest.
 Haughhead—Hay-making.
 Spring-time—The Old Forest Well.
 The Thames at Chiswick—Moonlight.
 The Vale of the Avon. (The property of Thomas Nisbet, Esq.)
 Early Morning—Fishing Boats Unloading.
 "Within a mile o' Edinburgh Town." (The property of William Christie, Esq.)
 Buckhaven—The Last Gleam. (The property of P. S. Fraser, Esq.)
 Leven—Sunrise. (The property of R. S. Wyndham, Esq.)

*Spelled "Loam" in catalogue.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

1861.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

Twilight. (The property of William Laurie, Esq.)

Tarbet Harbour, Loch Fyne. (The property of William Laurie, Esq.)

Inch Colm—Moonrise. (The property of William Laurie, Esq.)

Broughty Castle in the Olden Time. (Property of John C. Bell, Esq., Dundee.)

The pier-head at Aberdour. £105.

St. Andrews—"When the stormy winds do blow." (The property of Donald Roy Macgregor, Esq.)

Aberdour, from the West. £15.

Dutch Galliot in Aberdour Harbour. (The property of Erskine Nicol, R.S.A.)

Holmewood Common. £15.

Aberdour. £6 6s.

1862.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

On the Eden at Corby Castle. (The property of W. Laurie, Esq.)

Hoar Frost. (The property of J. C. Bell, Esq., Broughty Ferry.)

The High Street. £125.

A Ferry on the River Eden.

The Drave between North Berwick and the Bass. £150.

"Here's to the Herring, the King of the Sea."

1863.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

Auld Reekie—Twilight. £210.

"Let the unbeliever seek

The bastion on the topmost peak

Of the cragg'd and castled steep,

Whose time defying ramparts frown

Upon earth's stateliest city down—

Edina's stern and steadfast crown,

Her adamantine keep."—*Briar of Threave.*

Berwick-on-Tweed—From a Sketch made in 1837. (The property of J. Charles Bell, Esq., Dundee.)

On the Marr Bank—Sunrise. £15.

Ankarstrom on the Zuyder Zee. £18.

Dream of Hellas. (The property of George Patton, Esq.)

The Beach at Sunrise.

Dysart Tower—Watery Sunset. (The property of John Faed, Esq., R.S.A.)

A Canal Scene.

Dordt £50.

EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF DECEASED AND
LIVING SCOTTISH ARTISTS.

OCTOBER, 1863.

Inch Colm. (The property of Robert Horn, Esq.)
Cadzow Forest. (The property of Robert Horn, Esq.)
Newark Castle. (The property of Robert Horn, Esq.)
Forest Scene. (The property of Robert Horn, Esq.)

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

1864.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

Cora Linn, on the Clyde. £80.
Tantallon Castle—Rain Storm clearing off. £60.
Ullswater from Barton Fell. £50.
The Clyde from the Roman Camp at Dalziel.
A Salmon Weir on the Eden. £60.
The Prisons of the Bass. £150.
Fishing Boats at Sunset.
Through the Wood.

1865.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

The Tower of London, from the River. £25.
A Storm. (The property of John Brash, Esq.)
The Painting Room at the Old Adelphi Theatre, Edinburgh. £20.
Off the Fife Coast. (The property of Thomas Chapman, Esq.)
An Otter Hunt. (The property of J. Taylor, Esq., Langholm.)
"So early in the morning."
A Trout Stream in Cumberland. £25.
Edinburgh from the East—Early Morning. (The property of
Alexander Young, Esq.)
Newhaven. (The property of J. C. Mackie, Esq.)
In the Trossachs. £200.
Hay Field. £60.
Holy Island Castle.
The Woods in Autumn. £80.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

1866.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

Tarbert, Loch Fyne. (The property of John Mill, Esq.)

The Sound of Mull. (The property of W. D. Clark, Esq.)

The Bass—Morning after a Storm. (The property of Alex. Young, Esq.)

The Tower of London.

The Forest Glade.

Dina and her young Family. (The property of Dr. Thatcher.)

A Cheshire Canal.

The Vale of Teith. (The property of Robert Jardine, Esq., M.D.)

The Dog in the Manger.

1867.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

Fox Breaking Cover. £52 10s.

Kirkwall Harbour.

“’Twas when the Seas were Roaring.” (The property of H. Bruce, Esq.)

West Wemyss. (The property of J. G. Orchard, Esq.)

Ben Ledi.

The Bass. £160.

“Who talks of signs and wonders? Am not I Habakkuk Mucklewrath, whose name is changed to Magor-Missabib, because I am made a terror unto myself and unto all that are around me? I heard it—When did I hear it?—was it not in the Tower of the Bass, that overhangeeth the wide wild sea?—and it howled in the winds, and it roared in the billows, and it screamed, and it whistled, and it clanged, with the screams and the clang and the whistle of the sea-birds, as they floated, and flew, and dropped, and dived, on the bosom of the waters. I saw it.”—*Vide Old Mortality.*

On the Scheldt—Antwerp in the distance. (The property of H. Bruce, Esq.)

North Berwick. (The property of J. Reid, Esq.)

St. Monance, Fife. £250.

“Fishers went sailing into the mist,
Out into the west as the sun went down.”

1868.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

The Forth from the Abbey Craig, Stirling. £30.

Partridge Shooting. (The property of R. M. Jones, Esq., Leith.)

Saint Monance. £20.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

- English Travellers in Norway. (The property of Thomas Swan, Esq., Braid.)
 Brook at Limefield. £20.
 The Ross, near Hamilton. £20.
 Canty Bay. £50.
 Calgarry, Mull. £25.
 North Berwick Harbour. £60.
 The Thames from Greenwich. £50.
 Borrowdale, Cumberland. £150.

1869.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

- Skiddaw from Wattenlath. £210.
 The Fortalice of the Bass. £160.
 A Swollen Torrent, Hartz Mountains. £60.
 Cader Idris. £20
 Ruins on Inch Mahon, Isle of Menteith. £50.
 Windy Morning—Loch Leven. £50.
 Dunstanbrough Castle—A Storm. £50.

1870.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

- Whale Ashore at Longniddry.
 Head of a Whale. (The property of Professor Turner.)
 On the Solway. £210.
 Skye. (The property of Thomas Chapman, Esq.)
 Canty Bay. £150.

1871.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

- Canty Bay—Fishermen Playing Ninepins. £26 10s.
 Saint John's Vale, Cumberland. (The property of Thos. A. Smieton, Esq., Panmure Villa, Broughty Ferry.)
 A Sunny Day in Iona. (The property of Mr. Strahan.)
 A Highland Glen in Ross-shire. £20.
 The Beach at Sunset. £20.
 The Broomielaw, Glasgow. (The property of Geo. Girdle, Esq.)
 Glen Carron, Ross-shire. (The property of William Thompson, Esq.)
 The Field of Bannockburn, from the Gillie's Hill. £50.
 Ravensraig Castle. Water-colour. (The property of Thomas Welsh, Esq., Ericstane.)

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

1872.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

London from Shooter's Hill. (The property of Alex. Mitchell Innes, Esq., Ayton.)

River Thames at Henley. £30.

Thirlmere, Westmorland. £200.

Wetheral Wood. £20.

The Avon, near Bristol. £20.

The Woods in Autumn. (The property of James Falshaw, Esq., Edinburgh.)

Buchan Ness. (The property of James Falshaw, Esq., Edinburgh.)

1873.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

The Quhair and the Tweed at Innerleithen. (The property of John Clapperton, Esq., Master of the Merchant Company.)

Sweetheart Abbey. (The property of William Forrest, Esq., Edinburgh.)

Borrowdale. (The property of Alexander Young, Esq., Portobello.)

The Western Shore of Iona—Here St. Columba landed A.D. 565. £250.

Barnton Park. Water-colour. (The property of Robert Clark, Esq., Edinburgh.)

Lanercost Abbey, Cumberland. Water-colour. (The property of Dr Robertson.)

A Derelict Ship. (The property of William Nelson, Esq., Hope Park.)

Canty Bay. Water-colour. (The property of Dr. Robertson.)

1874.

SAMUEL BOUGH, A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

*Crosthwaite Bridge, Cumberland. £400.

On the Thames—Thunderstorm clearing off. Water-colour. (The property of Thomas Chapman, Jun., Esq., Edinburgh.)

St. Andrews. (The property of William Paterson, Esq.)

Glen Shin, Ross-shire. Water-colour.

A Wet Village. Water-colour.

Styehead Pass, Cumberland. Water-colour.

Tinly. Water-colour. (The property of Mrs. Wallace, Murray Villa, Grange)

Skye. Water-colour. (The property of Mrs. Bough, Jordan Bank, Morningside.)

Braid. Water-colour.

* Sold at the Academy.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

1875.

SAMUEL BOUGH, R.S.A. Elect, 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

Peel Castle, Isle of Man.

Peel Harbour, Isle of Man. £472 10s.

Eagle Crag, Borrowdale. £300.

"Roger"—A Dog's Head. (The property of G. Thompson, Esq., Edinburgh.)

Study of Ash Trees. Water-colour. £42.

Crummock Water, Cumberland. Water-colour. £42.

Braid, looking West. Water-colour. £42.

Scene from *The Bride of Lammermoor*. Water-colour. (The property of the Association for the Promotion of Fine Arts in Scotland.)

Graves of Forgotten Kings, Iona. Water-colour. (The property of Alexander Younger, Esq.)

1876.

SAMUEL BOUGH, R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

Edinburgh from Bonnington. (The property of the Royal Scottish Academy.)

The Rocket Cart. (The property of Alex. Young, Esq., Portobello.)

"Fortunate the country which possesses men and women like those who on that icy January day flew to the rescue."—*Danish Newspaper*.

The Tweed and the Teviot—Windstorm. (The property of John Clapperton, Esq.)

Edinburgh from Inchkeith. Water-colour. (The property of Colonel Robinson, W.S.A.)

Naworth Castle, Cumberland. Water-colour. (The property of Captain Lodder, R.N.)

The Crieff Hills. Water-colour. (The property of Alex. Young, Esq., Portobello.)

Troup Head. Water-colour. £25.

1877.

SAMUEL BOUGH, R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

West Weemys Harbour. (The property of Thos. G. Taylor, Esq.)

The March of the Avenging Army. (The property of Jno. Grieve, Esq., Edinburgh and London.)

"After the glorious victory of Bannockburn, a Scots' army, under Lord Edward Bruce and Murray, invaded England, and carried fire and sword to the gates of York."

"So terrible was this visitation, and such was the dread of the Scots, that, according to the chronicles of the time, the sight of half-a-dozen of their spears was enough to cause two hundred Englishmen to fly."

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

“The picture is intended to represent the said army crossing the Solway into England during a thunderstorm at sunset.

“The front rank of spearmen on the dexter side of the picture are supposed to be singing some patriotic melody, to the accompaniment of the pipers in front, while the distant thunder makes a fine obligato.”

Distant View of Carlisle. £45.

Cadzow Forest. (The property of A. White, Esq.)

The Thames at Greenwich—Sun Breaking through the Mist.
(The property of Mr. Dewar.)

Pencaitland Church.

Mary M'Gee. (The property of Mrs. Bough.)

1878.

SAMUEL BOUGH, R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

Ullswater from Pooley Bridge. (The property of R. Clark, Esq.)
Bylaff Glen, Isle of Man.

Tam o' Shanter. (The property of William Paterson, Esq.)

On the Avon, near Bristol. £120.

Elderlin, Argyleshire. £100.

The Billowness, Fife. £80.

“A blast o' Januar' wind
Blew hansel in on Robin.”

(The property of Mr. W. Paterson.)

1879.

SAMUEL BOUGH (the late), R.S.A.

Near Corby Castle, River Eden, Cumberland. (The property of James M'Kelvie, Esq., Edinburgh.)

St. Monance—Day after a Storm. (The property of the Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts.)

Burns' Cottage. (The property of James Reid, Esq., Glasgow.)

“A blast o' Januar' wind
Blew hansel in on Robin.”

Edinburgh Castle from the Canal. (The property of Mrs. J. H. Young, Glasgow.)

Fishermen Drying Nets near Canty Bay. Water-colour. (The property of W. Cleghorn Murray, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh.)

Yanwath Hall. Water-colour. (The property of Robert Ramsey, Esq., Glasgow.)

Bannockburn. Water-colour. (The property of William Paterson, Esq., Edinburgh.)

“Two hours ago I said a fervent prayer for old Caledonia over the hole in a blue whinstone, where Robert the Bruce fixed his Royal Standard, on the banks of Bannockburn.”—*Robert Burns, Aug. 26, 1787.*

ALBERT GALLERY WINTER EXHIBITION,
EDINBURGH.

1878-79.

SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.

On the Beach—A Breezy Day.

Edinburgh, from Craigleith—Wet Day. Water-colour.

The Hay Field. Water-colour. (The property of Alex. Rintoul, Esq., Edinburgh.)

ROYAL ACADEMY.

1856.

S. BOUGH, 5 *Malta Terrace, Edinburgh.*

Tarbet Harbour, Loch Fyne—Sunset.

1857.

S. BOUGH, 5 *Malta Terrace.*

Goalen Castle—Sound of Mull.

Holme Wood and Common, Surrey.

1862.

S. BOUGH, 24 *George Street, Edinburgh.*

Dutch Brig Drifting from her Anchors.

1865.

S. BOUGH, 2 *High Street,* Edinburgh.*

The Vale of the Teith.

1868.

S. BOUGH, 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

Cader Idris. Water-colour.

1871.

S. BOUGH, 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

Sunrise, on the Coast: North Berwick.

* Evidently a mistake for Hill Street.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

1872.

S. BOUGH, 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

Winton House, East Lothian—A Frosty Morning.
A Sunny Day at Iona.

1873.

S. BOUGH, 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

Iona, looking North up the Sound of Mull.
Edinburgh, from Dalmeny.

1874.

S. BOUGH, A.R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

London from Shooter's Hill.

1875.

S. BOUGH, R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

Canty Bay. Water-colour.
Yanwath Hall, Westmorland.

1876.

S. BOUGH, R.S.A., 2 *Hill Street, Edinburgh.*

Kirkwall Harbour, Orkney.

ENGRAVINGS
FROM DRAWINGS BY SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.

“Ramsay and the Earlier Poets of Scotland.”

Edited by Cunningham and Mackay. Virtue & Co.

Thro’ the Wood, Laddie. W. Richardson.

“Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
Or thro’ the wood, laddie, until thou return.”

Broom of Cowdenknowes. W. Miller.

“O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of the Cowdenknowes,
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang
In the ewe-bught milking her ewes.”

Caller Oysters. W. Forrest.

“O’ a’ the waters that can hobble,
A fishing yole or a sa’m on cobble,
There’s nae sae spacious and sae noble
As Firth o’ Forth.”—*Robert Ferguson.*

The Drowned Lovers. Wm. Richardson.

“O roaring Clyde, ye roar ower loud,
Your streams seem wondrous strang;
Make me your wreck as I come back,
But spare me as I gang.

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“He lean’d him ower his saddle bow,
To catch his hat through force;
The rushing that was in Clyde’s water
Took Willie frae his horse.”

“The Works of Robert Burns, in Poetry and Prose.”

Edited by William Scott Douglas. Edinburgh: William Paterson.
In Six Vols. 1877-1879.

All Engraved by William Forrest, H.R.S.A.

Birthplace of Burns. (1877. A Snow Scene.)

“Tam o’ Shanter.” (Alloway Kirk. Lightning Effect.)

Lincluden Abbey, Moonlight. (Sketched from opposite side of river. Cattle standing among trees near foreground.)

Farm of Ellisland. (1877. Burns lying on the bank, representing his attitude while composing the lines to "Mary in Heaven." Evening star shining in sky.)

"Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn."

Bannockburn, with Stirling and the Ochils in the background.

"Two hours ago I said a fervent prayer for Old Caledonia," etc.

The River Ayr, near Montgomery Castle, where it is joined by the Faile Water. The trysting place of Burns and Highland Mary on the morning of "the second Sunday of May," 1786.

"That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the ballowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?"

The Town of Ayr from Newark Hill. (A distant view. Towers of Ayr only partially seen. Glimpse of sea in far distance. Nearer foreground a harvest field, and Burns and his bonny Jean sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree.)

Gloaming: "The Cotter's Saturday Night." (1878. The cotter is represented in the fields, in a stooping position, unloosing the reins of his horses from the plough, while "the black'ning train o' craws" are gathering near him.)

"November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough:
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes."



CARLISLE :
G. AND T. COWARD, PRINTERS, FISHER STREET.

1905.



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